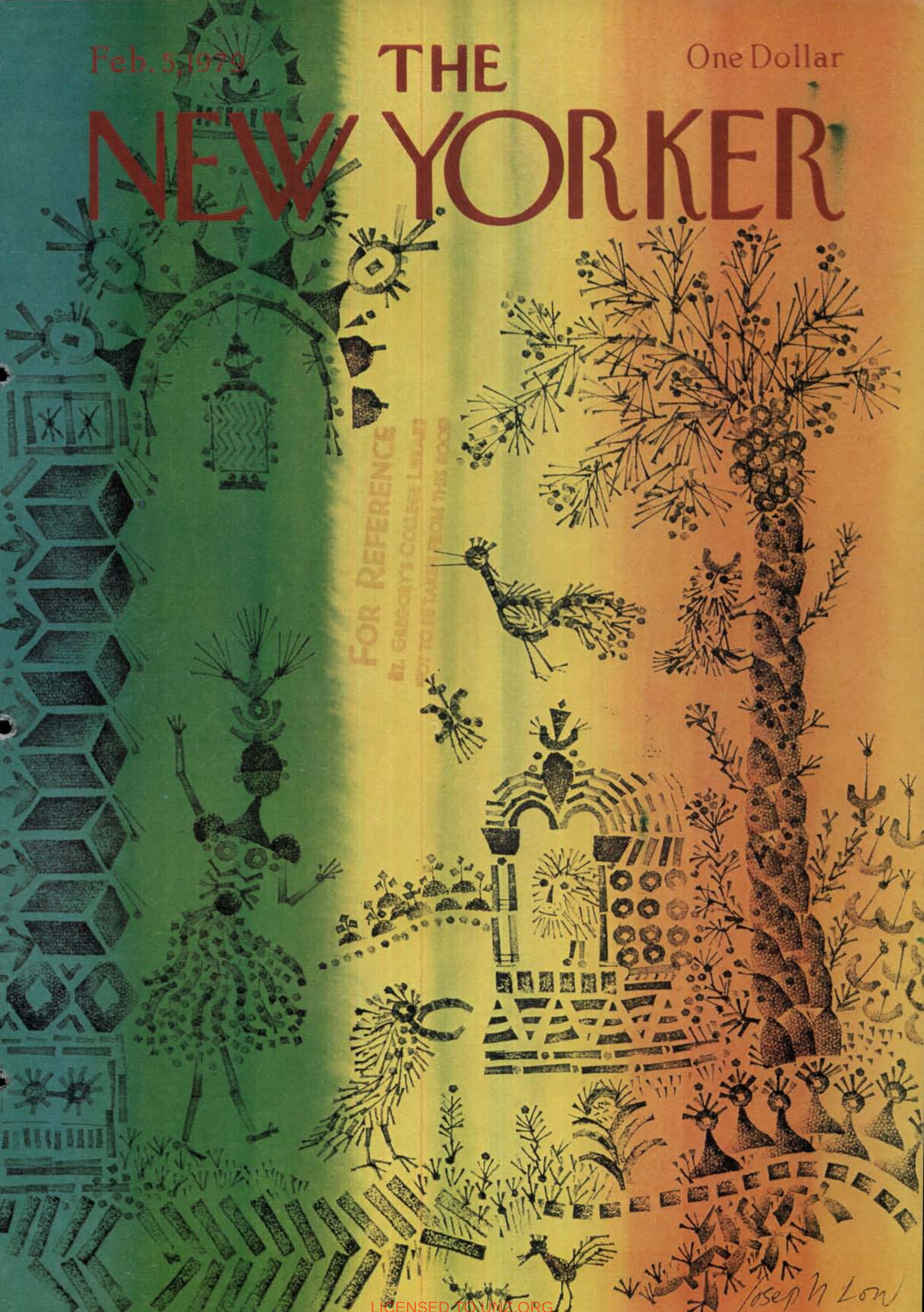
Feb. 5, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. At each performance, Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying is read by Louise Lasser (through Sunday, Feb. 4; after that, by Dina Merrill). (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—A dead book and nearly dead music cannot be brought to life by Michael Bennett's choreography or by the sympathetic performances of Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A revival of a play by Milan Stitt, THE RUNNER STUMBLES, is the third in this season's series. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ The fourth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is MINNESOTA MOON, by John Olive. Tuesdays through Fridays and final performance Friday, Feb. 9. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Eric Bentley version of Arthur Schnitzler's comedy LA RONDE will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 1, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in the opening performances of a two-week engagement of a double bill, SHUNKAN and RENJISHI, which will end Sunday, Feb. 18. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 6-9, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

The Grand Tour—Not a tour at all but the desperate flight of a Jewish refugee across occupied France during the Second World War. Joel Grey is the star, and he works hard, nearly always in vain. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar—The first production of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors. Under the excellent direction

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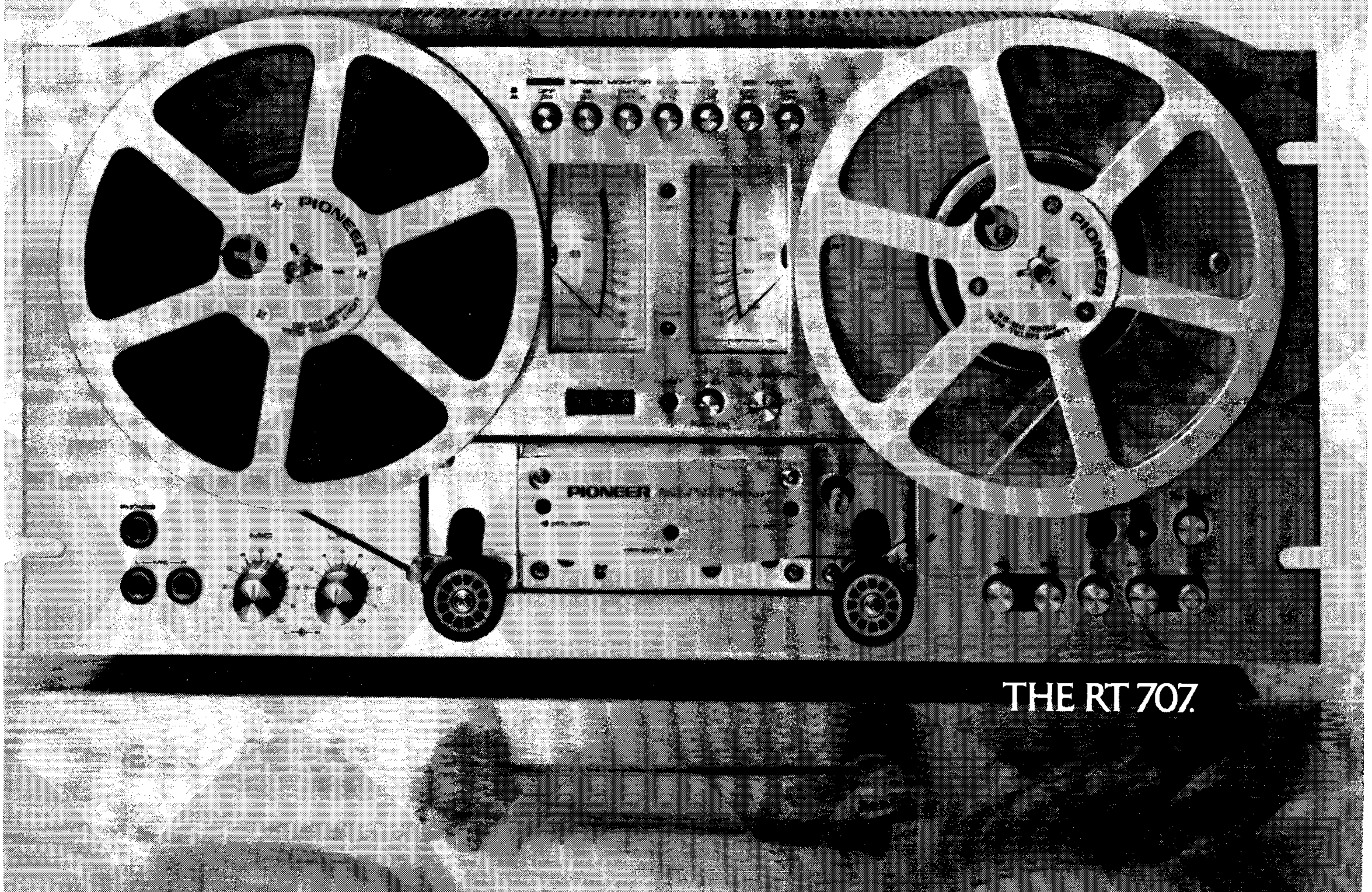


THE RT 707.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Michael Langham, it is always bold and clear and dramatic. With Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE KINGFISHER—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, Feb. 4: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 7: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. *Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.* Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A LOVELY SUNDAY FOR CREVE COEUR—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Shirley Knight and Peg Murray, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Shaw was almost as bright as he claimed he was—brighter than Shakespeare was one claim—and this comedy finds him at his comic zenith. With George Grizzard, Philip Bosco, Ann Sachs, and half a dozen other superb actors and actresses. Stephen Porter directed. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

MONTEITH AND RAND—Storm the Booth without a moment's delay. A two-person entertainment that will make you happy all evening long. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—A musical by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, directed by Philip Rose. With Maxine Sullivan. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Alexis DeVeaux's **A SEASON TO UNRAVEL** closes Sunday, Feb. 4. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . **OLD PHANTOMS,** by Gus Edwards, opens Wednesday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

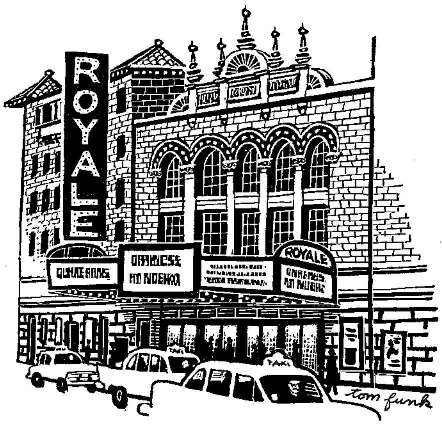
SARAVÁ—A musical adaptation of Jorge Amado's novel "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," by N. Richard Nash (book and lyrics) and Mitch Leigh (music). With Tovah Feldshuh, P. J. Benjamin, and Michael Ingram. Directed by Rick Atwell. Previews through Thursday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 9. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEDUCED—Rip Torn in a play by Sam Shepard. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREETSONGS—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TRICK—Tammy Grimes, Donald Madden, and Lee Richardson in a three-character comedy by Larry Cohen (who also directed). Previews through Saturday, Feb. 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 4. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG—A musical based on the 1964 French film of the same title, by Michel Legrand (music) and Jacques Demy (book and lyrics). Translated by Sheldon Harnick and directed by Andrei Serban. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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WINGS—Constance Cummings gives a superlative performance as an old lady who has suffered a stroke and is determined to regain her place in the world. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá costars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,800 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

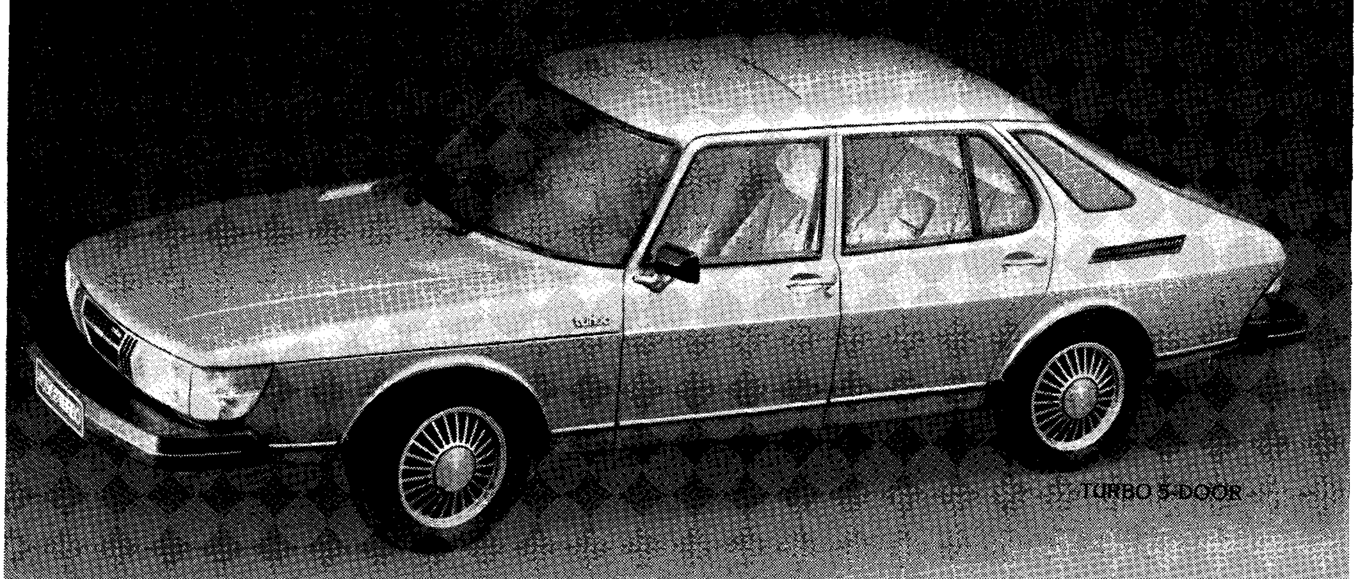
BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Friday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday at 7:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "The Four Seasons," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Donizetti Variations,"

SAAB



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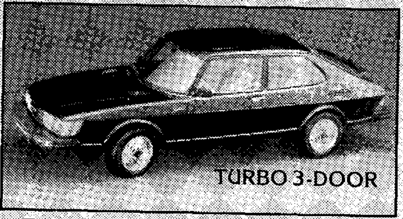

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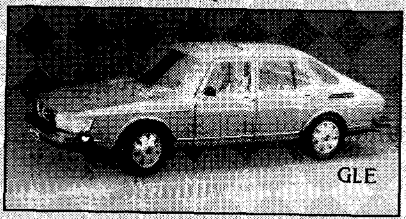

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"Orpheus," and "In G Major." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 1: "The Four Seasons," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto." . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 4, at 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Orpheus," and "In G Major." . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Orpheus," and "Stars and Stripes." . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 8: "Coppélia." . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Orpheus," "Pas de Deux," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Matteo EthnoAmerican Dance Theatre—A program of works from around the world. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 5. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

Maria Benitez–Estampa Flamenca—In a program of contemporary and flamenco dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2.)

Pauline Koner Dance Consort—The first three of five performances of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Feb. 8, and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali. Trombonist Garrett List and his A-1 Art Band perform through Saturday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 6, free-form drummer **Andrew Cyrille** will arrive with his quintet, Maono. Mondays belong to pianist **Jaki Byard** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **Dardanelle** from all but a few tables. Dardanelle sings in her startlingly pure, clear, effortless way Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Songwriter-humorist Michael Brown appears Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Bassist Frank Tusa's trio works through Saturday, Feb. 3; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 7-10, bassist David Friesen will collaborate with guitarist John Stowell. Music Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Jazz-rock drummer Lenny White leads his quintet opposite comedian Richard Belzer on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, New England folk-rocker Tom Rush will be present; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 6-7, will belong to guitarist Jorge Santana, brother of Carlos; and beginning on Thursday, Feb. 8, there will be a tribute to Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin (in which songs associated with Hendrix and Joplin will be performed, in keeping with the "Beatlemania" formula, by Hendrix and Joplin impersonators). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**Roland Hanna**, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and rhythmic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, works here through Saturday, Feb. 3. On Sunday, Feb. 4, house favorite **Jimmy Rowles** will settle in for two weeks. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform the bossa nova from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

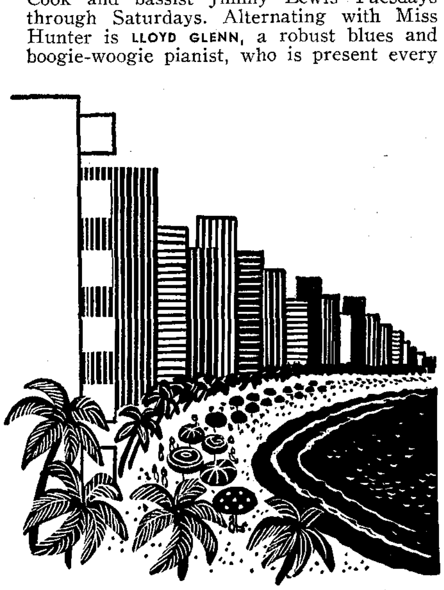
Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **George Shearing**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **Brian Torff** in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **Barbara Carroll** and her bassist, **George Duvivier**, weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **Ellis Larkins**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB stands for country, bluegrass, and blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Saturdays. Alternating with Miss Hunter is **Lloyd Glenn**, a robust blues and boogie-woogie pianist, who is present every night but Saturday. The music begins nightly at eight with Mr. Glenn; at eight-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.



Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**Doc Cheatham** and his trio (see page 118, this issue) are here Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Wednesdays through Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 4, saxophonist Lenny Hambro will drop by with a quintet at eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **Attila Zoller**, a moving guitarist and one of the best-kept secrets in jazz, gets together with pianist **Don Friedman** and bassist **George Mraz**; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **Joe Puma** holds down the fort with **Hod O'Brien** on piano, **Frank Luther** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Drummer **Louis Hayes** and his quartet work part of each set on their own and then serve as a backup group for singer and jazz yodeller **Leon Thomas**. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. On Monday, Feb. 5, conga wiz **Ray Barretto** will claim the stage with his quintet. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Pianist **Marty Napoleon** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening, dancing, and rubbernecking out the windows from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like *everybody's* living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine. The famous guest musician on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, will be saxophonist **Ernie Wilkins**; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, another saxophonist, Richie Cole, will sit in. Soft drinks and snacks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **Billy Taylor** is home again with his bassist **Victor Gaskin**. They play Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. The music is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can actually hear it—no mean achievement in the night-club business. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Some highlights from the current lineup: Kinky Friedman, a Texas Jewish good old cowboy, performs for a large, devoted group of admirers on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, and Monday, Feb. 5; Sunday, Feb. 4, belongs to the Red Neck Jazz Explosion, a quintet that features Buddy Emmons on steel guitar; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8, singer and songwriter **James Talley**, President Carter's favorite country musician, will be on hand with his quintet. Music weeknights from

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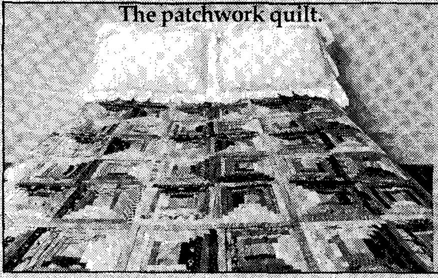
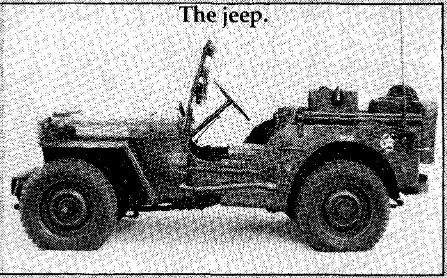


The patchwork quilt.

Gone With the Wind.



The jeep.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Dancing in the Dark," a tribute to Arthur Schwartz, with John Cunningham, Allyn Ann McLerie, Merilee Magnuson, and Donn Simone, is being given through Saturday, Feb. 3. Wednesday and Thursday at eight-fifteen, and Friday and Saturday at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty. Admission by ticket only.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The wonderful duo JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL are doing a program of Stephen Sondheim material Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela and his African-American jazz-funk quintet are here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, One Fifth Ave., at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail-lounge-clam bar. AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. Electric violinist MICHAL URBANIAK leads his quintet through his arrangements of tunes built on jazz, rock, and Polish folk melodies Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3; on Monday, Feb. 5, Grover, Margaret, and Za Zu Zaz, a quartet, will perform yesterday's jump music; and Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 7-10, have been reserved for GEORGE GERDES, a folk-singer and humorist and his good, tight mid-sixties-folk-rock quartet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. SY OLIVER is in charge of the music through Sunday, Feb. 4; then on Tuesday, Feb. 6, drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN will take over with *his* band, along with vocalist Carrie Smith. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the mere price of a ginger ale in the bar area, one can watch the likes of singer Barbara Cook, who is currently performing in the next room at eleven-thirty. The eight-thirty show belongs to Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who sing satirical songs. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Pianist JILL MCMANUS, trumpeter TOM HARRELL, and their quartet perform on Wednesday, Jan. 31; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 1-4, pianist HILTON RUIZ, saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, drummer IDRIS MUHAMMAD, and bassist REGGIE WORKMAN will join forces; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 6-7, saxophonist Richie Cole will lead his group; and on Thursday, Feb. 8, saxophonist JUNIOR COOK and trumpeter BILL HARDMAN will arrive with a quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—HELEN HUMES, a delightfully old-fashioned singer in her smiles, gestures, between-song patter, and general mannerisms, is present Thursdays through Saturdays, backed by pianist RAY BRYANT and his trio. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarists JACK WILKINS and JOHN SCOFIELD share a quintet through Saturday, Feb. 3; on Tuesday, Feb. 6, drummer BARRY ALTSCHUL will come in with a combo. On Sundays, drummer PETE LA ROCA leads a quartet, and on Mondays, tenor saxophonist JUNIOR COOK works with a hard-bop quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

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Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout. Alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE spends time with bassist FRED HOPKINS and drummer STEVE MCCALL through Saturday, Feb. 3; on Monday, Feb. 5, saxophonist Ricky Ford will lead his quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, drummer MICHAEL CARVIN will head a quintet that features stunning solos by trumpeter CHARLES SULLIVAN. Music every night after ten. Dining.

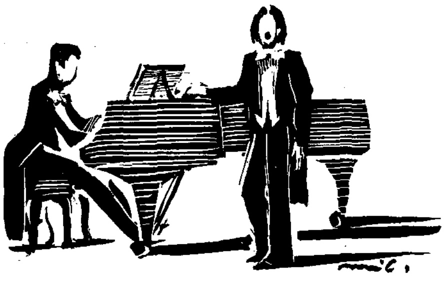
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the sprawling downstairs space, the WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—OLIVER LAKE, DAVID MURRAY, HAMIETT BLUIETT, and JULIUS HEMPHILL—performs both out-there *and* in-there (mainstream) material on Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, Feb. 5, at eight-thirty, John Fischer's Interface will be onstage. Jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A quintet co-piloted by SCOTT HAMILTON, a young tenor saxophonist influenced by the swing era, and BUDDY TATE, a tenor saxophonist who influenced the swing era, performs through Sunday, Feb. 4. On Tuesday, Feb. 6, drummer DANNIE RICHMOND will arrive with his quintet. Richmond worked with the late Charles Mingus, and he and his group do all-Mingus sets, with the very fine EDDIE GOMEZ playing the bass lines. On Monday, Feb. 5, while Thad, Mel, and company are away, bassist SAM JONES will lead his twelve-piece organization. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, brooding, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Guitarist EDDIE DURHAM and his Kansas City 4 are here on Wednesday, Jan. 31; on Thursday, Feb. 1, Jazz à Cordes, a quintet inspired by the Django Reinhardt-Stephane Grappelli hot-jazz experiments of the thirties, will take over. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, Snags Allen and Jimmy Shirley, two veteran guitarists who play solid-body electric guitars (the kind one might associate with Kiss), who like to turn up their volume knobs, and who aren't afraid of wa-wa pedals, play swing, bop, and blues with their quartet. Drummer JO JONES will drop by on Tuesday, Feb. 6, and on Wednesday, Feb. 7, the COUNTSMEN will arrive for a four-night visit. Mondays, stride pianist BROOKS KERR and drummer SONNY GREER dip into a mostly Ellington repertoire and goad each other on. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.



JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Ronny Whyte and Jack Six—A salute to New York City. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, at 6. Free.)

Sha Na Na and Dr. Hook—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 and 11.

Paul McCandless and Glen Moore and **David Friesen and John Stowell**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Feb. 2, at 11.

Marion Brown Quartet—With Philly Joe Jones, Reggie Workman, and Kenny Barron. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11.)

Eddie Jefferson—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St. 477-3077. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.

Anita Ellis—With Ellis Larkins and Mike Renzi. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Studio Orchestra—Harvey Estrin conducting a program of music of the fifties, particularly in the Sauter-Finegan arrangements. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Clark Terry and his big band, with Bucky Pizzarelli's trio. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

Frank Wright Sextet—With Eddie Jefferson. (Public Theatre. Friday, Feb. 9, at 11.)

Tito Puente's Orchestra—With Cheo Feliciano, Celia Cruz, Willie Colon, and others. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Country Gazette—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Frank Lowe-Phillip Wilson Quartet—With James Newton. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures in several mediums by a realist. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

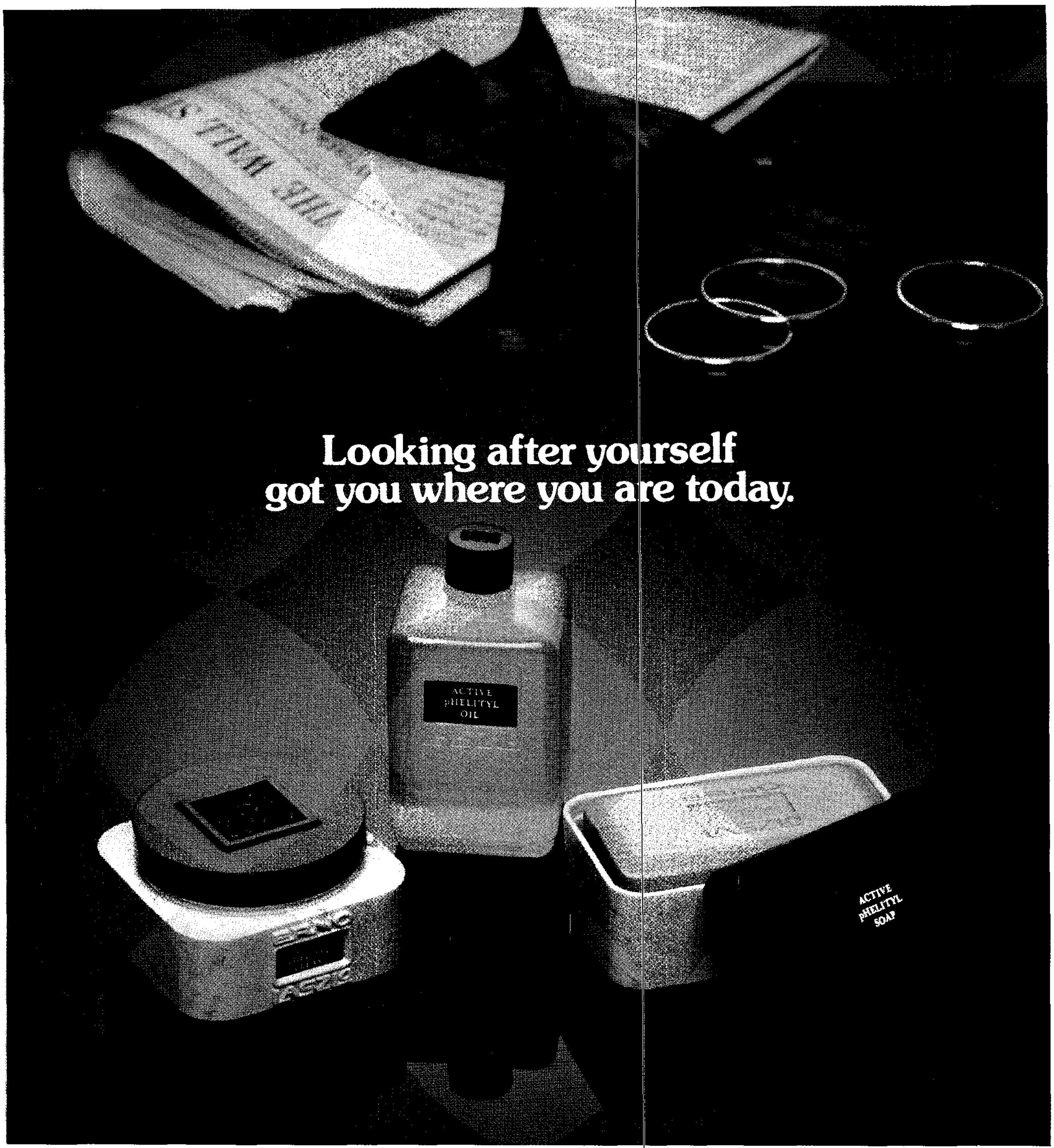
Robert Bidner—Realist paintings of San Francisco building façades and other subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Collages in which sparing use is made of the component elements—engravings of architectural caprices, a page from the school notebook of a long-ago child who tried to draw a horse, antique papers stained with age. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Morris Broderson—Large, quirky watercolors and a couple of oils by a painter who combines craftsmanship with a strange, almost surreal, sense of composition. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Akiba Emanuel—Lively bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by an artist whose works range from figurative to abstract, and whose themes come from religious and mythical sources. Through Feb. 23. (Nardin, a new gallery at 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Painted freestanding aluminum and steel sculptures, and abstract oils on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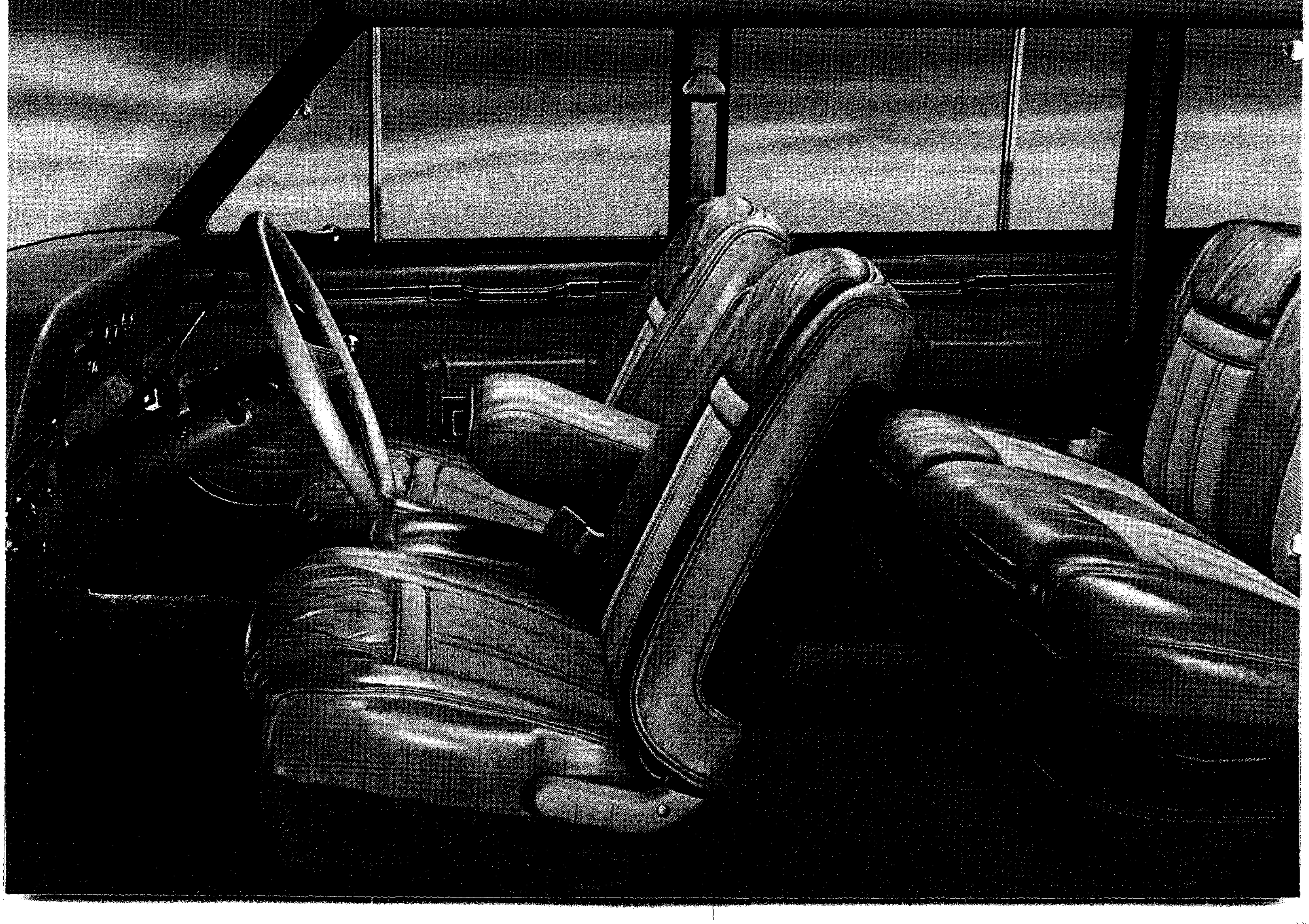

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Recent paintings. Through March 10. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Karl Hagedorn—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and works on paper depicting imaginary machinery in strong clear colors. A large triptych, together with preparatory studies, dated 1978, is at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Works covering a twenty-year period are at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 17.

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done after 1945 by this Provincetown artist, whose more or less abstract works clearly reflect his proximity to the sea. Through Feb. 28. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joe Lasker—Paintings of light-filled interiors and Connecticut's coastline. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Mohr / Jim Houser—Geometric welded-aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. / Realist landscapes. Through Feb. 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Anthony Padovano—Abstract marble and bronze sculptures. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—New Expressionist watercolors by a Cobra-group artist. Through Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jeanne Reynal—Mosaics of jungle animals and a few domesticated ones by an artist who works in bright-colored chips of stone. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Kimber Smith—Large paintings in which spindly abstract designs in pure colors are distributed sparsely over untreated cotton-duck canvas. Through Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smyth—Six rather narcissistic sculptures that combine steel silhouettes of the artist's body with mirrors and with photographs of him. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Norman Turner—Paintings and drawings of landscapes, still-lifes, and figures. Through Feb. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: About thirty paintings and drawings, taken from the gallery stock and dating from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth, by Gainsborough, Alma-Tadema, Inness, and others. Through Feb. 24. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The arrival of a newly acquired, seven-foot heroic bronze nude by Maillol in the lobby here has been the signal for the bringing forward of some of the gems of the gallery—a sketchily painted portrait of a girl by Modigliani, for instance; a towering flower arrangement, full of daring color juxtapositions, by Vlaminck; a vintage nude *couchant*, by Pascin. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: A total of a hundred and forty-two nineteenth-century French and other Continental drawings, watercolors, and oil sketches. Through March 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Blocky abstract bronze sculptures with a calligraphic quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Larry Bell—Abstract patterns, mostly stripes, arrived at by a vacuum process in which incredibly thin coats of vaporized mineral are transferred to paper. The examples in this exhibit are done with aluminum or quartz, and the color is controlled by tinkering with the spectrum so that only certain rays of light are employed. Through Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Textured color-field paintings. Through Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning—The graffiti on the subway cars in these realist paintings come from the actual cars; in many instances, the passengers portrayed, however, are friends of the artist. Other works include a portrait of Terence Cardinal Cooke. Through Feb. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

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Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—About forty paintings, collages, and drawings in a show that reviews the career of this Constructivist, who was influenced by Mondrian. Through Feb. 15. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of animals and birds, and a new set of heads. Also drawings and prints by this leading British sculptor. Through March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Large abstract landscapes that have a layered look; they are based on the Connecticut countryside, mostly, and are done in sombre colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Hollweg / Russell Drisch—Small oak or lime wood sculptures of scenes in this artist's Somerset homeland—sheep grazing on a hilltop, tiny skiers on a snowy slope that flows out of an evergreen forest, and row on row of row houses. / Huge photographic blowups of the interiors of Yaddo greenhouses, touched up with color by hand. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas—Paintings. Through Feb. 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—A solidly built green chair, one or more rather amorphous figures, and what seems to be a large vessel containing rolls of paper are subjects common to the fifteen colored pastels in a series on exhibition here. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sonya Rapoport / Jack Bergamini—Twenty-five lengths of computer readouts, each stretching from the ceiling to the floor, on which this artist has added her own input of drawings and transfers illustrating or expanding on whatever the computer is trying to say. / An inventor's design for a new ball bearing can also be viewed (as it is here) as a work of art. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Kjell Ringi—Acrylic paintings of towering castle walls whose crenellations are filled with sparkling heaps of tiny watchworks, medallions, beads, flags, tricycles, and almost infinitesimal curios in bright, primary colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Doug Sanderson—Large rectangles of a dominant blue (the underpainting changes from painting to painting) are centered on unsized beige linen canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—Abstract reliefs suggestive of birds on the wing, carved in thick rectangles of mahogany during the late thirties by a well-known literary and artistic figure of that era. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton / John Willenbecher—A new crop of her cheerful mixed-medium samplers, incorporating, say, a conventional oil landscape in one corner, a watercolor grid pattern in the background, a horizontal band of needlework, and (nearly always) a long row of steaming cups of coffee done in crayon. / Collages in which a string of cones, balls, and pyramids is hung against an acrylic night sky. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Paintings, etchings, tapestries, and lithographs by this pioneer American abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Nudes painted in the classical manner; the works are being shown in New York for the first time. Through Feb. 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Weil—Crumpled, torn, and folded paper painted with colored inks. Through Feb. 17. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Watercolors and pencil drawings of Yosemite in the twenties, when the artist and Ansel Adams, the photographer, visited there, scaled Grizzly Peak, and nearly killed themselves skidding down its precipitous face when darkness fell. Also, photographs of the valley by Adams, C. E. Watkins, and Eadweard Muybridge. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings and maquettes for monumental projects that have never yet been executed—for example, di Suvero's massive dam and hydraulic works meant to save Venice; Noguchi's maquette for a playground; and LeWitt's geometric figures meant for a park. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and James McGarrell. Through Thursday, Feb. 8. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Traditional African art from the Cameroon grasslands, including a fully beaded throne from the Bamileke region. Through March 10. . . . **ZARRE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who concentrate on decorative patterns of one kind or another. Joyce Kozloff, Tony Robbin, and Kendall Shaw are among the group. Through March 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano—A series of ten disturbing paintings dealing with the Battered Woman, in which tiny figures done in semi-relief on large expanses of canvas represent the withdrawn victim, along with her social worker, a doctor, and a detective. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Peter Campus—This large gallery is darkened for the occasion, and the visitor, guided by directional arrows, turns a corner and is confronted by three enormous faces (ten feet tall) projected on the walls—two male and one female. Through Wednesday, Feb. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rosemary Mayer / Domenick Capobianco—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings. / Abstract works done directly on the gallery wall in materials that include dry pigments, chalks, and pastels. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Daphne Mumford—Nine paintings and a silkscreen series. Through Feb. 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Franc Palaia—Frescoed designs taken from ancient ruins are really recent works on Styrofoam by this artist who specializes in fooling the eye. Also shown are collages made of his color photographs of doomed buildings. Through Thursday, Feb. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Two installations, each consisting of an opened beach umbrella projecting horizontally from a large, flat background, roughly seven feet by nine—a mirrored surface in one case and an expanse of silk, on which small transfer prints are crowded, in the other. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Jim Richmond—A hundred or so small (eight inches by ten) paintings of cows, beginning with straightforward studies of Holsteins and Jerseys and moving on to abstractions and tricks—photographs of buildings touched up with collage to look like cows, a series of vertical stripes whose variations in width create a cow, and so on. Through Feb. 16. (Jamie, a recently opened gallery at 148 Spring St.)

Nancy Spero—Twenty-five nine-foot strips of paper stamped with a few drawings and a great deal of text protesting the condition of woman down through history. Through Wednesday, Feb. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Tran Tho / John Dobereiner—Large canvases

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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crowded with figure drawings in Oriental settings, which are then splattered with random blobs of strong color that sometimes almost obliterate the fine draftsmanship. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. / Large wall pieces made of sections of sanded Douglas-fir plywood fitted together on a flat background in such a way that the grain produces a convincing three-dimensional effect. Through Feb. 11. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Brian Wall—Horizontal floor pieces made of heavy-duty industrial steel—sections of I-beams, for example, and steel plate an inch thick—by this California-based sculptor. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Andy Warhol—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. The identical pattern—a vaguely conical abstract shape—is silk-screened on each canvas, which has previously been brushed over with acrylics in various rich colors. Through March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning, and the other works in the exhibit have a similar dash—enough to set them apart from the blueprint bleakness that afflicts most exhibitions of this sort. Through March 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—An exhibit of works on paper includes large, stippled-looking realist paintings by Biff Elrod which are not far removed from Pointillist; three Parisian vignettes by Red Grooms; and some free-form sculpture done in wet pulp and painted with watercolors by Rafael Ferrer. Through Thursday, Feb. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—New wood sculptures, plus working drawings and photographs of outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Wendell Minor—Hard-edge representational paintings of Southwestern subjects—a house by the side of the road, a riverbank strewn with boulders, a Mission-style church, a country store. Through Feb. 17. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Historical documentation of North American Indian tribes. Through Feb. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesdays until 9.)

Judy Dater / JoAnn Frank—Portraits and nude studies, mostly of men. / Fifty photograms. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Tom McCarthy—Bizarre color collages by a man who said of his career as a conventional photographer, "I more or less gave up." Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Sixty self-portraits by as many women photographers, whose approaches range from the classical to the surreal, and whose materials include Xerox reproductions and pages from journals. Through Friday, Feb. 9. . . . **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: Works by five photographers—John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Industrial scenes by Charles Sheeler, Berenice Abbott, Lewis Baltz, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Photographs of Egypt in the nineteenth century. Included in the show are fifteen 16 x 20 plates made by Francis Frith in 1858. Through Saturday, Feb. 3.

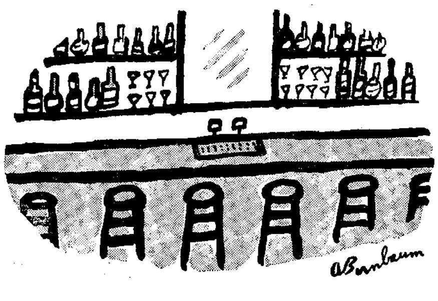
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings by students of Hans Hofmann, including Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Giorgio Cavallon. The works date from the twenties to the fifties. Through March 4. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who were admired by him. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. . . . **COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE**: On Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8, works by three composers, including Charles Schwartz, whose jazz symphony will be performed by Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, and Jimmy Maxwell, together with Joan Heller (soprano), and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg. . . . ¶ On Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7 and 9:30, John Cage will perform a new solo vocal work. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by the eccentric King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. . . . ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Thursday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Among the artists are the contemporary Mattie Lou O'Kelley, whose painting is titled "Picking Blueberries on the Fourth," and Susan McCord, whose vine-patterned pieced-and-appliquéd cotton quilt is dated 1845. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

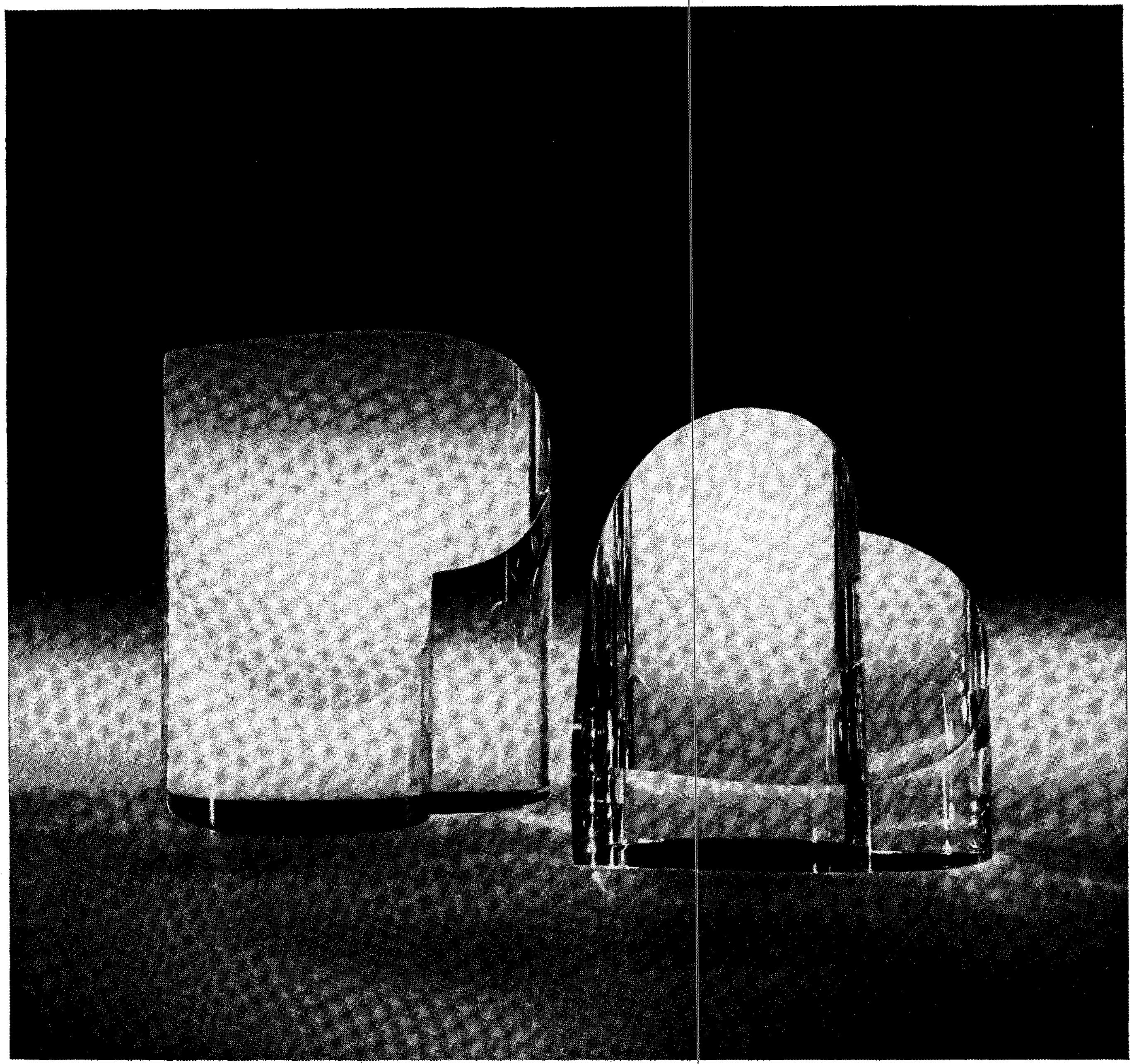
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Peciura, and Nancy Spero; Laurie Simmons (color photographs); Pieter Holstein (three-dimensional installation); Ken Feingold (in-



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Two pure crystal hearts, clear and flawless, concealing nothing. These are the first two designs for Steuben by James Carpenter, an artist who is also a glass designer.

Luminous heart-shaped facets are supported by weighty crystal pillars, yet seem suspended in space. Each facet is a mirror image of the other, complimenting and counterpointing its partner. The pair are a shining memento. A single heart, simple and romantic, seems an appropriate gesture at this time of year.

A limited number of single hearts is available now, while orders are being accepted for pairs. Each is inscribed in diamond point with the Steuben signature, and is presented in a gray flannel bag within a linen box.

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Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works, and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stallation using photographs). All shows through Saturday, Feb. 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. *Exhibition hours:* Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jacki Apple (performance with audiotapes, film, and slides), Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Cara Brownell and Julie Harrison (performance), Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Beth B & Scott B (performance), Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Jenny Snider and Stephanie Brody Lederman, through Saturday, Feb. 10.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A program of twenty-five piano waltzes by as many composers (Glass, Thomson, Babbitt) and played individually by five young pianists, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Sherrie Levine (photographic installation), starting Friday, Feb. 2; Bill Viola and Alex Dea & the Heavenly Chimes Gamelan Ensemble (videotaped and live Javanese music), Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; Henry Flynt and Christer Hennix (audiotapes), Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 31: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, Luis Lima, and Mario Sereni; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Garbis Boyagian, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 5: A new production of Verdi's "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Mario Sereni; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 7: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 8: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 9: "Aida" with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Garbis Boyagian, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, John Alexander, and Allan Monk; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 10: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8; on Monday, Feb. 5, and Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:15. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Monteverdi's "L'Orfeo," staged by Sandro Sequi, with the Juilliard Philharmonia conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 1, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30, a concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Leontyne Price, soprano); and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30 (all with Daniel Barenboim, piano). . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 9, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 7:30 (no soloists).

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Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—Dmitri Kitaenko conducting, with Ilya Grubert, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Korean National Symphony—Yun Taik Hong conducting, with Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one entitled "Pop Art, Yesterday and Today," with Beverly Morgan, soprano, and Dwight Peltzer and Mr. Foss, piano. Kurt Vonnegut, Larry Rivers, and Mr. Foss will participate in a forum at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Paget Chorale—Daniel Paget directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Irene Oliver, soprano, and Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Haydn-Trio Vienna—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Enrique Nuñez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The second in this new series of three concerts will be performed by Heather Harper, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Jay Rothman—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Ensemble For Early Music—The last in a series of concerts, this one called "Scatological Ditties," with the Gleemen, a male vocal quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Paula Robison and Kenneth Cooper—Flute and harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

Alfred Hart—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 5:45.)

Christoph Eschenbach—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Ursula Oppens and André-Michel Schub, piano; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2.)

Vladimir Spivakov—Violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Leonid Kogan—Violin, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano, in a lecture-recital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

James Galway—With Philip Moll, in the complete sonatas by Bach for flute and harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Quartet—An all-Brahms program, with Pinchas Zukerman, viola, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Lynn Chang—Violin, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8, at 8, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Carlos Bonell—Flute and guitar. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, this one played by the Chilingirian String Quartet. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Yo-yo Ma, cello; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 5.)

Zola Shaulis and Jane Shaulis—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in a program entitled "A Celebration of J. S. Bach." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

Haydn Quartet—The first of two all-Haydn recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 5:45.)

Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting a chamber group in the first in a series of three concerts of baroque music on original instruments, this one devoted to chamber music and dance of the seventeenth century. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

America's Architects of Musical Space—A retrospective of innovations in musical expressiveness, performed by Continuum, a group including Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; John Graham, viola; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor of a chamber ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston.

Hockey—National Hockey League All-Stars vs. Soviet Union All-Stars, for the National Hockey League Challenge Cup. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8.) . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednes-

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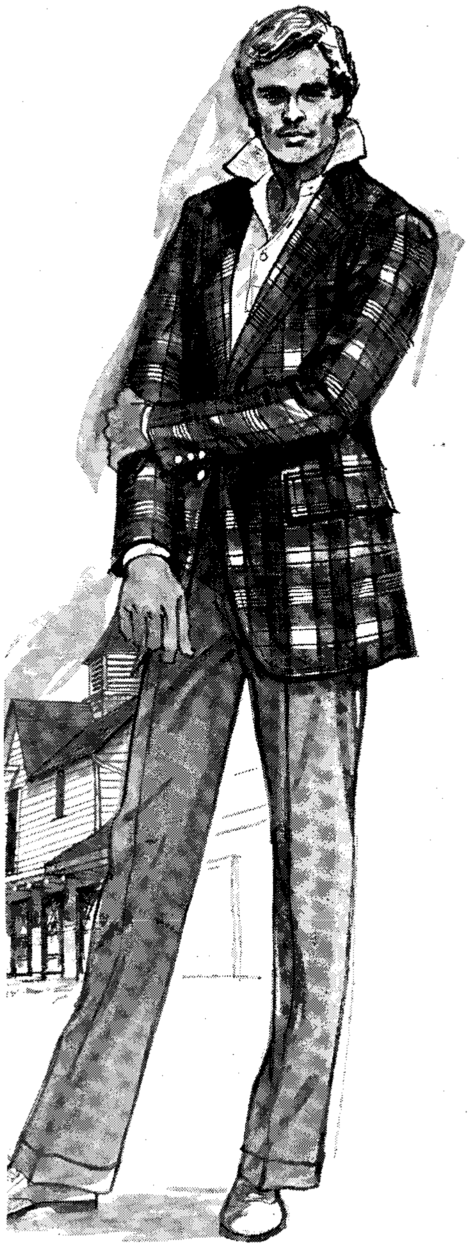

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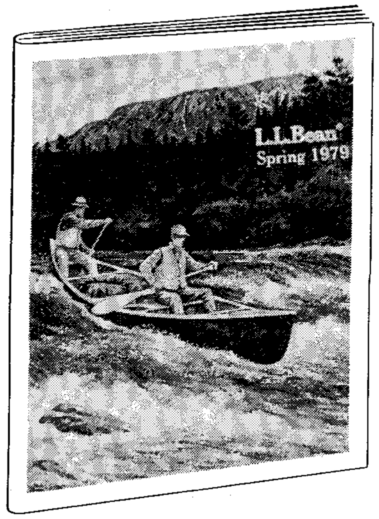

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Stymie Handicap, Sunday, Feb. 4, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Squash Racquets—United States Women's Squash Championships—Tournament matches, Friday, Feb. 9, at 6 and 8, and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 5. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 11. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 9, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury; Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the 92ND STREET Y: Hans Magnus Enzensberger reading, in both English and German, from his own poems, Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ N. Scott Momaday and Leslie Silko reading from their own novels, Monday, Feb. 5, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM AUDITORIUM: Maxine Kumin reading from her own poetry. (1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, noon to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 4, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Six sales of Americana. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 2: Silver, pewter, and metalware. . . . Thursday, Feb. 1, at 2: Prints by Currier & Ives, Audubon, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 10:15: Paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 2: Naïve paintings, watercolors, and pastels; quilts and coverlets; decoys; scrimshaw; folk art; and furniture. . . . Saturday, Feb. 3, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains, ceramics, Presidential china, glass, and tinware. . . . Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: Decorations, hearth equipment, clocks, and furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Feb. 3, at 10:30 and 2: English and Continental *furniture, objects of art, tapestries,* and rugs; the property of Richard P. Mellon and others.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 17 (Cleveland), Feb. 20 (Phoenix), Feb. 24 (Nets), Feb. 27 (Golden State), March 3 (San Diego), March 6 (Portland), and March 10 (San Antonio). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Feb. 11 (San Diego), Feb. 13 (Kansas City), Feb. 16 (Indiana), Feb. 18 (Houston), Feb. 21 (Phoenix), Feb. 23 (Portland), Feb. 25 (Knicks), March 2 (Milwaukee), March 6 (San Antonio), and March 9 (Seattle).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 14 (Boston), Feb. 18 (Washington), Feb. 21 (St. Louis), Feb. 25 (Islanders), March 3 (Buffalo), March 4 (Toronto), and March 7 (Colorado). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Feb. 13 (Colorado), Feb. 22 (St. Louis), Feb. 24 (Detroit), Feb. 27 (Montreal), March 3 (Atlanta), March 6 (Buffalo), and March 10 (Chicago).

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 23.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 14. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (877-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 22, with Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," and will run through April 29. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Brandenburg Ensemble, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord and piano, Feb. 25. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 14 and 17. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, Feb. 15 and March 1. . . . ¶ NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic, March 4. . . . ¶ Grace Bumbry, soprano, March 5. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, March 8. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Ingrid Dingfelder, flute, and the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ An die Musik, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Daniel Phillips, violin, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 25 and 27 and March 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, March 6. . . . ¶ Continuum, March 10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Hilde Somer, piano, and the Paul Price Percussion Ensemble, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Leonard Rose, cello, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, Feb. 21 and 25. . . . ¶ Tom Krause, baritone, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Anton Kuerti, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, March 3-4. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, March 10. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Music from Marlboro, March 1. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 3-4. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, March 9.

Dance—Dance Theatre of Harlem, at the City Center, Feb. 20-March 4. . . . ¶ Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, at the Minskoff, March 6-25. . . . ¶ Nureyev, with the Joffrey Ballet, in "Homage to Diaghilev," at the Mark Hellinger, March 7-April 1.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "They're Playing Our Song," a two-character musical with a book by Neil Simon, music by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager, and Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz as the cast. . . . ¶ A musical, "Whoopee!," revived by the Goodspeed Opera House. William Anthony McGuire wrote the book (based on Owen Davis's 1928 play "The Nervous Wreck"), Gus Kahn the lyrics, and Walter Donaldson the music. Charles Repole heads the cast. . . . ¶ Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in a comedy, "On Golden Pond," by Ernest Thompson. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. . . . ¶ A musical thriller, "Sweeney Todd," starring Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and book (taken from Christopher Bond's adaptation of a play known in England as "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street") by Hugh Wheeler. . . . ¶ Lois Nettleton will play Dorothy Thompson opposite Bruce Dern's Sinclair Lewis in "Strangers," a drama by Sherman Yellen. . . . ¶ A play entitled "G. R. Point," by David Berry will have Michael Moriarty in the leading role. First seen here in a Phoenix Theatre showcase two years ago.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 17-25. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Feb. 24-25. . . . ¶ A partial (60.8 per cent) eclipse of the sun will take place around noon on Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 28.

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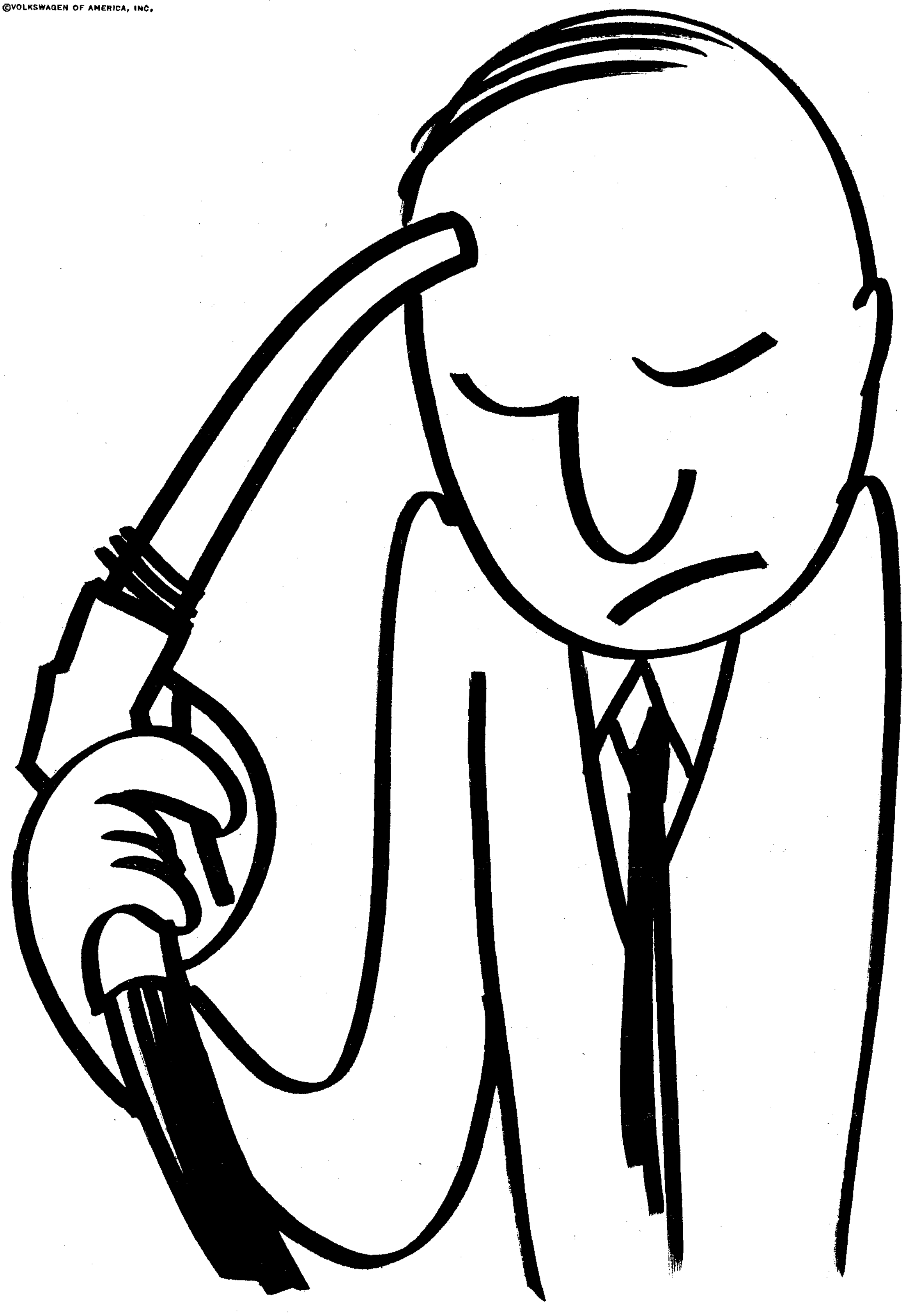

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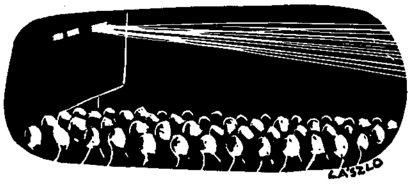
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Jan. 31: "A Theatrical Experiment in Africa."
Feb. 1: "King Lear."
Feb. 2: "The Beggar's Opera."
Feb. 3: "Lord of the Flies."
Feb. 4: "Marat/Sade."
Feb. 5: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 6: "With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade" and "In the Best Interests of the Children."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"California Suite."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 6: "Interiors" and "Valentino."
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"A Slave of Love."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Brink's Job."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 1: "Movie Movie."
From Feb. 2: "The Great Train Robbery."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Days of Heaven."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Max Havelaar."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 1: "Moment by Moment."
From Feb. 2: "Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Yard."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Innocent."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 6: "Interiors."
From Feb. 7: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Feb. 1: "Violette."
From Feb. 2: "Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 1: "Midnight Express."
From Feb. 2: "The Great Train Robbery."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Secrets."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Circle of Iron."
Theatre 2: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Feb. 1: "Death on the Nile."
From Feb. 2: "Movie Movie."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Class of Miss MacMichael."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Bread and Chocolate."
Theatre 3: "Violette."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 1: "Days of Heaven." From Feb. 2: "Goin' South."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 1: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
From Feb. 2: "Bread and Chocolate."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 1: "Bread and Chocolate."
From Feb. 2: "Movie Movie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wifemistress."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Feb. 1: "Movie Movie."
From Feb. 2: "The Great Train Robbery."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Black Orpheus" and "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "California Suite."
Theatre 2: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 1: "The Wiz." From Feb. 2: "Moment by Moment."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 1: "Death on the Nile." From Feb. 2: "Goin' South."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Feb. 1: "A Slave of Love" and "Swept Away."
From Feb. 2: "Movie Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 6: "Magic" and "The Eagle Has Landed."
From Feb. 7: "Up in Smoke" and "Handle with Care."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through Feb. 1: "The Brink's Job." (†)
From Feb. 2: "The Great Train Robbery." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Late Great Planet Earth." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 1: "Smokey and the Bandit." From Feb. 2: "Moment by Moment." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Circle of Iron." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 1: "Secrets." (†)
From Feb. 2: "A Different Story" and "A Touch of Class."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Class of Miss MacMichael." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 31: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 1: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (1944-46), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Feb. 2 through the afternoon of Feb. 4: "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
Feb. 4 at 7:35: "Out One: Spectre" (1972), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Bernadette Lafont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Michel Lonsdale.
Feb. 5: "The Miracle" (†); "Not Reconciled" (1965), in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, a fifty-one-minute film about Nazism; "Mediterannée" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Daniel Pollet; and "Contempt." (†)
Feb. 6: "Something Different" (1963), in Czech, directed by Vera Chytilova; and "The Edge" (1968), directed by Robert Kramer.
Feb. 7: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Paris Belongs to Us." (†)
Feb. 8: "Angel Face" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall; and "The Nun." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 31: "Death Is My Trade" (1977), in German, directed by Theodor Kotulla; and "Berlinger" (1976), in German, directed by Bernard Sinkel.
Feb. 1: "The Glass Cell" (1978), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer; and "Do Right and Fear No One" (1975), in German, directed by Jutta Brückner.
Feb. 2: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Eyes of Laura Mars" (1978), directed by Irvin Kershner, with Faye Dunaway.
Feb. 3: "Amarcord" (†); and "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.
Feb. 4: "Richard III." (†)
Feb. 5: "The Twelve Chairs" (1970), directed by Mel Brooks, with Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, and Ron Moody; and "Romance of a Horsethief" (1971), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with Yul Brynner.
Feb. 6: "Gervaise" (†) and "Forbidden Games." (†)
Feb. 7: "The Birth of a Nation." (†)
Feb. 8: "The Duellists" (1978), directed by Ridley Scott, with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel; and "Royal Flash." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 1: "Going Places" (1974), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Miou-Miou, and Patrick Dewaere; and "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
Feb. 2-3: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell; and "O Lucky Man!" (1973), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell.
Feb. 4-5: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much." (†)
Feb. 6: "Giant." (†)
Feb. 7-8: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973), in French, directed

by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard; and "Pardon Mon Affaire." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Jan. 31: "The Girl from Missouri" (1934), directed by Jack Conway, with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, and Alan Mowbray; and "The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

Feb. 1-3: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Feb. 4-5: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Tugboat Annie." (†)

Feb. 6-7: "Best Foot Forward" (†) and "Cover Girl." (†)

From Feb. 8: "Midnight" (†) and "Tovarich." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Feb. 1: A program of seven surrealistic films.

Feb. 2-3: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†); and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Feb. 4-5: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Two English Girls." (†)

Feb. 6: "High Noon" (†); and "3:10 to Yuma" (1957), directed by Delmer Daves, with Glenn Ford and Van Heflin.

Feb. 7-8: "Judex" (†); and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" (1970), in French, directed by Georges Franju.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 31: "Les Girls" (1957), directed by George Cukor, with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, Kay Kendall, and Taina Elg; and "The Reluctant Debutante" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, and Sandra Dee.

Feb. 1: "Now, Voyager" (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henried, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "The Great Lie" (1941), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

Feb. 2-3: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Feb. 4: "The Sea Hawk" (†); and "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.

Feb. 5: "Made for Each Other" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart; and "A Star Is Born." (†)

Feb. 6: "Lost Horizon" (1937), directed by Frank Capra, with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." (†)

Feb. 7: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (†) and "Colleen." (†)

Feb. 8: "Ladies of the Chorus" (†) and "Gilda." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 1 at 2:30: "Rebound" (1931), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Ina Claire, Myrna Loy, Hedda Hopper, and Robert Ames. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6:30: Three versions of the film "Seven Keys to Baldpate"—the 1929 version, directed by Reginald Barker, with Richard Dix; the 1935 version, directed by William Hamilton and Edward Killy, with Gene Raymond and Walter Brennan; and the 1947 version, directed by Lew Landers, with Philip Terry and Margaret Lindsay. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2:30: "The Sin Ship" (1931), directed by Louis Wolheim, with Wolheim and Mary Astor; and "Transgression" (1931), directed by Herbert Brenon, with Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 6: "Purple Heart" (1944), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, and Farley Granger. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at noon: "Sea Devils" (1936), directed by Ben Stoloff, with Victor McLaglen, Ida Lupino, and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "Rebound." . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 5: "The Sin Ship." . . ¶ Feb. 4 at noon: "Sea Devils." . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "Transgression." . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 5: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, with Chisu Ryu and Setsuko Hara; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at noon: "H_2O" (1929), a silent film, directed by Ralph Steiner; "Colter's Hell" (1973), directed by Robert O. Lehman; and "After the Whale" (1971), written and produced by L. Richard Ellison for Time-Life films. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "The Richest Girl in the World" (1934), directed by William Seiter, with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 6: A program of short films by Kurt Kren. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at noon: "H_2O," "Colter's Hell," and "After the Whale." . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30: "Purple Heart." . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6: "Soweto" (1976), "Some Afrikaners" (1976), and "On the Mines" (1976), all directed by Burton Fox. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Sport Parade" (1932), directed by Dudley Murphy, with Joel McCrea, Robert Benchley, and Marian Marsh; and "Bring 'Em Back Alive" (1932), directed by Clyde Elliott, with Frank Buck. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "Hell's Highway" (1932), directed by Rowland Brown, with Richard Dix, Rochelle Hudson, and Tom Brown. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 8:30: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, directed by Bruno Bozzetto (who will be present), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Asparagus" (1978), directed by Suzan Pitt. Showings continuously from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 1-4: "Paper Wheat" (1979), directed by Albert Kish; and "Prairie Fire" (1977), directed by John Hanson and Rob Nilsson. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 8: A program of twelve recent animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (475-4191)—A series called "American Mavericks": Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 5:30 and 8:45: "Billy in the Lowlands" (1978), directed by Jan Egleson. . . . ¶ Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 7:05 and 10:20: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank. . . . ¶ Feb. 3-5 at 5:30 and 8:30: "Property" (1978), directed by Penny Allen. . . . ¶ Feb. 3-5 at 7:10 and 10:10: "Dark Star" (1974), directed by John Carpenter. . . . ¶ Feb. 6-8 at 5:30 and 8:45: "Pleasantville" (1977), directed by Vicki Polon and Kenneth Locker. . . . ¶ Feb. 6-8 at 7 and 10:15: "Loose Ends" (1975), directed by David Morris and Victoria Wozniak.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

The Beggar's Opera (1953)—Pure pleasure—the ballad-opera about the highwayman Captain Macheath and his escapes from the law and the ladies, with Laurence Olivier doing his own singing (he has a pleasant light baritone) as the dashing Macheath. This is one of his most playful, sophisticated, and least-known roles. It was Swift who suggested that a "Newgate pastoral might make an odd pretty sort of thing," and John Gay worked out the idea in a new form—a musical play with the lyrics fitted to existing music. To Londoners weary of the bombast of Italian opera, Gay's corrupt gang of thieves, highwaymen, whores, and informers was the fresh, sweet breath of England. Gay satirized the politics of the day as well as the heroics of Italian opera; many of his targets are now a matter for historians, but the large butt of the joke—the corruption and hypocrisy of mankind—still sits around. And by 1953, when Peter Brook directed this film (his first, and the only comedy he has ever made), a new set of conventions, as tired and inflated as Italian opera, was ready for potshots—the conventions of the movies: the chaste heroines, the intrepid Robin Hood heroes, the phony realism. Christopher Fry adapted the text freely, retaining the mocking, raffish spirit, and Arthur Bliss arranged the score so that we come out humming the pretty airs. And the actors are having such a good time playing scoundrels that their zest for villainy is infectiously satiric. Stanley Holloway is a magnificent Lockit, and shows off his fine, deep voice. Most of the others are dubbed, but they perform in such an offhand manner that the dubbing is inoffensive. It even comes in for a bit of parody when Dorothy Tutin, as dear Polly Peachum, sings while rowing a boat. She obviously isn't singing the way someone rowing would sing; she smiles like a cat who has swallowed a canary, as indeed she has. Athene Seyler is a great Mrs. Trapes; George Devine is Peachum; Yvonne Furneaux is Jenny Diver; Daphne Anderson is Lucy Lockit; Hugh Griffith is the Beggar; Mary Clare is Mrs. Peachum; Margot Grahame is the Actress. The color cinematography is by Guy Green. Commercially, the film was a disaster, and it has rarely been revived. (Little Theatre; Feb. 2.)

Best Foot Forward (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed. (Regency; Feb. 6-7.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

The Bitter Tea of General Yen (1933)—This story about a cool, straitlaced girl from New England (Barbara Stanwyck) who is sexually drawn to the Chinese warlord who kidnaps her was the opening attraction at Radio City Music Hall. Tall, Swedish Nils Asther was a very peculiar Oriental, but he was certainly dazzlingly elegant and a highly exotic love object—too exotic, maybe, for moviegoers of the time, because, despite the tensions of the daring interracial romance, the picture was not a box-office success. One of the most shadowy and atmospheric (and least cloying) of Frank Capra's films, it suggests the influence of von Sternberg's "Shanghai Express" (1932). With Gavin Gordon, Walter Connolly, Toshia Mori, and Richard Loo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Festival;

through Feb. 1.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., and Guild; starting Feb. 2.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Eastside Cinema.... ¶ Criterion; through Feb. 1.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, Loews Tower East, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

Circle of Iron—With David Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Christopher Lee; directed by Richard Moore. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

The Class of Miss MacMichael—With Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed, Michael Murphy, and Rosalind Cash; directed by Silvio Narizzano. (R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Colleen (1936)—A Warner Brothers' musical, with a bunch of the regulars (Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert) plus Paul Draper and Jack Oakie. Not exactly a dazzler. Al Dubin and Harry Warren have written better songs; Alfred E. Green directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5.)

Cover Girl (1944)—The plot is a shambles, and there's a prolonged flashback that is almost ruinous, but this big, bright Technicolor musical from Columbia has a lot to recommend it: Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, Phil Silvers, and songs by Ira Gershwin and Jerome Kern, including "Put Me to the Test," and the slurpy but affecting "Long Ago and Far Away." Kelly and Silvers are a better team than Kelly and Hayworth, though she does look sumptuous, and her big smile could be the emblem of the period. The cast includes Lee Bowman, Otto Kruger, Jinx Falkenburg, and dozens of celebrated models. Charles Vidor directed. (Regency; Feb. 6-7.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 1.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (12/18/78) (Coronet; starting Feb. 2.)

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Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Eagle Has Landed (1977)—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that by a dramatic trick that depends on invoking, of all things, English love for the courage of music-hall troupers. Worth seeing for its adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 6.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "La Grande Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates: their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. This classic of the French postwar period was a commercial failure until it won the grand prize at Venice; it went on to international success. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Gervaise (1957)—A painstaking and rich creation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, photographed to suggest Daguerre. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise Macquart, for those who find Zola overpoweringly uninviting, is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in the Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). With Suzy Delair as Virginie, except for the scene in which Virginie gets paddled; at that moment, a dubber known as Rita Cadillac offers her bottom to the camera. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this handsomely designed big, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel about a couple of generations of a Texas cattle-ranching family, and James Dean (in a supporting role) ran away with it. This was the last film in his brief, meteoric career, and he was dead when it was released. His appearance here is particularly startling, because he plays his misfit role in a self-conscious, modern, fifties manner, while the rest of the movie is in the conventional plodding style that had always been deemed appropriate for sprawling family sagas. (This one sprawls for three hours and eighteen minutes.) It's an example of commercial filmmaking straining for prestige, and the performers can't blink an eye without announcing that they're acting—and acting, what's more, to live up to the scale of the production. Yet Stevens' craftsmanship is effective at an unsubtle level, and the movie is often entertaining, with the narrative push that Ferber was so skilled at. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn, Sal Mineo, and Jane Withers. (Cinema Village; Feb. 6.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous, fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

Goin' South—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright and John Belushi. (12/11/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 2.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls, singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you," merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

The Great Train Robbery—With Sean Connery, Donald Sutherland, and Leslie-Anne Down; directed by Michael Crichton, from his own novel. (Sutton, U.A. East, Cinema 3, and Criterion; starting Feb. 2.)

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Olympia; starting Feb. 7.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East.)

High Noon (1952)—The Western form is used for a sneak civics lesson. Gary Cooper is the marshal who fights alone for law and order when his cowtown is paralyzed by fear. Much has been made of the film's structure (it runs from 10:40 A.M. to high noon, coinciding with the running time of the film); of the stark settings and the long shadows; of the screenwriter Carl Foreman's psychological insight and his buildup of suspense. When the film came out, there were actually people who said it was a poem of force comparable to "The Iliad." But its insights are primer sociology, and the demonstration of the town's cowardice is Q.E.D. The film is well directed by Fred Zinnemann; it was produced by Stanley Kramer. With Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado, Lee Van Cleef, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Henry Morgan, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Otto Kruger. The cinematography is by Floyd Crosby, and the score is by Dimitri Tiomkin (who took an Academy Award for it). Cooper also won the Best Actor award, and the editors were also honored. (Thalia; Feb. 6.)

The Innocent—With Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Gemini 2.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Feb. 6.)

In the Best Interests of the Children—A fifty-three minute documentary about lesbian mothers and child custody. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 6.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

Judex (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. (Franju would have preferred to remake "Fantômas," directed by Feuillade in 1914, and he crankily dedicates "Judex" to the Feuillade of that year: cinemathèque in-stuff.) What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 7-8.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the members of the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. (Little Theatre; Feb. 1.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Eric Roberts, Sterling Hayden, Annie Potts, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, and Brooke Shields; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, and Loews State 1.)

Ladies of the Chorus (1949)—Minor musical from Columbia, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe. Directed by Phil Karlson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. The portents keep coming, but there's no delivery. The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Late Great Planet Earth—Based on the Hal Lindsey book, narrated by Orson Welles, directed by Robert Amram. (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Guild; through Feb. 1.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Little Theatre; Feb. 3.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia; through Feb. 6.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Little Theatre; Feb. 4.)

Max Havelaar—Directed by Fons Rademakers. In Dutch. (Plaza.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Regency; starting Feb. 8.)

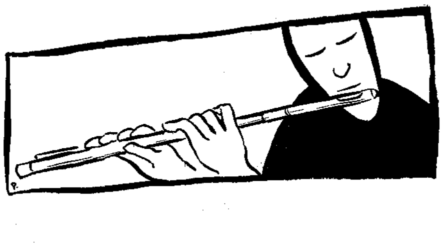
Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (U.A. East; through Feb. 1.)

The Miracle (1948)—This Roberto Rossellini film is itself a miracle: brief, utterly simple in its means, and perhaps the most fully achieved of all his movies. Anna Magnani stars as the peasant woman who is convinced that the child in her belly is a new Christ child, and Federico Fellini (who also wrote the story) plays the man who put the baby there. This is the film that was the subject of a censorship case that was fought all the way up to the Supreme Court. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Feb. 2.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3; through Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker; starting Feb. 2.)

The Nun ("La Religieuse;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8.)



Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire (1977)—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Cinema Village; Feb. 7-8.)

Paris Belongs to Us (1960)—This first, improvisational film by Jacques Rivette is about atomic spies, a labyrinthine political conspiracy, and young intellectual aesthetes, and it has been called a modern French existentialist version of "The Possessed." But the director seems to have no thought of penetrating the labyrinth to sort things out for the audience; his images of panic and terror don't add up to anything more than neurotic attitudes, and one doesn't have any particular response to what's going on. Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, and Jacques Demy are among the cast. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 7.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, Richard was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear his inflections in lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Royal Flash (1975)—Richard Lester directs George MacDonald Fraser's adaptation of one of his novels celebrating the inglorious career of Captain Harry Flashman, of the 11th Hussars (Malcolm McDowell), a rotten, snivelling Victorian coward. It's a parody of movie heroics, especially of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but Lester is on his own antic wavelength, and he doesn't try to tune us in. The characters don't care about each other, and we don't care about any of them. Lester has done all this carousing and pratfalling before; his inventiveness is beginning to seem desperate, compulsive—as if he kept piling on the jokes because he was bored. With Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Britt Ekland, Florinda Bolkan, Alastair Sim, and Lionel Jeffries. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

The Sea Hawk (1940)—Errol Flynn, playing a hero based on Sir Francis Drake, in a rousing swashbuckler directed by Michael Curtiz. The Spaniards talk peculiar slang, considering that the year is 1585, but Flora Robson's Queen Elizabeth is a vigorous shrewdie. The cast includes Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Gilbert Roland, Henry Daniell, Alan Hale, Una O'Connor, and Donald Crisp. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 4.)

Secrets—With Jacqueline Bisset and Per Oscarsson, directed by Philip Saville. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Feb. 1.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Thalia; Feb. 2-3.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Gramercy.... ¶ New Yorker; through Feb. 1.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled big-headed husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Feb. 1.)

A Theatrical Experiment in Africa (1971)—Peter Brook and his acting troupe performing in African villages. (Little Theatre; Jan. 31.)

Tovarich (1937)—The thirties stage play about a penniless Russian prince and his grand-duchess wife who are happy to get jobs as servants in a Paris household. It's the sort of vehicle that comes to life in the theatre, because of the opportunities it affords dazzling technicians, but in the movie version, although Charles Boyer has a devilish cuckoo quality and Claudette Colbert is very charming, the whole thing seems rather attenuated. It's pleasant, but there's no conviction in it, and the director, Anatole Litvak, who had demonstrated a highly developed visual style when he worked with Boyer only the year before (in "Mayerling"), seems paralyzed by the stagy material. With Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans, Anita Louise, Morris Carnovsky, Melville Cooper, Montagu Love, and Fritz Feld. From the play by Jacques Deval, adapted for the American stage by Robert E. Sherwood; the screenplay is by Casey Robinson. (Regency; starting Feb. 8.)

Tugboat Annie (1933)—That rambunctious pair of overage, overweight lovers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery, had been teamed so successfully in "Min and Bill" that M-G-M tried again, but this time the script (about various tugboat emergencies in Puget Sound) was weak, and so was the direction, by Mervyn LeRoy. Dressler, playing worthy spouse to Beery's old reprobate, has to depend on her big jaws and wise old eyes, while grinning, wild-mouthed Beery is forced to loll around drunkenly in woollen underwear, trying to look cute. They deserved better (she certainly did), but the film was popular, anyway. Adapted from Norman Reilly Raine's *Satevepost* stories; photographed by Gregg Toland. With Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Young. (Regency; Feb. 4-5.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 4-5.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, and Alan Bates. (3/6/78) (D. W. Griffith.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (Olympia; starting Feb. 7.)

Valentino (1977)—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 6.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 1.)

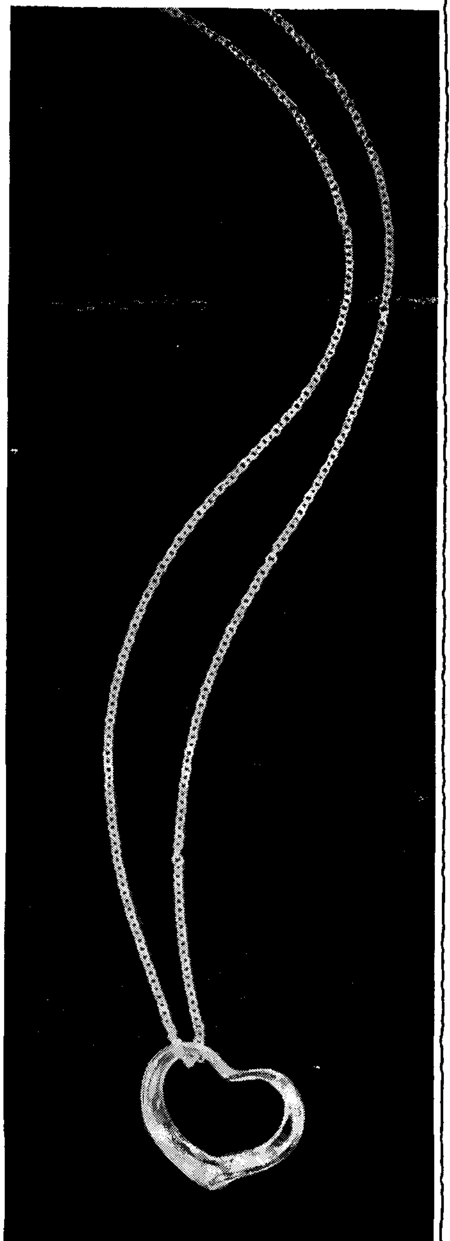
We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Cinema Village; Feb. 4-5.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade—A forty-five minute documentary on the role played by women in the General Motors sitdown strike of 1937, directed by Lorraine Grey. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 6.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Forum.... ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 1.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Leotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)



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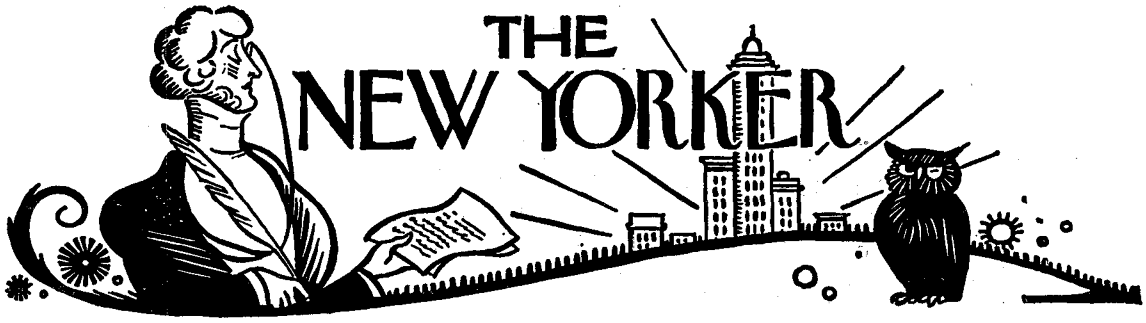

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives on the upper West Side writes:

I spent a week before the Super Bowl trying to unravel the mystery of Super Bowl Monday. Nearly every day during the pre-big-game week, I heard radio and television commercials for the *News*' Super Bowl coverage, which would last a whole week, right up to Super Bowl Sunday and Monday. I knew what Super Bowl Sunday was—that was the day of the game—but what was Super Bowl Monday? Well, today is Super Bowl Monday, and I'm still pretty much in the dark. If my street, West 101st Street, is any sort of barometer, Super Bowl Monday is a bust, especially compared with the day after the last game of the World Series—I believe we just called it Wednesday, but I'll call it World Series Wednesday here.

On World Series Wednesday, there was a lot of baseball-related street action on West 101st. (Of course, baseball, thanks to its urban half brother stickball, is not the stranger to my neighborhood that football seems to be.) Near the corner of 101st and West End Avenue, about fifteen Hispanic kids, aged five through seventeen, were yelling at each other. They called out to the smaller members of their group "Hey, Bucky!" or "Mickey!" or, generously, "Davey!" (Davey Lopes was an L.A. Dodger). They'd razz whoever was pitching the pink rubber Spaldeen: "All *ri-i-ight,* Catfish!" (or, as Catfish Hunter is sometimes referred to in my neighborhood, "Gato Pescado!") or "Goose!" or "Raisin Cagey!" (these kids didn't seem to know much about Louisiana). Down the street, closer to Riverside Drive, about ten blond, mop-haired kids were out with gloves and softballs and hardballs—*real* equipment. They, too, were calling each other Bucky (he seems to be a universal favorite), and Sparky, Graig, and, more rarely, Thurman. In short, even though it was a school day, there was a lot going on on West 101st Street on World Series Wednesday.

Super Bowl Monday is very different. The street has been quiet nearly all day. Around five o'clock, in the semi-darkness, seven kids gather near the West End corner of the block. Most of them are about eleven, and they cluster around one boy who seems about fifteen. "What do we do *next?*" they demand in cranky, high-pitched whines while one of them tries to dribble their football in mock ignorance. "*You* three go down there, and we'll stay *here,*" the older one explains, "and remember what I told you." The three shuffle down to what must be the line of scrimmage, and, after a brief conference, the second group approaches and hunches over in position. Just then, before the ball can be snapped, one member of the second group, a little girl I haven't noticed before, rises up and rolls on her skateboard across the line of scrimmage, carrying a purse and a doll.

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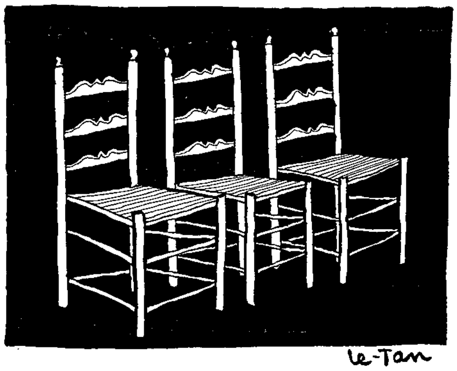
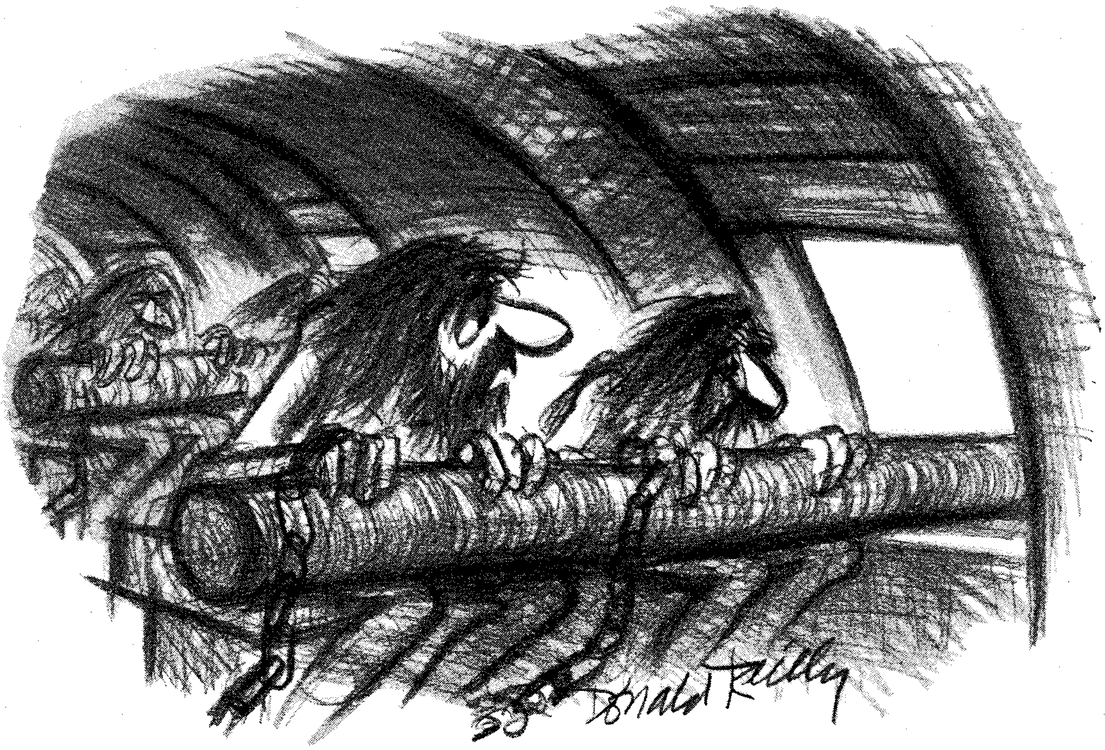
Friends of French Opera

FRENCH opera is one of the most neglected corners of the musical repertory. Consequently, we are pleased to report that Friends of French Opera, a devoted group of Gallic-opera buffs, has recently emerged from a twelve-year period of hibernation to advance this worthy but obscure cause by presenting a concert performance of Massenet's "Sapho," an all but forgotten opera about a romance between an artist's model and a naïve young student in late-nineteenth-century Paris. The performance took place late last month in Carnegie Hall, and the audience response was warm enough to encourage encores in the future. Although "Sapho" isn't a great score—Massenet is writing well below the level of the better-known "Manon"—it is a compelling piece of operatic theatre, because of the title role. The heroine, a tough but vulnerable woman named Fanny Legrand (she acquires the nickname Sapho because she has posed for a statue of the Greek poet), is probably second only to Carmen as an operatic seductress. The first New York Sapho was the formidable Mary Garden, who sang the role here in 1909 at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House. The present Sapho, the celebrated Swedish soprano Elisabeth Söderström, has made the character into a complex, passionate, unpredictable woman who will somehow survive her misfortunes. One afternoon before the performance, we borrowed an ancient vocal score and visited one of the "Sapho" rehearsals at Carnegie Hall.



When we arrived, we were surprised to discover that the usual oratorio style of presenting concert opera had been dispensed with. The singers had memorized their roles, and the performance was semi-staged, without costume, on a narrow strip of stage in front of the conductor's podium. As we walked into the auditorium, Robert Lawrence, who is the artistic director of the Friends, and who was conducting "Sapho," was working on the first-act party, during which Fanny meets the young student, Jean. The party, taking place in a sculptor's studio, involved the main orchestra (on the stage), a chorus (on risers behind the orchestra), and a stage band that had been stationed on a balcony twenty-four feet in the air. As Mr. Lawrence adjusted the musical balances, Peter Bonelli, an energetic dark-haired man, who was stationed at stage right,



"I've decided that when I get out of here I'm definitely going to pamper myself."

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worked out entrances and exits for the singers. The main problem seemed to be that because the singers were working behind the back of the conductor they were having some difficulty following his cues.

"Do you think we need to place someone in the first row with a score as a safety net?" Mr. Lawrence inquired, putting down his baton for a moment.

"No," said Miss Söderström, a small, black-haired woman, giving him an enchanting smile. "Let's gamble. We are beginning to swim like fish. By the time we get to the performance, we should be used to the water."

During a pause, we asked Mr. Lawrence, who is an authority on French opera, why he had selected "Sapho" for the Friends' comeback.

"It's a great personality opera, provided you're lucky enough to have a real singing actress in the title role," he said. "I've always thought of Elisabeth as a very fine lyric soprano, but now her voice has taken on a darker quality, which enables her to do these dramatically oriented roles. At the end of Act III, when she tells off the two artists who have turned Jean against her, she's like an earthquake."

We asked Mr. Lawrence why French opera needed friends.

"By 1930, the standard French repertoire had pretty well narrowed down to 'Carmen,' 'Faust,' and 'Manon' in this country, with an occasional 'Pelléas' or 'Roméo et Juliette,'" he said. "So we started Friends in 1962 with the idea of attracting attention to some of the forgotten works and with the hope that the Met and other houses would follow up and present them in theatrical form. We did scenes from Massenet's 'Don Quichotte,' Meyerbeer's 'Les Huguenots,' and Dukas's 'Ariane et Barbe-Bleue,' and complete performances of Halévy's 'La Juive' and of three other operas by Massenet—'Werther,' 'La Navarraise,' and 'Le Jongleur de Notre Dame'—before we had to suspend operations, in 1967, because of financial problems. Nearly all these works were subsequently either staged or recorded."

"What are the qualities that make French opera French?" we asked.

"French opera has an elegance and polish that make it an ideal vehicle for the lyric theatre," replied Mr. Lawrence. "It is, on the whole, much more scintillating and imaginative than German or Italian opera—except for late Verdi, which is in a class by itself. Italian opera is magnificent but so often rhetorical. German opera has more of a symphonic quality. The best French operas are essentially theatre pieces that possess a marvellous blend of vocal and instrumental values."

"What are the Friends' plans for the future?" we asked.

"We're doing Thomas's 'Hamlet' in 1981, with Sherrill Milnes," said Mr. Lawrence. "And next year we may do Fauré's 'Pénélope,' if Régine Crespin is available. Sometime in the future, I'd like to do Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable,' the best of the Meyerbeer operas, which hasn't been done in New York since 1884."

At the end of the rehearsal, we asked Miss Söderström how she approached the role of Sapho.

"The main problem is to avoid being sentimental," she said. "The opera is based on a novel by Daudet, which is absolutely *not* sentimental, but Massenet softens a lot of the characters. Fanny's a very tough, sexy woman who doesn't like artists, because many of them have treated her badly. She's so realistic that I find it rather difficult to understand why she is so fond of this young boy. But there is an explanation given in her first aria, when she says, 'Ce que j'appelle beau c'est d'avoir tes vingt ans.' It seems to be a sort of Marschallin situation. At thirty-seven, Fanny wants to remain young a little longer, and if she takes a very young lover—Jean is twenty—she can push away age for a while. Massenet has left out many of the details that make Fanny believable: in the novel, she chain-smokes, she's a terrible cook, she uses very bad language, and she has her an illegitimate child come and live with them. I've been wondering how one can suggest some of these rough bits."

We asked Miss Söderström about her life in Sweden.

"I live in a large, drafty wooden house on an island near Stockholm," she replied. "My husband is a captain in the Navy, and my three sons—the youngest is seventeen—are studying or working. Since I'm not terribly keen on making the rounds of major opera houses, I've been working as a missionary for classical music in my own country. I sing at the Stockholm Opera, I give concert lectures around the country, and I've had my own shows on radio and television. We are trying to bridge the gap between classical and popular music, and we think we're reaching a whole group of people who in earlier days would never have dreamed of going inside an opera house."

"Tell us about your television show," we said.

"My latest program was called 'Fata Morgana,' " she said, with an air of satisfaction. "The action took place inside a spaceship and in the cosmos around it, and we began with me as the ship's figurehead."

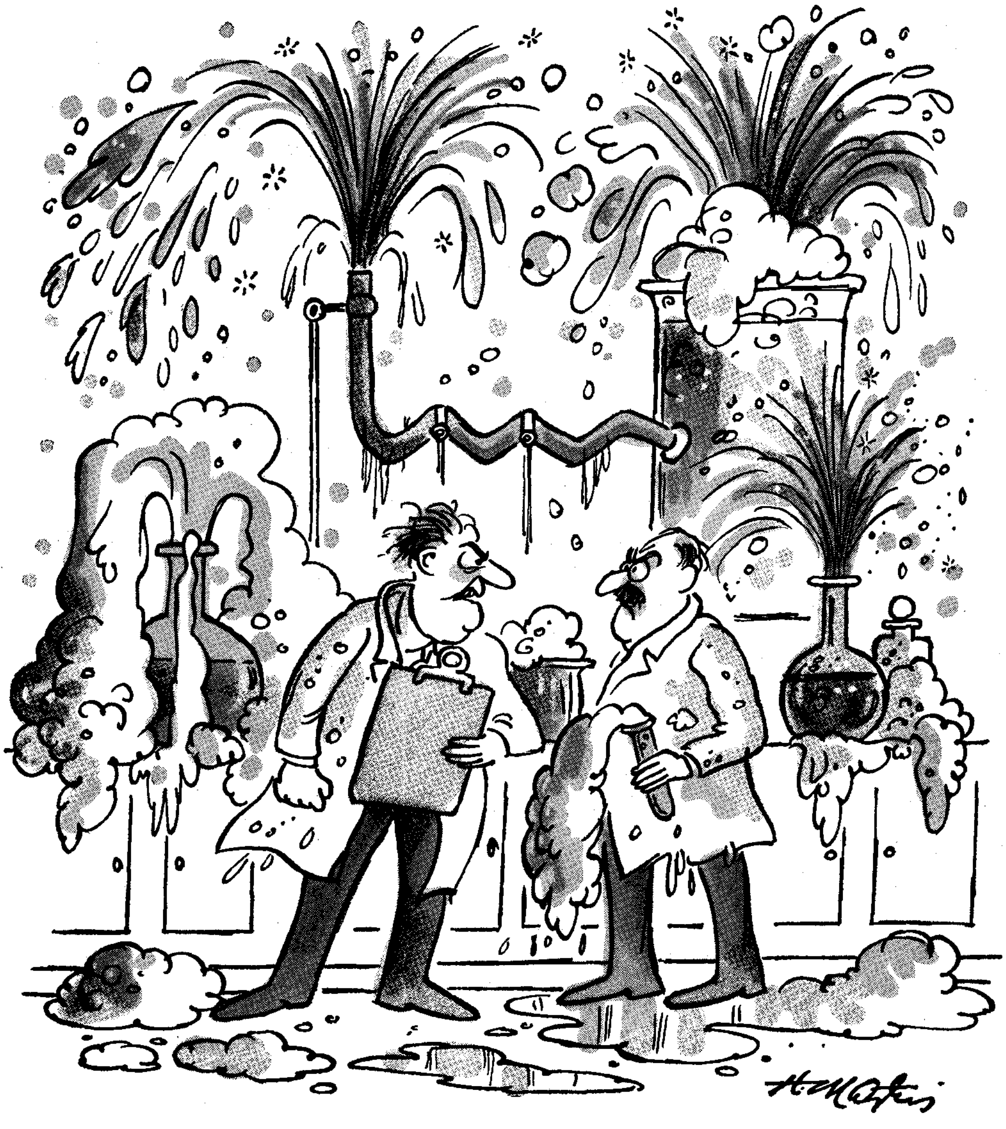
" 'Sapho' must seem pretty tame after that," we said.

"Whenever I take on a French role, I remember what a marvellous woman from Paris told me when she was coaching me in Mélisande at Covent Garden," said Miss Söderström. "She said, 'Elisabeth, you must never be afraid to open your mouth. You don't have to look like a *rabbit* to sing well in French.' "

No. 19

UNQUESTIONABLY, the greatest house remaining in private hands in New York is No. 19 Gramercy Park South, on the southeast corner of Twentieth Street and Irving Place. For nearly fifty years, it was the home of Benjamin Sonnenberg and his family; Mr. Sonnenberg, who in recent years was about equally well known as a public-relations man and as a collector of works of art in half a dozen fields, died in September, and the house has just been put up for sale at an asking price of two million dollars. Not the least notable attribute of the house is its relationship to Gramercy Park: the many-windowed red brick façade and dormered mansard roof of No. 19 seem to rise up out of the trees of the park and to preside benignly in all seasons over its lawns and gravelled paths. Gramercy Park is an unusual amenity for New York, being our only private park with access reserved to those fortunate enough to have a key. The park was laid out in the eighteen-thirties by Samuel Ruggles, in imitation of an English square, and the lots facing it were quickly snapped up by some of the leading New Yorkers of that day. The large and desirable lot at the southeast corner of Irving Place and Twentieth Street was bought, in 1837, by a prominent lawyer and Whig politician named William Samuel Johnson, and seven or eight years later he built a house on the northerly portion. In its original incarnation, the house we know as No. 19 was four stories high and was designed in a style described by architectural historians as transitional Greek Revival-Italianate. This is to say nothing more alarming than that it was an ample and dignified mansion with a comparatively modest front entrance at street level instead of a high stoop. In 1850, Johnson sold the house to a prosperous paper merchant named Horace Brooks, who soon built a stable on the open land to the south. In the mid-eighteen-sixties, during the boom that followed the Civil War, Brooks added a fifth story to the house, in the newly fashionable French Second Empire style, topping it off with a cresting of painted cast iron, which continues to strike a welcomely jaunty note against the sky.

In 1887, Stuyvesant Fish, scion of several ancient New York families and, what was no less important, a successful railroad magnate, bought the house from the heirs of Horace Brooks' widow. As a smart young society couple bent upon giving many parties, Fish and his wife, the former Marian Graves Anthon, felt impelled to make a number of exterior and interior alterations to the house; with these alterations, the property cost Fish something over a hundred and twenty thousand dollars—a handsome sum in those days. To undertake the design of the alterations, the Fishes called upon McKim, Mead & White, the most celebrated architectural partnership in the city and perhaps in the entire country. Stanford White, the youngest and most talked-about of the partners, was living just across the park, in a big house on the northwest corner of Twenty-first Street and Lexington Avenue; in 1888 he completed the task of turning the Edwin Booth house, at No. 16 Gramercy Park South, into The Players. (Almost a century later, there stands The Players, looking as if it were fresh from White's hand. Eight or ten of the houses running along the south and west sides of the park are of at least equal age; in that vicinity, the odds favor weathered brick and brownstone over glass and steel.) As an indefatigable party-giver and partygoer, White knew a thing or two about how to make a house lend itself happily to



"And what's more, Dimpton, the chemistry between us isn't so hot, either!"

entertainment. A number of the hospitable improvements he provided for the Fishes in the eighteen-eighties and later—for generous-hearted Stannie was always running across the park to add a touch or two to No. 19—are, luckily, still intact, having survived a number of vicissitudes that the house underwent after 1899, when the Fishes moved out. Mamie Fish, who was eccentric enough to give a lavish sit-down dinner for her dogs and her friends' dogs, was also a contented victim of the architectural malady called *folie de bâtir;* after a decade on Gramercy Park, she grew restless and asked White to design her a new house uptown, on the northwest corner of Seventy-eighth Street and Madison Avenue. (This house, which was long since given over to institutional uses, boasts a railing on Seventy-eighth Street whose finials, closely examined, prove to be entwined fishes.) The Fishes—and, after Stuyvesant Fish's death, in 1923, the Fish estate—continued to own No. 19, and it was rented out to individual families of wealth and social prominence until 1909. Then it was leased to a builder, who razed the stable, put up a six-story red brick studio-apartment building on the site, and, breaking open at several levels the south wall of No. 19, turned the old house into additional studio apartments. Over the next thirty-odd years, a number of well-known New Yorkers had apartments in the new-old structure, including the artists Cecilia Beaux and Ludwig Bemelmans.

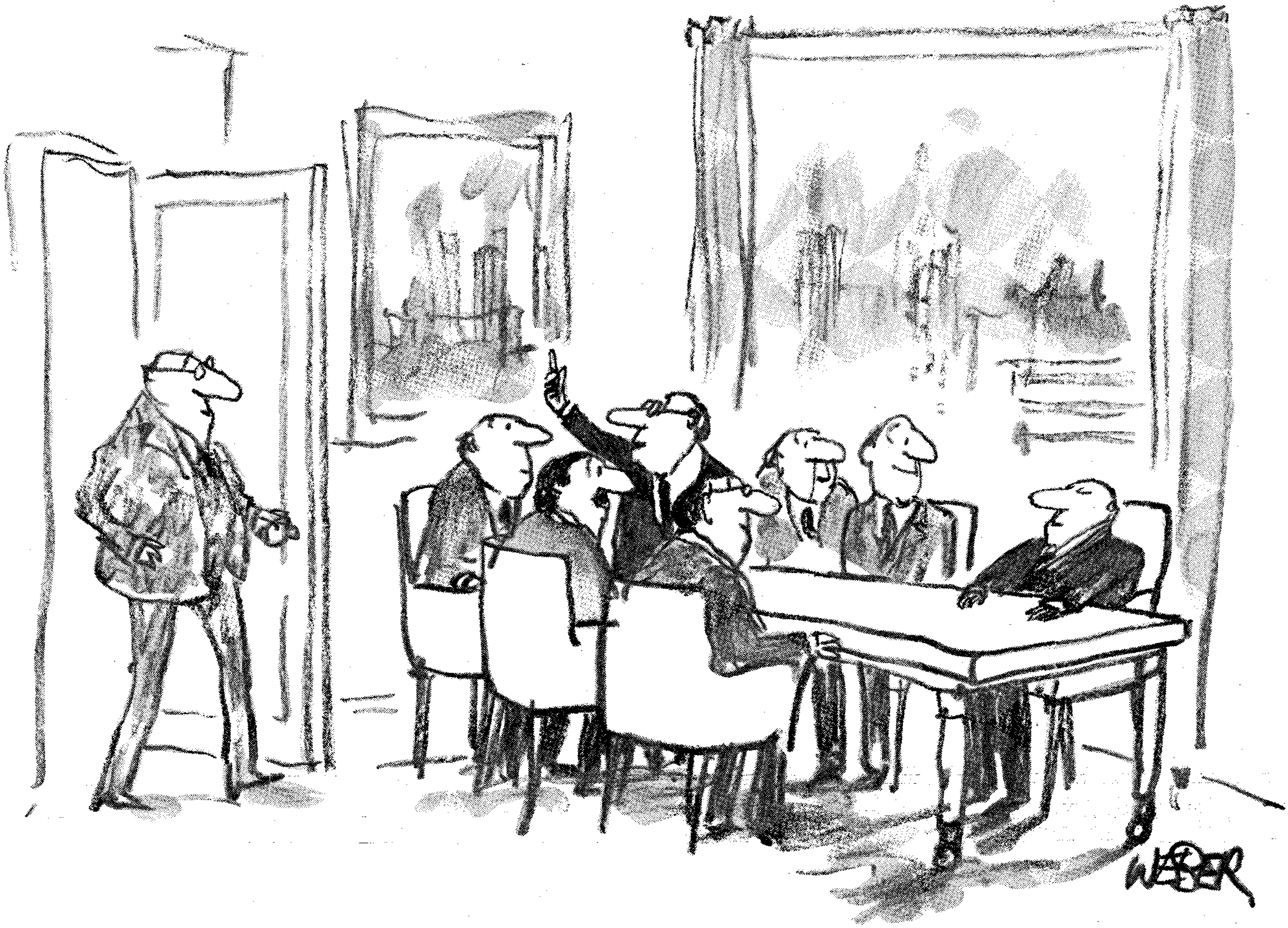
In 1931, the Sonnenbergs moved into a duplex apartment on the first two floors of No. 19. Sonnenberg was only thirty at the time—a fiercely ambitious young man in the comparatively new field of corporate public relations, who had arrived in this country from Brest Litovsk at the age of thirteen, totally without means and speaking not a word of English. Largely self-educated and with an energy that matched his high intelligence, he quickly became master of an art he described as that of building plinths for other men to stand on. In the world of business, his creative gifts made him wealthy, but his heart lay in the world of the arts, and he devoted himself to the task of turning No. 19 into a work of art in its own right and into a delectable container for paintings, sculptures, Old Master drawings, English and Irish furniture, and rare objects in silver, brass, pewter, and china. Little by little, as time passed, his collections required more space, and in 1945 he had the satisfaction of buying No. 19 and the adjoining studio-apartment building from the Fish estate.

Sonnenberg made few changes in the exterior of the structures. Inside, he transformed the six-story extension into guest bedrooms, libraries, and servants' quarters. As for the old Fish house, he restored it to its nineteenth-century Stanford White splendor and then outdistanced even White by opening up a maze of little rooms on the top floor into a large red-and-white confectionary ballroom, with a bank of windows looking out over Gramercy Park and with a professionally equipped motion-picture projection booth concealed behind one wall. Big as the house undoubtedly is—if every room on every floor is counted, the total comes to well over thirty-five—it gives the impression of being on a pleasant domestic scale: not a palace but a home. When the black-lacquered front door swings open and one steps into the broad, low-ceilinged, oyster-white front hall, one has the feeling of having been quite unexpectedly ushered into some delightful snug cave of a country house, spacious and opulent and yet taking care to be more comfortable than opulent. To the left of the front door is a small oak-panelled room whose deeply embrasured windows look out at ground level onto the park and of whose handsome fireplace—one of White's finest touches—one wonders, even in midsummer, whether a fire hasn't just gone out in it, for, standing by it, one catches the bittersweet scent of woodsmoke. Though the house is altogether of the late twentieth century, it seems to sound at every turn what Henry James called the incomparable tone of time. For nearly a hundred and thirty-five years, it has been a house that families have been happy in and have rejoiced to give parties in—everything happens at parties, Jane Austen said—and now it appears to await with equanimity the adventure of new owners, new parties.

Lodge Brothers

Worldwide Recognition in His Own Lifetime

LeRoy Neiman, the artist, has in his life been to the following places or events: the Minnesota State Capitol Building; the Minnesota State Fair; the School of the Art Institute of Chicago; Johnny Coulon's gym on the South Side of Chicago; black clubs and jazz joints in South Chicago; the Moore County Hounds' Foxhunt and Hunter Trials, in Southern Pines, North Carolina; Claridge's Hotel in London; the Dorchester Hotel in London; the Hôtel George V in Paris; the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo; the Danieli Royal Excelsior in Venice; the Carlton Hôtel in Cannes; the Hôtel Negresco in



"Come in, Walker—we've an interesting development. Farrington seems to be in touch with Bernard Baruch."

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Nice; the van Gogh and Cézanne landscape country around Arles and Aix-en-Provence; the Des Moines Art Center, in Des Moines, Iowa; the Butler Institute of American Art, in Youngstown, Ohio; the Grand National Steeplechase, at Aintree, England; the Cambridge-Oxford Boat Race; Maxim's in Paris; the Tour d'Argent in Paris; the Fiesta de San Isidro bullfights in Madrid; the Grand Prix Auto Race in Monaco; the Bordeaux wine country; the Regatta of the Gondoliers, in Venice; Fire Island, New York; the Santa Anita racecourse, in Arcadia, California; the New York World's Fair of 1964; the 1965 Clay-Liston fight, in Lewiston, Maine; the Mercantile National Bank of Indiana in Hammond, Indiana; the Kentucky Derby; Murray's Cabaret in London; Dolly's Disco in London; the night clubs Ondine, Le Club, and Cheetah in New York; the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach; Yugoslav nudist colonies from the Istrian Peninsula along the Dalmatian Islands to Dubrovnik and Sveti Stefan; the Fiesta de San Fermin in Pamplona; the Cowboy Museum in Oklahoma City; youth cafés in Moscow; the Kirov Ballet, in Leningrad; the Atlanta Steeplechase, at Cumming, Georgia; the Minnesota Museum of Art, in St. Paul; the New York Stock Exchange; a cockfight training camp in the hills of Jamaica; the Playboy Resort hotel in Great Gorge, New Jersey; Super Bowl III, in Miami, and Super Bowl VII, in Los Angeles; the Beach Club in Southampton, Long Island; the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel; the Indianapolis Museum of Art; the Museo de Bellas Artes in Caracas, Venezuela; the Bobby Riggs-Billie Jean King tennis match, at the Houston Astrodome; and the 1968, 1972, and 1976 Olympic Games.

Overheard at the opening reception for a show of serigraphs, etchings, and drawings by LeRoy Neiman at the Hammer Graphics gallery:

"He's caught something. A poignancy."

"Totally inadequate."

"Completely."

"Aren't you the woman that called me that time and wanted me to go to that Spanish—"

"It's so bright."

"That would look perfect in my parents' house in Florida."

"Wha'? Wha'? Wha'?"

"It means, you see—"

"No, no, no."

"Yes, I like that."

"I don't want to hurt his feelings, but—"

"Really."

"Excuse me."

"The project was a commission."

"Oh, my God!"

"You know what? I bet she does. I bet she does."

"The only reason there's this many people—"

"We do six a year."

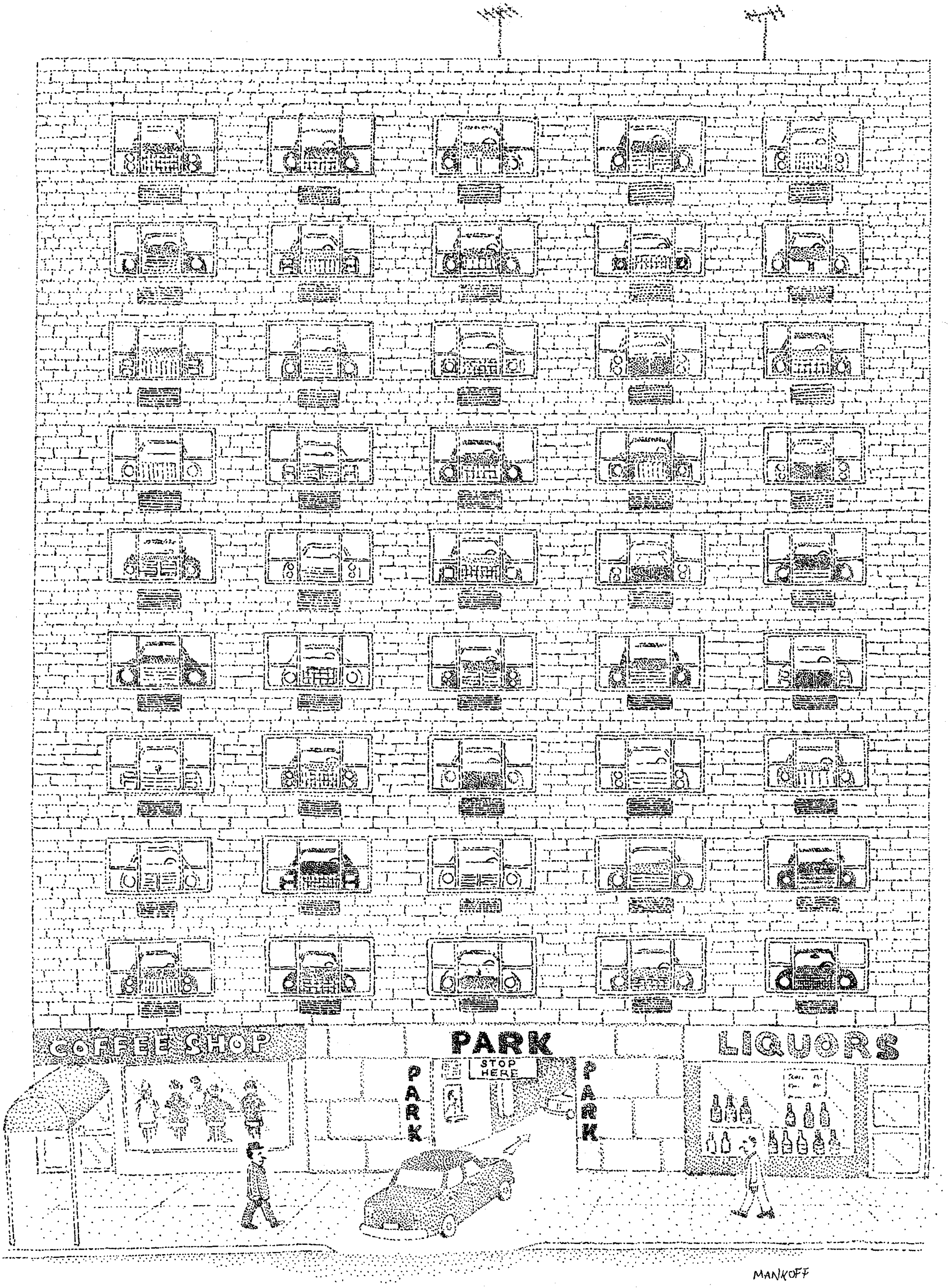
"—so young to be so rich."

"Can we go next door? That would be the easiest thing for me."

"Are you an artiste?"

"Wall-to-wall people. That's a real success for New York."

"Alan. Alan—she's here!"


COFFEE SHOP
PARK
STOP HERE
PARK
PARK
LIQUORS
MANKOFF

FABRIZIO'S: CRITICISM AND RESPONSE

(An exchange in one of the more thought-provoking journals, in which Fabian Plotnick, our most high-minded restaurant critic, reviews Fabrizio's Villa Nova Restaurant, on Second Avenue, and, as usual, stimulates some profound responses.)

PASTA as an expression of Italian Neo-Realistic starch is well understood by Mario Spinelli, the chef at Fabrizio's. Spinelli kneads his pasta slowly. He allows a buildup of tension by the customers as they sit salivating. His fettuccine, though wry and puckish in an almost mischievous way, owes a lot to Barzino, whose use of fettuccine as an instrument of social change is known to us all. The difference is that at Barzino's the patron is led to expect white fettuccine and gets it. Here at Fabrizio's he gets green fettuccine. Why? It all seems so gratuitous. As customers, we are not prepared for the change. Hence, the green noodle does not amuse us. It's disconcerting in a way unintended by the chef. The linguine, on the other hand, is quite delicious and not at all didactic. True, there is a pervasive Marxist quality to it, but this is hidden by the sauce. Spinelli has been a devoted Italian Communist for years, and has had great success in espousing his Marxism by subtly including it in the tortellini.

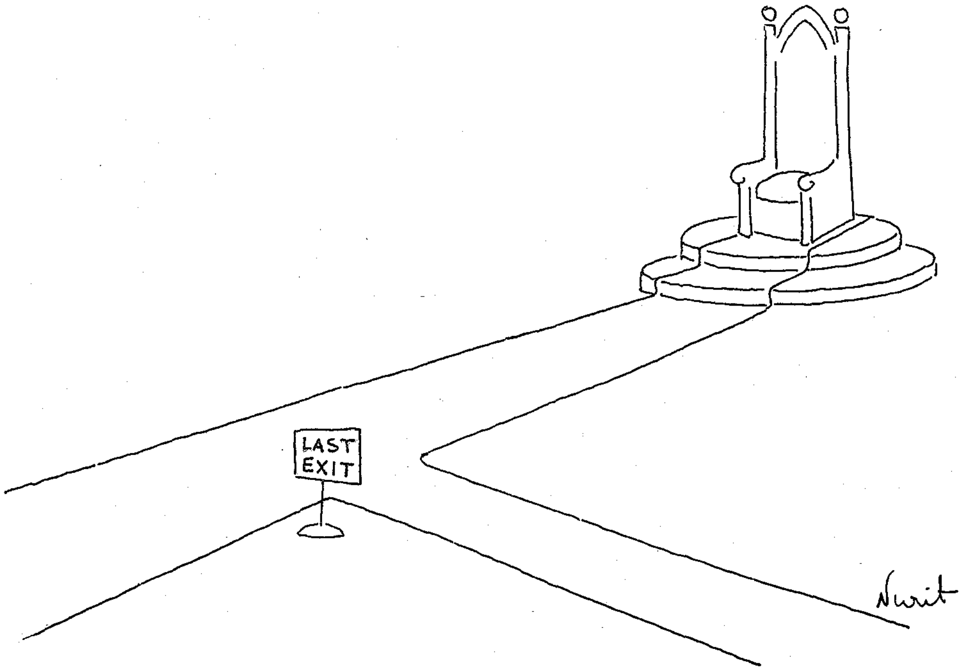
I began my meal with an antipasto, which at first appeared aimless, but as I focussed more on the anchovies the point of it became clearer. Was Spinelli trying to say that all life was represented here in this antipasto, with the black olives an unbearable reminder of mortality? If so, where was the celery? Was the omission deliberate? At Jacobelli's, the antipasto consists solely of celery. But Jacobelli is an extremist. He wants to call our attention to the absurdity of life. Who can forget his scampi: four garlic-drenched shrimp arranged in a way that says more about our involvement in Vietnam than countless books on the subject? What an outrage in its time! Now it appears tame next to Gino Finochi's (of Gino's Vesuvio Restaurant) Soft Piccata, a startling six-foot slice of veal with a piece of black chiffon attached to it. (Finochi always works better in veal than either fish or chicken, and it was a shocking oversight by *Time* when reference to him was omitted in the cover story on Robert Rauschenberg.) Spinelli, unlike these avant-garde chefs, rarely goes all the way. He hesitates, as with his spumoni, and when it comes, of course it is melted. There has always been a certain tentativeness about Spinelli's style—particularly in his treatment of Spaghetti Vongole. (Before his psychoanalysis, clams held great terror for Spinelli. He could not bear to open them, and when forced to look inside he blacked out. His early attempts at Vongole saw him dealing exclusively with "clam substitutes." He used peanuts, olives, and finally, before his breakdown, little rubber erasers.)

One lovely touch at Fabrizio's is Spinelli's Boneless Chicken Parmigiana. The title is ironic, for he has filled the chicken with extra bones, as if to say life must not be ingested too quickly or without caution. The constant removal of bones from the mouth and the depositing of them on the plate give the meal an eerie sound. One is reminded at once of Webern, who seems to crop up all the time in Spinelli's cooking. Robert Craft, writing about Stravinsky, makes an interesting point about Schoenberg's influence on Spinelli's salads and Spinelli's influence on Stravinsky's Concerto in D for Strings. In point of fact, the minestrone is a great example of atonality. Cluttered as it is with odd bits and pieces of food, the customer is forced to make noises with his mouth as he drinks it. These tones are arranged in a set pattern and repeat themselves in serial order. The first night I was at Fabrizio's, two patrons, a young boy and a fat man, were drinking soup simultaneously, and the excitement was such that they received a standing ovation. For dessert, we had tortoni, and I was reminded of Leibniz's remarkable pronouncement: "The Monads have no windows." How apropos! Fabrizio's prices, as Hannah Arendt told me once, are "reasonable without being historically inevitable." I agree.

To the Editors:

Fabian Plotnick's insights into Fabrizio's Villa Nova Restaurant are full of merit and perspicuity. The only point missing from his penetrating analysis is that while Fabrizio's is a family-run restaurant, it does not conform to the classic Italian nuclear-family structure but, curiously, is modelled on the homes of pre-Industrial Revolution middle-class Welsh miners. Fabrizio's relationships with his wife and sons are capitalistic and peer-group-oriented. The sexual mores of the help are typically Victorian—especially the girl

"You're not high tech. You're middle tech. Middle middle middle tech!"



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who runs the cash register. Working conditions also reflect English factory problems, and waiters are often made to serve eight to ten hours a day with napkins that do not meet current safety standards.

Dove Rapkin

To the Editors:

In his review of Fabrizio's Villa Nova, Fabian Plotnick called the prices "reasonable." But would he call Eliot's Four Quartets "reasonable"? Eliot's return to a more primitive stage of the Logos doctrine reflects immanent reason in the world, but $8.50 for chicken tetrazzini! It doesn't make sense, even in a Catholic context. I refer Mr. Plotnick to the article in *Encounter* (2/58) entitled "Eliot, Reincarnation, and Zuppa Di Clams."

Eino Shmeederer

To the Editors:

What Mr. Plotnick fails to take into account in discussing Mario Spinelli's fettuccine is, of course, the size of the portions, or, to put it more directly, the quantity of the noodles. There are obviously as many odd-numbered noodles as all the odd- and even-numbered noodles combined. (Clearly a paradox.) The logic breaks down linguistically, and consequently Mr. Plotnick cannot use the word "fettuccine" with any accuracy. Fettuccine becomes a symbol; that is to say, let the fettuccine $= x$. Then $a = x/b$ (b standing for a constant equal to half of any entrée). By this logic, one would have to say: the fettuccine *is* the linguine! How ridiculous. The sentence clearly cannot be stated as "The fettuccine was delicious." It must be stated as "The fettuccine and the linguine are not the rigatoni." As Gödel declared over and over, "Everything must be translated into logical calculus before being eaten."

Prof. Word Babcocke
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

To the Editors:

I have read with great interest Mr. Fabian Plotnick's review of Fabrizio's Villa Nova, and find it to be yet another shocking contemporary example of revisionist history. How quickly we forget that during the worst era of the Stalinist purges Fabrizio's not only was open for business but enlarged its back room to seat more customers! No one there said anything about Soviet political repression. In fact, when the Committee to Free Soviet Dissidents petitioned Fabrizio's to leave the gnocchi off the menu until the Russians freed Gregor Tomshinsky, the well-known Trotskyite short-order cook, they refused. Tomshinsky by then had compiled ten thousand pages of recipes, all of which were confiscated by the N.K.V.D.

"Contributing to the heartburn of a minor" was the pathetic excuse the Soviet court used to send Tomshinsky into forced labor. Where were all the so-called intellectuals at Fabrizio's then? The coat-check girl, Tina, never made the smallest attempt to raise her voice when coat-check girls all over the Soviet Union were taken from their homes and forced to hang up clothing for Stalinist hoodlums. I might add that when dozens of Soviet physicists were accused of overeating and then jailed, many restaurants closed in protest, but Fabrizio's kept up its usual service and even instituted the policy of giving free after-dinner mints! I myself ate at Fabrizio's in the thirties, and saw that it was a hotbed of dyed-in-the-wool Stalinists who tried to serve blinchiki to unsuspecting souls who ordered pasta. To say that most customers did not know what was going on in the kitchen is absurd. When somebody ordered scungilli and was handed a blintz, it was quite clear what was happening. The truth is, the intellectuals simply preferred not to see the difference. I dined there once with Professor Gideon Cheops, who was served an entire Russian meal, consisting of borscht, Chicken Kiev, and halvah—upon which he said to me, "Isn't this spaghetti wonderful?"

Prof. Quincy Mondragon
New York University

Fabian Plotnick *replies:*

Mr. Shmeederer shows he knows nothing of either restaurant prices or the "Four Quartets." Eliot himself felt $7.50 for good chicken tetrazzini was (I quote from an interview in *Partisan Review*) "not out of line." Indeed, in "The Dry Salvages," Eliot imputes this very notion to Krishna, though not precisely in those words.

I'm grateful to Dove Rapkin for his comments on the nuclear family, and also to Professor Babcocke for his penetrating linguistic analysis, although I question his equation and suggest, rather, the following model:

(a) some pasta is linguine
(b) all linguine is not spaghetti
(c) no spaghetti is pasta, hence all spaghetti is linguine.

Wittgenstein used the above model to prove the existence of God, and later Bertrand Russell used it to prove that not only does God exist but He found Wittgenstein too short.

Finally, to Professor Mondragon. It is true that Spinelli worked in the kitchen of Fabrizio's in the nineteen-thirties—perhaps longer than he should have. Yet it is certainly to his credit that when the infamous House Un-American Activities Committee pressured him to change the wording on his menus from "Prosciutto and melon" to the less politically sensitive "Prosciutto and figs," he took the case to the Supreme Court and forced the now famous ruling "Appetizers are entitled to full protection under the First Amendment." —WOODY ALLEN

JURY DUTY

IT is a winter morning. Snow of the night before still lies on the walks of the streets that lead to Foley Square, or, where the walks are cleared, forms banks alongside them. A gray-haired man named Owen Gilbert scoops a handful of snow, makes a ball of it, and pitches it into the street, recalling the winter pastimes of his boyhood. He lives a good deal in his past, often gently amending it in his favor. He is on his way to serve as a juror—a duty he has never before performed and which he is eager to try. Once (in the eighth grade), he read the story of Abraham Lincoln's early years in Springfield, and decided that he himself was ineluctably called to the bar. This purpose held firm until he reached Columbia and was lured into becoming a mathematics major by a professor whose idol was Euclid. The professor contended that in mathematics Owen would find a haven more tranquil than the law. In the end, this view prevailed. Owen then meant to take an advanced degree and teach, but he married early and became instead a certified public accountant—also a peaceful calling, in which he has thrived.

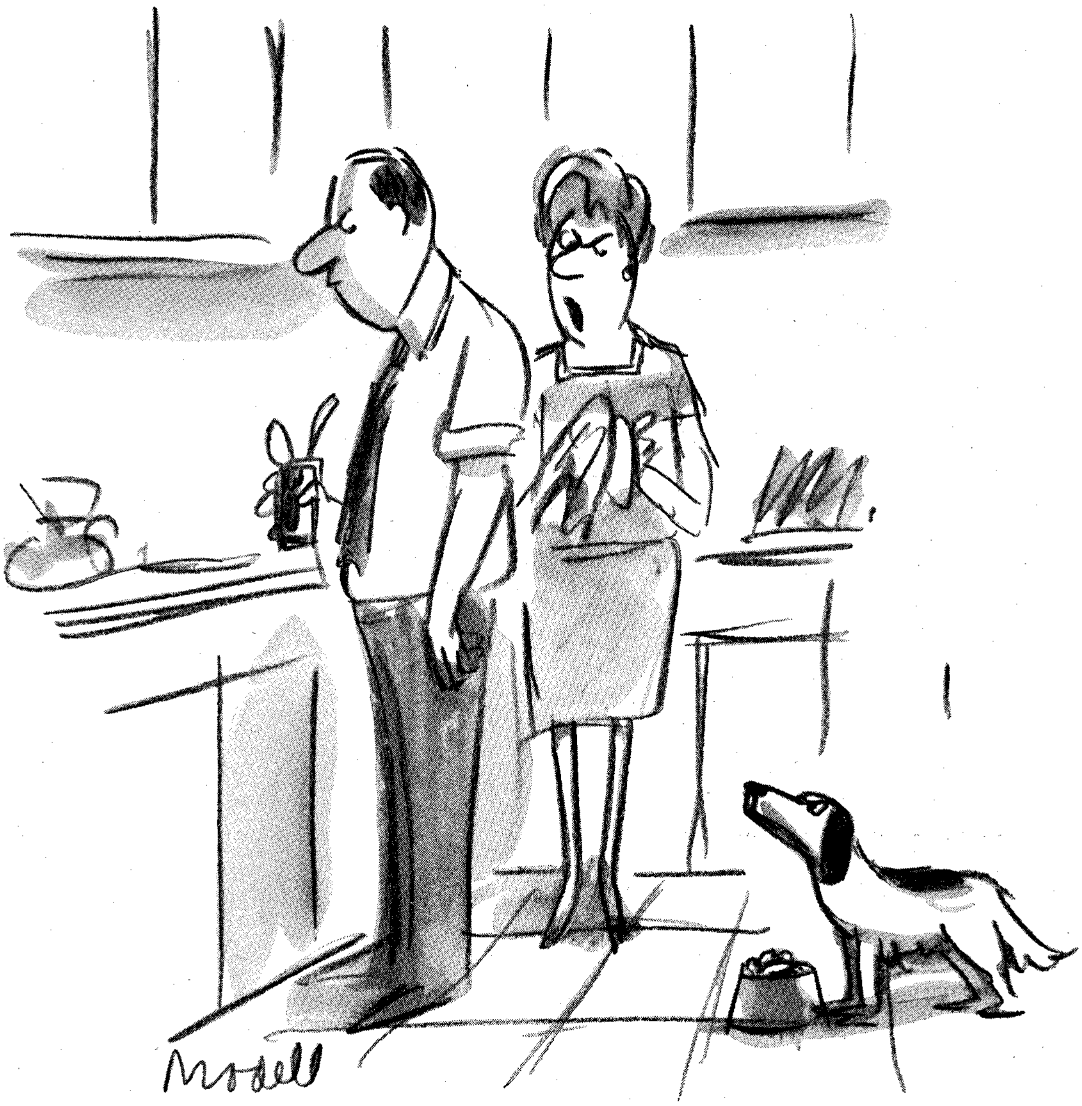
So now he goes up the courthouse steps and finds his way to a huge, smoky room, where he sits waiting with scores of other prospective jurors. After a long while, his name is called by a clerk, and the panel of which he is part is taken by a bailiff to a courtroom. There the questioning—the weeding out—of the panel by attorneys and judge begins. To pass the time, Owen imagines himself firing off far more penetrating questions than those he is hearing. And then his own turn comes. He goes to sit in the jury box and is told (as he has heard each previous candidate told) that this is a child-custody case. It will introduce testimony regarding adultery and divorce. I have had experience of both, Owen thinks. I should be able to judge.

The child in question—a boy—is not present. The mother is. She is young, blond, primly dressed, haggard-looking. She and the child's father have recently been divorced. Her lawyer is an intense man with a large, shaggy head and bulging eyes. The father is also present—full, it seems to Owen, of youthful aplomb. He sits between his parents, both themselves lawyers, as Owen is to learn. The man representing the young father is sleek, understated, but in questioning he has a tendency to pace thoughtfully, then pounce. (He has borrowed the manner from some courtroom drama, Owen thinks. A *television* courtroom drama.)

The mother's lawyer begins to ask questions of Owen. Does he know anyone connected with the case? The principals? Either attorney? The judge? Owen does not. The queries run on. They are easily answered. Then, "Have you ever been involved in a divorce action?" Owen hesitates. He has long since been divorced. But if he says so, he will very likely be dismissed, and this he certainly does not want. But "involved in"? Surely one could hedge a bit. His wife had divorced him for an adultery he did not commit, but he had in no way been *involved* in the *action.* He had told her lawyer simply that he would not stand in the way. He had washed his hands of the action. The lawyer had answered that in New York these matters could be arranged. They were arranged daily. Everyone knew it. Witnesses were easily come by. The lawyer would take care of it. So Owen says, "No," and the questions drone on predictably, and he is accepted as a juror.

There is a recess for lunch. Owen finds a crowded, congenial restaurant and has a double Martini before ordering his food. The judge is also there, with two other men. Have I lied in court, Owen wonders—troubled now. Watching the judge. I have *been* divorced, and in the course of it I condoned a fraud. Is that involvement?

The question lurks in the back of his mind through the afternoon. The jury



"He's looking right at you, too. I hope you're proud of yourself for saving eight cents on that brand."

"More special effects!"

• •

is finally selected late in the day, and the principals leave, the young mother taking a circuitous route, avoiding her former husband and his parents. Her name, the jury has learned, is Lucy Conrad; the father's is Russell. The judge tells the jury that when the case opens in the morning they must consider the evidence presented and *only* the evidence. They are not to discuss the case with anyone outside or with each other. Then he dismisses them.

Around a turn in the dim courthouse corridor, Owen comes suddenly face to face with Lucy Conrad, who is standing there with her lawyer. She spins away from Owen, but he has seen that she is tense and trembling. She seems about to put her head on her lawyer's shoulder, but instead she covers her face with both hands and a small sound—a voiced sigh—escapes her. Owen hurries on.

He dines alone in a place near his rambling old apartment off lower Fifth Avenue. He has few friends, but, having many books and records, seldom feels a need for them. He is sixty. His three best friends are the other members of an amateur string quartet in which Owen plays the cello. They meet at his apartment most Thursday evenings. It is now only Monday, and Owen finds himself wishing that he could advance time by a couple of days.

All evening, he is unaccountably restless. It is hard for him to concentrate on reading or music. He gives up both, roams the apartment, and eventually makes himself a nightcap and goes to bed. And lies awake. He keeps seeing Lucy Conrad in the courtroom and then in the hallway. It is far too early to think of judging, but at least he can wonder what sort of mother she would make. He thinks of his own wife, of his divorce. He had not minded it too much. He had protested, argued with her, but—he thinks in retrospect—it had in fact seemed harder for her than for him. He had cursed and choked, with tears held back, but only once—only when, weeping, she had refused to reconsider and he had felt humiliated. He realizes this now, though at the time he thought he had raged for grief. And he recognizes Lucy's gesture and her sigh; in one of their quieter talks, his wife had done just that. To his surprise, the recollection gives him a small pang—owed to Lucy as much as to his wife. But as a man who had once intended to be a lawyer, as a juryman who fully means to consider only the evidence presented in the case, he must dismiss all feeling, all involvement.

In the morning, the lawyers make their opening statements. Both come close to the jury box and lean over the rail, each as he tells what he expects to prove trying to fix the eyes of individual jurors. It is a tactic before which Owen shrinks; it is both a challenge and an unwarranted intimacy. Russell Conrad's lawyer proposes to show that Lucy is not a fit mother. Her lawyer plans to refute this. The first witness called is a housemaid. She testifies that in Russell's absence Lucy twice entertained other men at dinner. This seems less than damning to Owen. The maid mentions the couple's divorce trial, at which she had given the same testimony. The judge sustains an objection and tells the jury to disregard the remark. How much, Owen wonders, of what he is going to hear can he put out of his mind when ordered to? And why may he not know all that goes on—what happens in those head-to-gether whisperings at the bench? Was this divorce, like his, founded on false testimony? No, not necessarily. The law in New York long ago accepted other grounds. Still, he would like to know everything that is relevant to this case, and it seems he is not going to. The law is not going to let him.

THAT night, Owen, wakeful again, thinks once more of his marriage. His wife was impulsive, vulnerable, darkly pretty, and deeply immersed in any cause that struck her conscience, as a succession of causes did. Owen was hardly one for causes. The earnestness, the striving, made him uneasy, but all the same he was deeply flattered by her attention. Her name was Jean. They met in their senior year in college. Around graduation time, Jean seemed to believe, or hope, that they would marry, and soon they did, with Owen abandoning advanced study, getting a series of ill-paying jobs, and working at night toward his C.P.A. certificate. Once he had it, their lot improved. Within a year, he joined an architectural firm as one of several accountants, and in time became the chief one. He and Jean took the apartment near lower Fifth Avenue, and Jean rearranged the furniture and pictures on a seasonal basis and sometimes oftener. Owen found this distracting; he liked his surroundings to remain reassuringly stable winter and summer. But he wanted also to indulge Jean and contrived to believe that he did so successfully—believed, even, that he was a model husband. And so it came as a shock when she told him she wanted to divorce him.

She wanted to marry a man Owen had met a time or two and rather enjoyed, though the man, like Jean, was restless and full of causes. He was not well off; there would have to be a New York divorce, since Owen, though refusing to stand in the way, did not feel obliged to finance a trip to Reno by his wife. And, feeling mildly treasonable, he found that when the first jolt had worn off he was looking toward the future almost with relief. Jean was the one who took the whole thing badly, though she was determined to go through with it. And when the divorce was out of the way she enrolled in a secretarial school and later got a job in a dean's office back at Columbia. She never married the man she had said she wanted to marry.

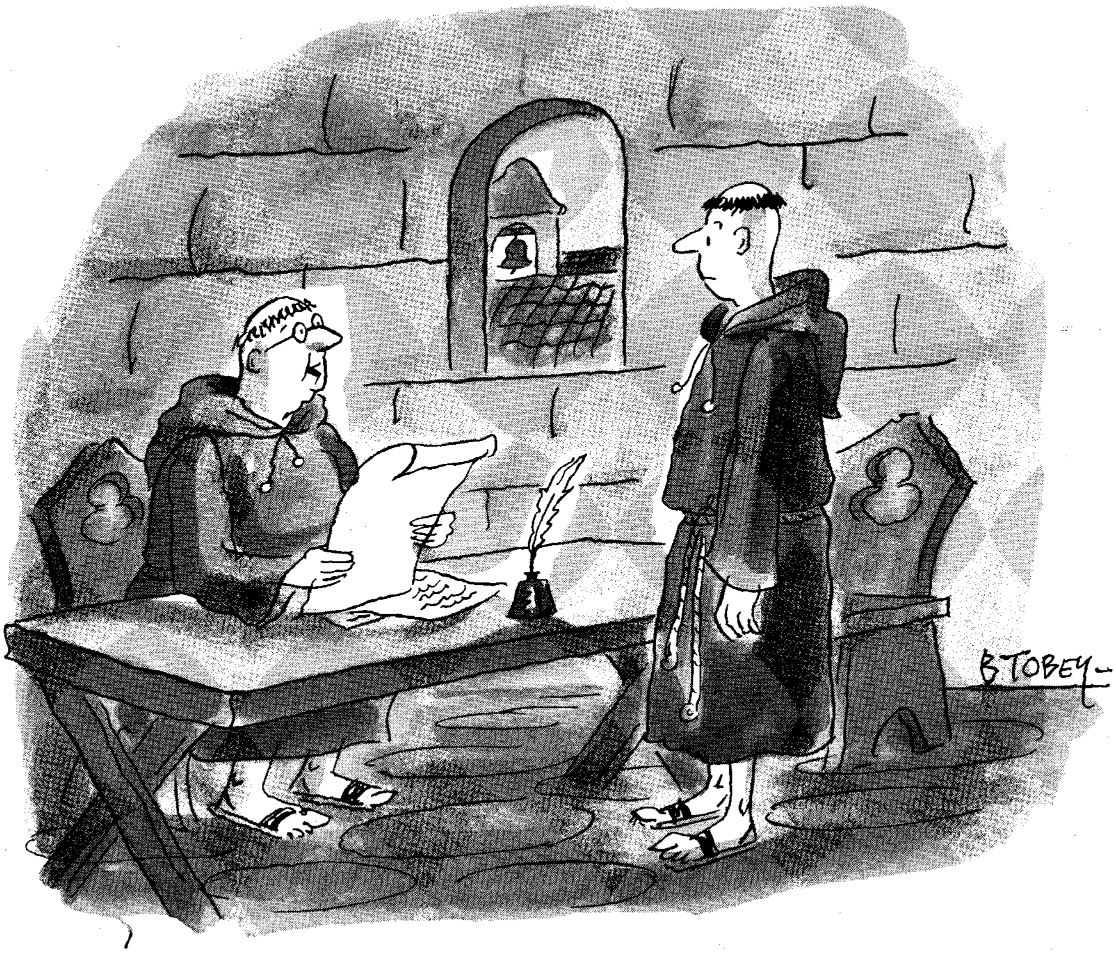
THE actual trial is in its third day. It is Thursday. Now the jury waits in a room down a little hall from the court. The judge is—again—hearing an argument to which the jury may not be privy. The jurors talk and smoke, drink water, desultorily play cards. Two of them are women who, against the judge's instructions, are already discussing the case in low voices in a corner. Two of the men are black. One is a full juror, the other an alternate. They habitually stay together, though they are immensely amiable—jovial—toward their colleagues. The rest are an assortment—a grocer, a clerk in a department store, and so on.

Owen stands beside a window alone. He is thinking of Lucy Conrad, who that morning, for the third time, had interrupted a witness. The points had all been small ones and she could only harm her case by unseemly behavior. The judge had reprimanded her sternly twice. The third time, he had threatened to hold her in contempt. She had not broken in again, but later she had run from the courtroom weeping. Overwrought, Owen thinks—unhappily, for he likes her. Lucy Conrad is unstable. But he cannot believe in the adultery Russell's lawyer is trying to establish. Owen has listened carefully to the testimony, and he is not at all convinced. Besides, she seems so simple, so isolated. She has not yet testified, nor has her former husband. But her misery is plain in her face, in her shrinking body, and in her hands that twist constantly. She seems far from venturesome enough for secret affairs. She seems weak and pitiable, rather.

It appears to Owen that Russell is quite the opposite. He looks to be the son of his parents. All three of them—especially the parents—have all along looked determined, looked sure. And Owen wonders if Russell's parents themselves may want the virtual custody of the child.

Then, inexplicably, Owen finds his thoughts veering once more to his own wife. He wonders why she did not, after all, marry. He wonders—now, after nearly thirty years—what had really gone on in Jean's mind; she had, in fact, revealed so little. Had she ever truly intended to marry? If not, why *had* she wanted the divorce? In what way had he been lacking? In failing to share her shifting social ardors? Their sexual life had been good, if rather tranquil. *Too* tranquil? They had seldom quarrelled. Peace had always come quickly. Too quickly? Leaving her a residue, a resentment? Had she simply had second thoughts about her plan to marry? Why, then, had she not come back to him? Too much pride? He would, of course, have welcomed her. Or would he? Questions that are in no way germane to the present or the trial, though, obscurely, they persist in seeming so to him.

There is a lunch break. The jury will go back to court afterward. The taller of the black men—a Mr. Travis, a retired mailman with large, humorous eyes and a sprinkling of white in his close-cut hair—comes up to Owen as the jurors are leaving. Mr. Travis says that he and his friend have found a



"Sit down, Brother Jonathan. I'd like to bounce a few thoughts off your noggin."

good and inexpensive place to eat not far away. Good soup, good omelettes, real good veal cacciatore. He invites Owen to join them. Owen thanks Mr. Travis profusely, but refuses. He says that he knows the proprietor of the place he goes to regularly and that the proprietor expects him—even makes the prices right for him. Owen *has* a passing acquaintance with the proprietor of the restaurant he favors, but the rest is polite evasion. Mr. Travis nods, smiles, and he and his friend saunter out. Very slowly, Owen notices.

In the restaurant, lunching at the rates given on the menu, Owen worries. He is sure that the slow saunter was deliberate. He believes that he has offended Mr. Travis, whom he has come to like. Mr. Travis will think that Owen did not go along because the two men are black, and this is simply not so. The second violinist in Owen's quartet is black—a Jamaican—and a friend. Owen refused Mr. Travis because he prefers to be alone, because he does not want to experiment with a new restaurant, and because he does know both the proprietor and a waitress who has begun to make something of a pet of him. Still, Owen is distressed. He wishes the matter had never come up.

The jurors return to their room to wait for the bailiff who will take them back to court. Mr. Travis and his companion arrive. Mr. Travis comes over to Owen and says, "Ole buddy, you missed out on a good lunch, but I expect yours was just as fine." Then, after a pause, he peers at Owen and says, "You the quiet one here, you know? Quietest little juror I ever did see," and, with a shout of laughter, he gives Owen a hug and a pat on the shoulder, ending his distress, if momentarily.

Now the jurors file into court and take their places. A surprise witness—a handsome woman of indefinite age—is called to the stand by Lucy's lawyer. She is plainly wretched. Russell Conrad for the first time looks upset. The witness is only a few feet from where Owen sits, and, watching her, he is embarrassed and stares down at his lap. The lawyer is pressing his questions rapidly, pausing now and then for a glance at the jury. The witness agrees that she is married. She has been married for ten years. She knows Mr. Conrad. Yes—in a whisper—she has had an affair with him. The lawyer waits. Owen looks up. The witness has begun to weep. The affair took place three years ago, over a period of six months. Owen is miserable for her, for what he considers a shocking intrusion into her life. Unproven adultery is being countered by an earlier, real adultery. Russell Conrad's parents are visibly disconcerted. His lawyer will not cross-examine. Presumably the facts have been stated and to prolong the ordeal would merely create sympathy for Lucy, who seems not to realize that this is a fortunate turn in her case. She gazes aghast at the witness. The woman leaves. Owen wonders why she was willing to testify. Perhaps she was sub-

FOR FEBRUARY'S DARK SIMPLE

And then there was to think upon courting death and death's dark simples . .
—John Cheever

Prepared by conversations . . .

You're never prepared. You've learned,
Hearing the rain break up in syllables,
That the broken speech of adults
Has finally deceived you. We could never
Tell you how the largest truths
Come in another language, how this
Familiar room, lake-blue around you,
Would be full of strangers. Your father
And I, and a neighbor. Your two small fists

Are part of your face; they keep us
And the surrounding color out! Someone you met
At the neighbor's house routed
A slow death like complicated wires
Through his body. You see him go from
Rose to gray on hospital sheets and imagine
The cut flowers taking your complexion
For themselves. You said,

Mr. O. has got a coma, and began to cry!

I say: Think of the soft cloud he's swallowed now
That will lift him from inside out, think
How he's left his long white board
For a gentle net like any yellow
Autumn hammock. Think of
Anything but this; think of nothing

Because nothing works. I try to touch your shoulder,
Hair, try to wipe your face with water
Cooler than tears. The senses, here,
Refuse mothering and I feel criminal
With sweet talk. How, all these years,

Tucking the quilt around you was
A white lie, how the largest feelings
Force us to know
We're really all alone. Even now, while the desert
That circles this town is eating rain,
Its terrible rim of mountains can shoot
To color. You're eight years old, curled up
In a gold chair, furious

And sad at all the sadness even though
We bring it on ourselves. The air you feel
Stretches beyond these walls where we
Seem placed like miniature prophets
Worrying our reds and blues, and
Your tears run hot, then chill because

Even though we love you, we knew nothing first.
—PAMELA STEWART

• •

poenaed and had no choice. Or perhaps she came forward out of revenge. To get even for a slight, for having been dropped. Then Owen recalls an episode of his own.

THERE were few affairs after Owen's divorce from Jean, but the first was with a married woman, an old and pleasant friend. Her name was Alice. The affair was largely sexual, or so he thought at the time. An accommodation. Its emotional intensity was small. But now, at the end of the day, Owen leaves still thinking of the crying witness and then of that long-past time. "I did it to get even, to show Jean," he tells himself for the first time and with some astonishment. "That was all. Nothing more. Of course, she never even knew of it. But I did. *That* was the reason. What Alice's may have been I have no idea."

IT is Thursday evening. The members of the string quartet gather in Owen's living room under the high ceiling, which makes for excellent sound. Sherry is served. Drinks will come afterward, and sandwiches brought in from an old and always reliable neighborhood restaurant. Owen is still thinking about the trial. He cannot seem to get himself away from it, but the music is certain to help, to free him. They are to work on a Haydn quartet. Its serene order, its mathematical precision are already taking hold of his mind, carrying him into themselves and away from the confusions of the day—of every day. Away from himself.

The sherry and the accompanying small talk are finished and the playing begins. It goes easily, smoothly, until the second violinist makes a slip. It is ignored. A little later, he makes another, and, apologizing, asks if they may start again. He knows now that the problem was the fingering he was using. During that small pause, looking at the Jamaican violinist, Owen thinks suddenly of Mr. Travis. He hears himself politely refusing to go to lunch. He would rather not be remembering this, but the spell of the Haydn has been broken. Why *did* he refuse? *Why?* There is no reason for his thinking of Mr. Travis now, for asking himself such questions. Travis and the Jamaican are in no way similar. What sets them apart may be merely the violinist's accent—British-tinged and therefore somewhat lofty. Also, of course, he is a capable musician. Still, if he were a new acquaintance, Owen would probably decline an invitation to lunch with him. And—Owen is sure—for all the original reasons, which he now perfectly recalls.

The playing starts again. This time it is Owen who is embarrassed by small mistakes in his playing. It is the trial, always the trial, burrowing in his mind that upsets him. He apologizes, and the group moves into the Haydn for the third time.

On Friday morning Russell Conrad testifies. He wants the custody of his child for reasons already brought forth. (Custody, Owen thinks. I guess you could say I was in custody from my tenth year on. Custody of Mother's family after she and Father were killed.) Russell has recovered his poise. He speaks of his comfortable circumstances, and, accordingly, his ability to raise the child in comfort. Everything he says implies a solid background, and opportunities for the child, which—he implies—Lucy would not be able to supply. His parents, with whom he conferred intensely and at length before he was called, lean forward, chins on hands, appearing to prompt him with their eyes. A pair of gargoyles, Owen thinks, but solid, well-to-do. He is prepared to feel some dislike of Russell, but instead he feels a kind of kinship. This sense of—alliance—puzzles him. No matter. His duty is to listen to the testimony. One thing, though, is becoming more than evident: the young Conrads' marriage was never at any time a good one. The two had almost nothing in common. Then, did Russell go into it hastily? To escape, perhaps? To escape from his stony gargoyle parents?

Now it is lunchtime. Owen goes to his restaurant and to his friendly waitress. I know now what it was I felt for Russell, he thinks. *I* escaped into marriage. I see that at last. I had to escape that family—disciplinarians all. They wanted to keep me in leash even after I was grown. I *had* to break away. Poor Jean.

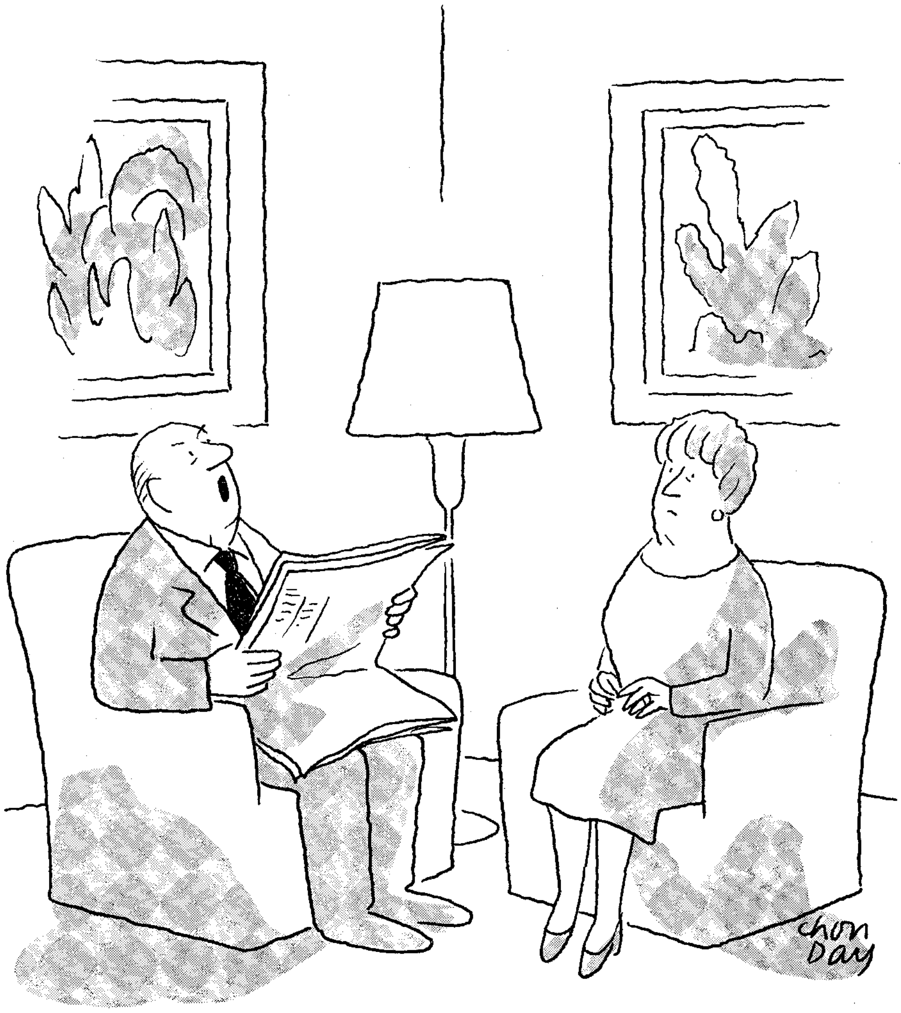
When Lucy Conrad comes to the stand in the afternoon, Russell's lawyer presses the question of negligence, perhaps because his adultery balloon has been largely deflated. Lucy denies neglect of any sort. Owen wonders, unsure. Her answers are alternately defiant and sad. She does not weep but stares in a blank way out over the courtroom, over the heads of the spectators. At the end of her testimony, the lawyers briefly sum up their cases, and the trial is recessed for the weekend.

But Owen cannot get away from the trial. After dinner, he goes to a foreign film to try. The picture is dense and cryptic. It requires concentration if one is to get much out of it, and that is why Owen has chosen it. But, in his seat, he finds himself thinking instead of his mother, and of how, not long before her death in the auto accident, an aunt, speaking in the privacy of her own family, had accused his mother of neglecting him. He had never felt at all neglected. His mother was young and exciting, that was all. He has thought of her the rest of his life as beautiful. But now he recalls her misery when, inevitably, the story of the accusation reached her. He thinks of her tears. He thinks of Lucy. The movie is meaningless. He walks home trying once more to put the trial from his mind and not for a moment succeeding.

ON Saturday afternoon, Owen goes to a concert in Carnegie Hall. Now, for a time, he does seem to escape his obsession with the trial in the formality of the music. But afterward he begins to feel an undefined alarm. It stays with him through dinner and accompanies him home.

Never mind. I must review the evidence, he thinks. In the apartment, he stands for a while in his half-dark living room, looking down at the street. The snow of the first of the week has melted, leaving small glittering pennants of ice on the pavement, and new snow, light and powdery, is swirling across them. Occasionally—rarely enough to make the street seem bleak—a single car goes by, and Owen grows lonely. There is a cheerful ancient bar in the neighborhood. He will go there.

As always on Saturday night, the place is busy. Owen finds himself a corner that he can back into comfortably at the far end of the bar. He reflects that here he can be quite as alone as in his own apartment and yet not lonely. Still, just for a moment, he wishes he were one of the crowd, wishes he were the sort that could pick up easy talk with one or another of the chattering groups or couples. I guess I'm just the quiet type, he tells himself, then—*quietest little juror I ever*—and Mr. Travis seems to loom, a friendly black bear, beside him. I wouldn't feel

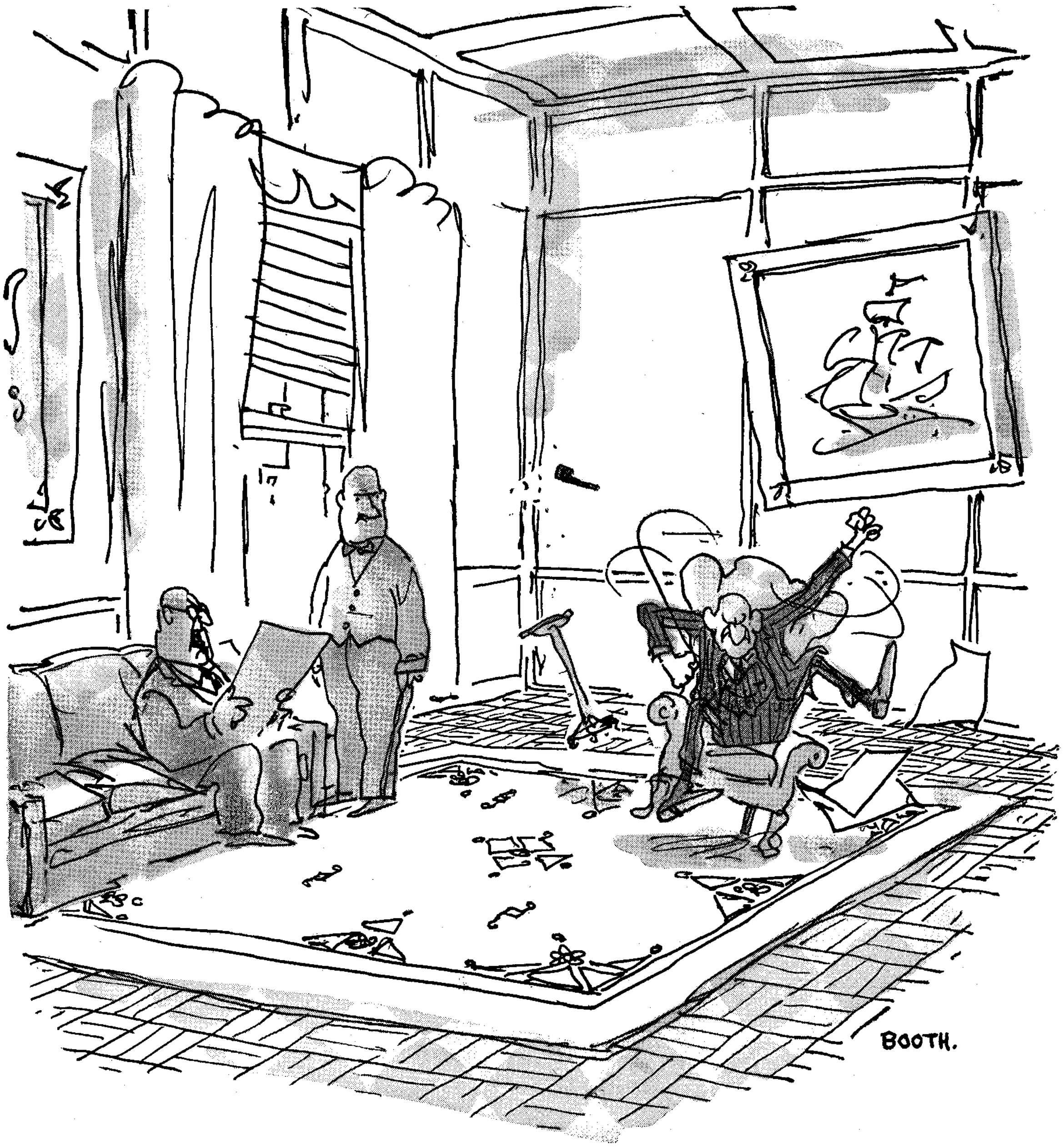


"Damn it, Hester, you knew I brooded about the Republican Party when you married me!"

out of place with him here, Owen assures himself. I wouldn't feel self-conscious. It wouldn't be the same as going to lunch.

But—the evidence. Owen then goes back beyond it all to the first day, to the lawyer's question about involvement in divorce. True, I didn't want to be dismissed, he thinks, but there was something more than that. He sees the lawyers leaning across the rail, fixing him with their eyes. I didn't want—I *never* want—anything private to me to be made public. All along, back even when I was a boy, I have tried to keep my thoughts and doings to myself. I have been bound to reticence. Also to order. They go together. Twin havens. Disorder has always been at least a venial sin. Well, I have arranged my life as carefully as I could. But now I know I was escaping that family—fleeing into privacy—long before I married Jean. I don't know why I am thinking all this. I have always felt that introspection itself is disorderly.

The evidence, then. But—escape? If marriage was an escape for me, so was the divorce. I had that solitary outburst because of some sort of chagrin. But now I believe it was also because my orderly life was shaken. Afterward, I could see that, alone, I could make it still more tidy. Did Jean want the divorce to get *away* from order?



"Templeton has been catching crappies all morning on a jig. He snagged a seven-pound bass on a Mississippi silverside minnow, and now he's after a monstrous channel cat with a stinkball. You'd better wake him before he goes over the limit."

• •

OWEN wakens late on Sunday morning feeling that his nameless fear has grown. Or, rather, it now takes the form of a kind of paralysis, an emptiness, a deeply physical craving not to rise at all. Still, one must rise as always.

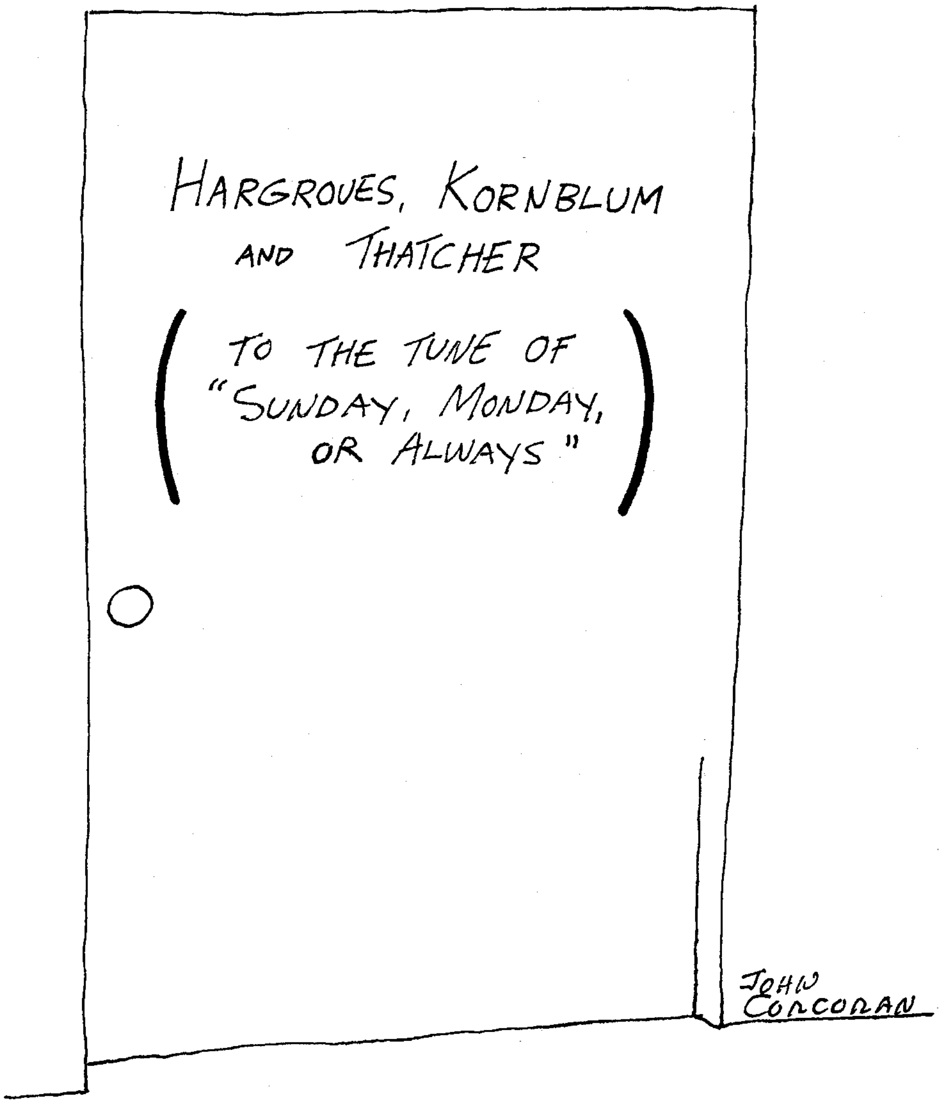
The sun is high, making the night's snow sparkle. After a noontime breakfast, he rides a bus uptown and gets off at Central Park to walk and breathe the cold air, hoping to exorcise his misgivings. Passing the lightly frozen pond, he thinks of Lucy Conrad and wonders once more why she would take the risk of calling out against witnesses. He thinks of Jean and all the reasons he has conjured up (or failed to conjure) for her wanting the divorce. He thinks of Travis and is again uncertain of his own impulses. Why? Why? Why did mismatched Lucy and Russell ever marry? And suddenly his alarm takes shape for just a moment before he firmly puts it by. He cannot possibly accept the notion that there are no final answers to all the haunting questions the trial has brought him. Security. Safety. Unquestioning, undoubting order. Answers that come readily. These are needed things. Without them, one walks in a wilderness. So it is best to turn back to the trial itself. By all means, now, sift the evidence, find the outcome he will vote for. He is sorry for Lucy. She is a waif. But, though nothing was really proved against her, she does seem quite unstable. Overemotional. Adultery was testified against Russell, but that is no great matter when set against protection for the child. Lucy, if the case should go her way, will doubtless be awarded child support, but Russell can provide support in depth. Backed by his parents, gargoyles or no, he can give the child whatever he may need, on and on into the future. Owen can see that he has no choice but to decide for security and order. He is not completely happy with his verdict. The snow on the slopes seems to have lost a good bit of its glitter. But that can be laid to the waning of the day, and Owen, if rather grimly, clings to his safe choice.

ON Monday morning, Owen goes to court, still resolutely of the same mind. But, as the jury files down the hall to its deliberations, he is aware that in some none too welcome way he is a little changed. Now whenever he takes the reasonable course, always before so clearly marked for him, he is likely to have doubts. He does not relish this.

In the jury room, he sits next to the foreman at the end of a long polished table. The foreman suggests that no vote be taken so soon. They are to talk for a while, raise peripheral questions, avoid commitments that would tend to harden their views. Owen sits silent, paying small attention; his mind, after all, is made up.

But a person he has never seen intrudes upon his thoughts. Lucy's child. Owen does his best to see it growing up well cared for, going to the better schools, hovered over by grandparents whom he now tries to envision in a warmer light. Doting elders, themselves surrogate parents. He rejects the image of Lucy deprived of her child; he refuses to remember her misery when things went badly for her in court. Still, he cannot help wondering what she will do when the verdict goes as it must—how she will behave. He wishes he could not be present. Indeed, he wishes now that he had never been chosen for this jury—perhaps for any jury. It is nonsense to be told not to become involved in the lives of the people one is required by law to judge. Who could have judged *him* at any given time? Who could ever have known why he did what he did? Not always himself, it would seem.

So, eventually, the foreman calls for a vote. He nods to Owen, by his side. Owen draws himself up. His lips part, but he freezes. For a moment he simply cannot speak. There is no way he can vote to give that unseen child to Russell and his parents. The other jurors wait. Owen is bewildered, almost hurt. Hurt with himself, betrayed by himself. And then he hears himself, as if from somewhere beyond the far end of the long table, saying that he votes to give the child's custody to its mother.


HARGROVES, KORNBLUM AND THATCHER
(TO THE TUNE OF "SUNDAY, MONDAY, OR ALWAYS")
JOHN CORCORAN

He sits appalled at what he has done while the others vote. He is dimly aware that most of them have joined him. Only two are for Russell. Owen cannot believe it, and for a moment he thinks he must cry out, protest. But he does not. He listens to the others arguing with the minority of two. Mr. Travis is highly vocal, insisting over and over that no clear case has been made against Lucy Conrad. Someone else, agreeing, says that in such circumstances it is usual, almost routine, to give the child to its mother. It is at least a comfort to Owen to know that he is with the majority—is part, as he thinks wryly, of the establishment. One of the holdouts mentions Lucy's instability. A whole chorus points out that she has been under great stress. And in time the verdict is unanimous.

They are doing just what I have done, Owen thinks, with a slowly rising exhilaration. They are arguing from their feelings. The evidence is inconclusive and forgotten. They are all as involved as I am, and I have been involved—deeply involved—from the beginning.

Half an hour later, leaving the courtroom, Owen's exhilaration, his sense of self-assertion, almost of discovery, still grows in him. For the first time in a week, or even longer—far, far longer, it seems to him—he feels lighthearted. He is almost giddy. He tells himself that if he were at home he would get his cello out this minute and play it.

Then, at the courthouse door, he feels a hand drop on his shoulder. The hand belongs to Mr. Travis. "Well, ole buddy, we won, didn't we?" says Mr. Travis.

Owen smiles and nods. "Why, yes," he says. "Why, yes, in a way, we did."

—ROBERT HENDERSON

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If the world is ready for the proper screwball, Melanie Mayron has arrived to play the part.

She is the kind of young woman who can eat snails at the Maisonette and drop one to run around her chair squealing with the fun of it, to make her point.

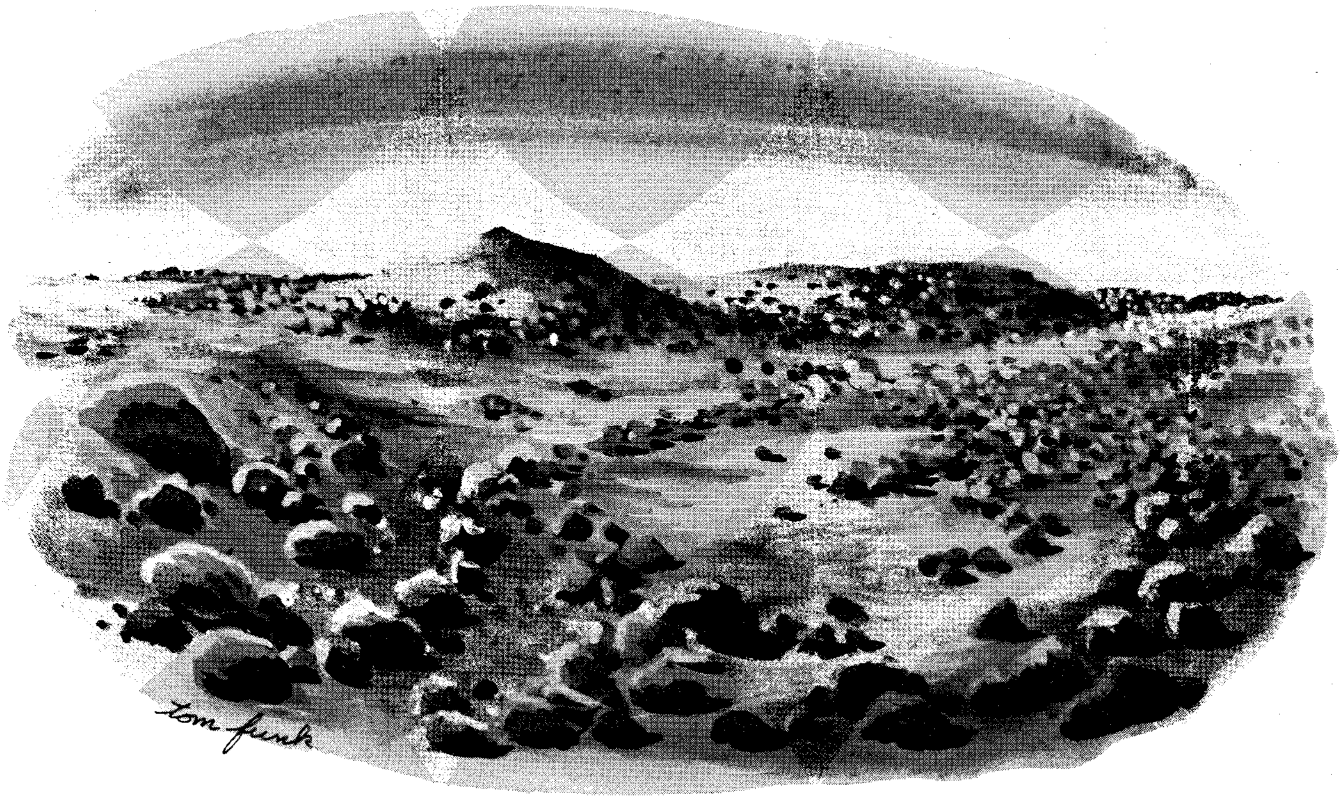
—*Dale Stevens in the Cincinnati Post.*

Forget Melanie—book that snail!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SEARCH FOR LIFE ON MARS

I—IMPORTANT, UNIQUE, AND EXCITING THINGS



FOR thousands of years, men have thought that there might be life on the other planets and moons around our sun; for a hundred years, they have concentrated their attention on Mars—even before the astronomer Percival Lowell suggested, early in this century, that Mars, the fourth planet out from the sun, was populated by an intelligent race of canal builders. Such ideas were forcefully denounced at the time, but the theory that some sort of life—if not animal then perhaps vegetable or, failing that, just microbial—existed on Mars was never dismissed, although the chances of its being true generally diminished later in this century. Even without the slight boost that these chances received in 1971 and after as a result of the findings of the Mariner 9 spacecraft, many scientists would still have held on to the notion, if only because the existence of even the meanest microbe on a planet as bleak as Mars proved to be would have great implications for the idea of life elsewhere in the universe. Philosophically, it would mean that no longer could anyone regard the development of life on earth as unique. Consequently, when two Viking spacecraft equipped with various instruments for detecting signs of life landed on Mars in the summer of 1976, the missions had implications—still being discussed—that went far beyond a biologist's laboratory.

On sol 8—the eighth sol, or day, after the first of the Viking landers had touched down on Chryse Planitia, a great basin in the northern hemisphere of Mars—the craft's sampler arm extended straight out and then dropped to the ground. The terrain was undulating and strewn with rocks and dunes; the soil and the rocks were a rusty red, and so was the sky, which was full of red particles swirled upward by storms. On earth, it was July 28, 1976; the two planets were two hundred and six million miles apart, almost at opposite points on their orbits. The sampler arm pushed into the ground, dug a small trench, retracted, lifted a scoopful of the red dirt; it retracted again, swivelled, and dumped the soil into one of three hoppers on the lander's deck, between two cameras—a hopper that led down to the biology package belowdecks. The red soil dribbled through a coarse sieve at the front of the scoop, and then through a finer one inside a sort of funnel at the top of the hopper. Then the scoop went back for another load of soil, for the second hopper, leading down to the gas chromatograph mass spectrometer, or GCMS—an instrument that would examine the sample for organic compounds. The arm apparently failed to make the second delivery, though—a mishap that would mean long delays in the reception of data by Viking's organic chemists. The third hopper led down to the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer, an instrument that would analyze the sample for inorganic material.

The biology package—the first of the three instruments to get soil, and the one with the highest priority—was a one-foot cube of miniature hardware making up three separate experiments (as space scientists designate both the apparatus and its function) that would examine the soil for microbes. The hopper immediately overhead was able to move its lower end in a circle around a track, dumping soil into three openings of different capacities; when each was full, a metal plate closed over the top, and another, at the bottom, slid open, so that precisely measured quantities of soil trickled into an incubation chamber in each instrument. Over the last decade—since Mariner spacecraft had begun visiting Mars, in 1965—the odds that any sort of life existed there had dropped so low, in the opinion of most members of the biology team, that they had very little expectation that

"Arthur Hancock, first baseman, and his lawyer."

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anything at all would happen. Nevertheless, three days later, on the eleventh sol—a Martian sol is thirty-nine minutes longer than a terrestrial day—Harold P. Klein, the leader of the biology team, was standing before a press conference at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, where the mission was controlled, announcing what he called "important, unique, and exciting things."

The three biology instruments whose incubation chambers the soil had trickled into were the pyrolytic-release instrument, whose chief scientist (or principal investigator, which is the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's designation) was Norman Horowitz, a geneticist at the California Institute of Technology; the labelled-release instrument, whose chief scientist was Gilbert V. Levin, the president of Biospherics, Inc., in Rockville, Maryland; and the gas-exchange instrument, whose chief scientist was Vance Oyama, of NASA's Ames Research Center, in Mountain View, California. In addition, there were three other senior scientists who were not connected with any of the instruments but were supposed to supply a general synthesis of the results: Joshua Lederberg, of the Stanford University School of Medicine (and now president of The Rockefeller University); Alexander Rich, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Klein, who, like Oyama, was from the Ames Research Center.

All told, there were twenty-odd members of the biology team—many of whom were highly individual scientists, more used to running their own laboratories than to coöperating in joint ventures—and they had been working together for the past eight years. What had kept them at it, despite the generally low hopes of finding life on Mars (Klein and many others on the team had put the odds at one in fifty), was a less sensational goal. Perhaps the search, successful or not, would elucidate the theory of biochemical evolution—that life arose on earth by the evolution of carbon compounds, which are the only ones complex enough to form replicating genetic material. If that is so, then life is an extension of the physics and chemistry of a planet, and will occur wherever the conditions are right—regardless of whether Viking ever discovered a microbe. The scientists did not know precisely what those conditions were. To be suitable for life, a planet must clearly be large enough to generate an atmosphere or water internally, and to have sufficient gravity to retain it; it must also be the right distance from its sun. Yet no one knew what the specific limits on size or on distance from a sun were. Obviously, the earth fulfilled the conditions, and the moon did not. What made Mars particularly tantalizing to the scientists was that in size (it is a little over four thousand miles in diameter) it is midway between the earth and the moon, and it is only half again as far away from the sun as the earth is—on the average, a hundred and forty-one million miles.

The three biology instruments could not examine the soil directly for life; life is such a complex phenomenon that it is still undefined, so the only way to look for it is to try to identify one or more of its attributes—its capacity to evolve, or to adapt, or to reproduce, or to metabolize. The attribute that the biologists had settled on was life's ability to metabolize; for life, whatever form it might assume, would have to take in and discharge nutrients and gases in order to grow or to derive energy, and these metabolic activities would require interaction with the environment. And these interactions, going on inside sealed containers, would be relatively easy to detect. One of the instruments, Horowitz' pyrolytic release, looked for the assimilation of atmospheric carbon—for example, the kind of metabolic activity that on earth would be associated with plants: an autotrophic reaction, such as photosynthesis. (A plant derives energy from sunlight, using it to break carbon dioxide down into carbon and oxygen.) The two other instruments, Levin's labelled release and Oyama's gas exchange, both looked for a het-

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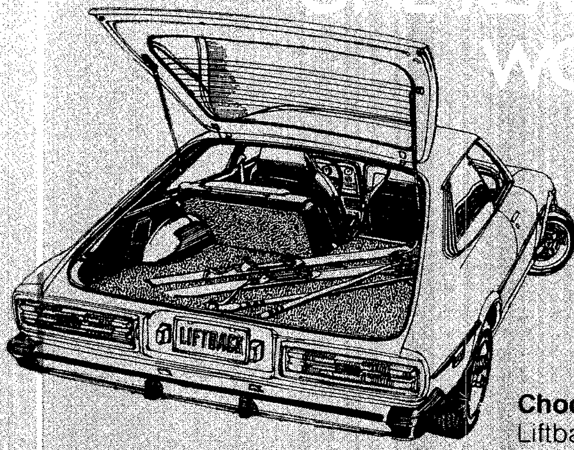

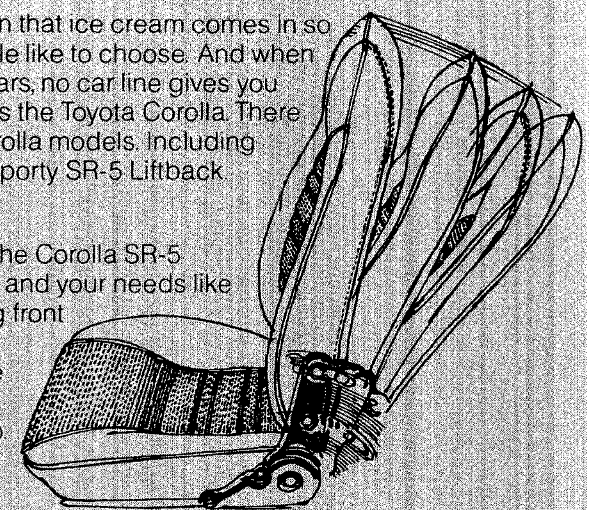

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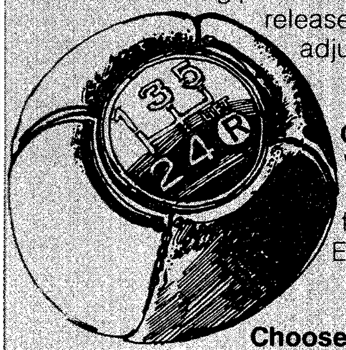

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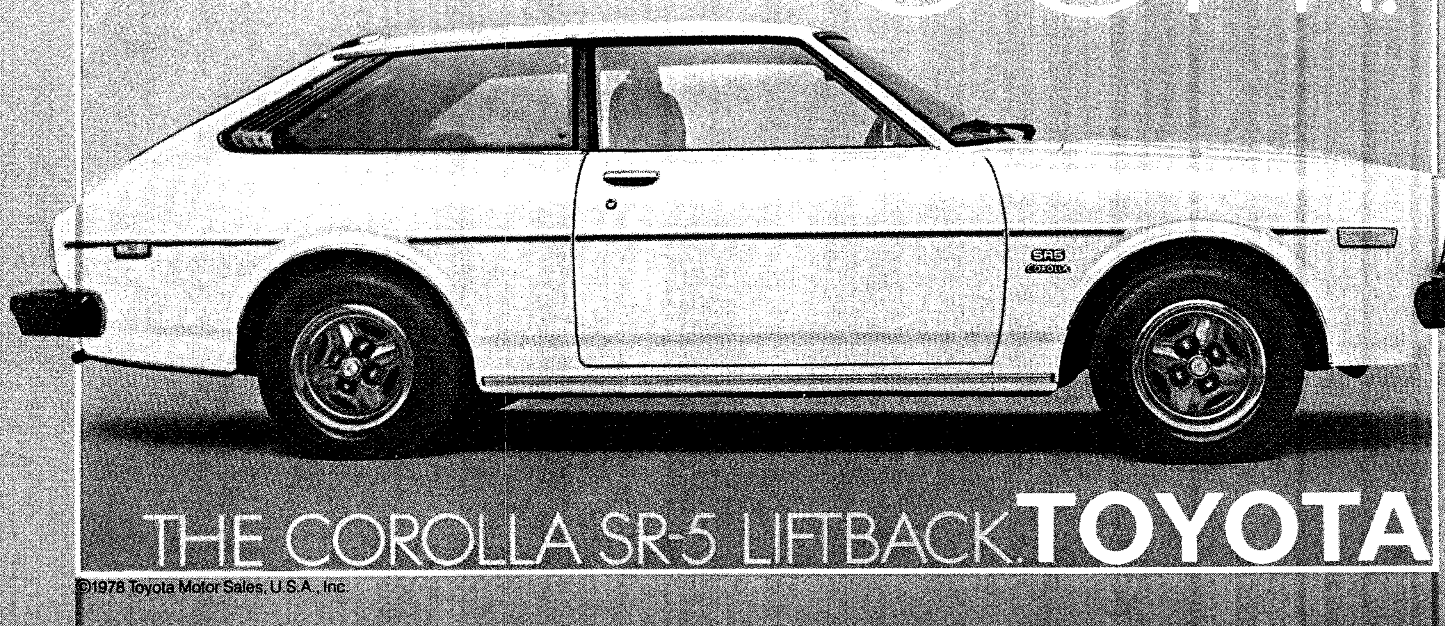

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"For openers—good morning, Martha."

erotrophic reaction, such as animals employ, deriving nourishment from outside sources—usually organic compounds; Oyama's looked at a much broader range of possible reactions than Levin's, but was far less sensitive to these reactions.

When the soil entered Oyama's gas-exchange instrument, it dropped into an incubation chamber, a cylinder of stainless steel about an inch in diameter and two inches high. The entire instrument was a conglomeration of tiny pipes, valves, and tanks stuffed into about a third of the cubic foot of the biology package; toward its bottom was a revolving carrousel that carried, in addition to the incubation chamber, a second chamber, called a dump cell, for surplus soil. The carrousel moved the incubation chamber with the soil inside until it was underneath a gasket; a spring jammed it up against the gasket, effectively sealing it. Nutrients and gases would enter the chamber through small pipes inside the gasket; later, as the incubation progressed, gases—different gases, it was hoped—would be tapped from the chamber through other pipes, for analysis. The nutrient contained water and the nineteen amino acids that are most commonly found in meteorites and are therefore expected to be prevalent elsewhere; Oyama hoped that a Martian organism would find something it liked in this rich mixture, which some of the other biologists called "chicken soup."

Oyama, a cheerful, frequently smiling man, placed the chances for life on Mars far higher than anyone else on the team—at fifty per cent. He had been extremely optimistic about the existence of life on other planets ever since he went to work for NASA, in 1959; he had searched for life in, among other places, the rocks that the astronauts brought back from the moon, and last year another instrument he designed flew to Venus to look there for traces of water vapor and other compounds favorable to life. Among the Viking scientists, Oyama's views were considered extraordinarily upbeat; they came in for particularly strong criticism from Norman Horowitz, a white-haired man with a square-cut face, who was the most pessimistic member of the group about life on Mars. Horowitz put the chances for life on Mars at "not quite zero, but very low." He was dismayed by the chicken soup. Because of Viking's electronics, the temperature of the lander, and thus of the entire biology package, was kept at about ten degrees Celsius, and therefore Horowitz and the others could not carry out their incubations at normal Mars temperatures, which even in summer at Chryse Planitia averaged about fifty degrees below zero Celsius. A way around this might have been found—but because of the water in the chicken soup, as well as in Levin's nutrient, the biology package, to Horowitz' distress, could not be kept at below-freezing temperatures. (As long as that was the case, Horowitz had decided to send along a small amount of water himself, but it was not essential to his experiment, and he wouldn't have minded sacrificing it for a sub-zero incubation.) The presence of liquid water meant the pressure had to be kept at non-Martian levels, too, for otherwise it would boil away. Any water on the surface of Mars, above molecular quantities too meagre to freeze or evaporate, would be ice, not liquid, Horowitz pointed out, and anyway Mars had less water on or above its surface than the driest spots on earth—certain valleys in Antarctica. Horowitz had frequently insisted that any organism coming in contact with Oyama's chicken soup would instantly either drown or burst. He felt this would be true even of the vapor that Oyama would use in his first experiment. Oyama, who, though he tried to remain imperturbable, clearly resented the criticism, and claimed that the best way to look for life on Mars or anywhere else was to douse it with something it liked in order to "perturb" it into some sort of detectable activity. Besides, he thought he had arranged things so that the organisms wouldn't drown or burst.

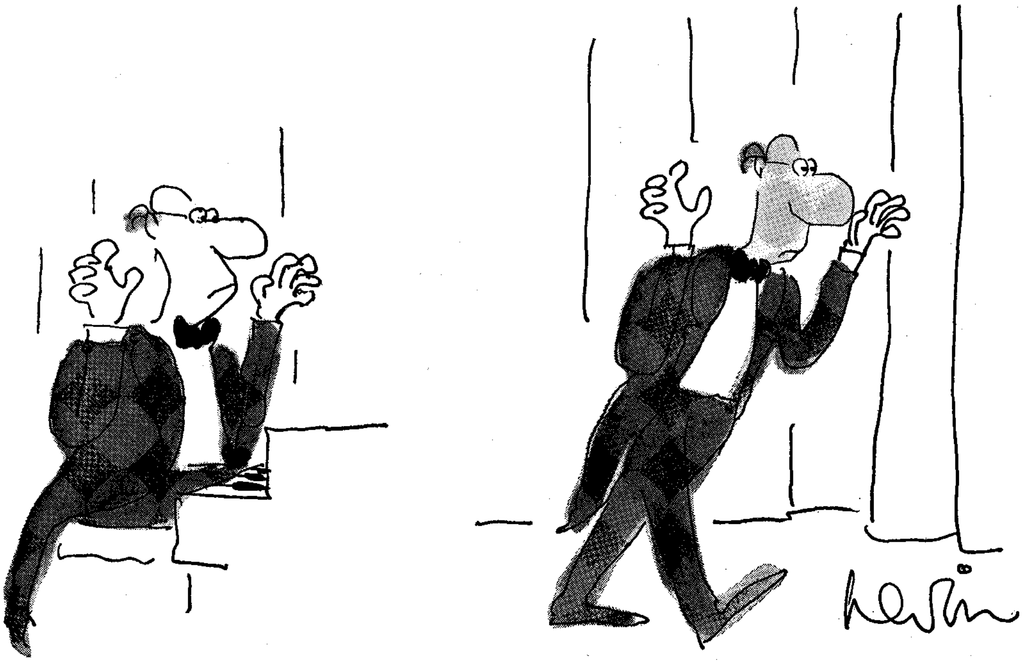
The soil lay not on the bottom of Oyama's incubation chamber (as it did in the two others) but in a stainless-steel tray whose bottom was porous. He injected a very small amount of his nutrient from below, so that it wet the bottom of the chamber but did not touch the soil. However, water vapor gradually spread through the soil to create gradations of moisture. Oyama felt that if the Martian organisms liked the water they might flourish and reproduce. It would take time, though, before there were enough of them to generate the gases his instrument could detect—carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, methane, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, nitrous oxide, and hydrogen sulphide—in sufficient quantity for his sensor, a gas chromatograph, to detect. At the very least, Oyama thought, it would take a few days, and he was prepared to wait weeks or even months. And yet his first reading, received two

and a half hours after the nutrient had been injected into his incubation chamber, showed that twenty times as much oxygen had been released as could be expected from the Martian atmosphere in the chamber. There were no other anomalies to speak of except a slight rise in carbon dioxide over the amount that could be accounted for by the atmosphere. A reading made a day later showed only about a thirty-per-cent increase in the oxygen. Clearly, most of it had been produced before the first reading, and thereafter the rate of release faded as quickly as it had come.

The soil in Levin's labelled-release instrument was incubating, too. On its carrousel were four incubation chambers, each smaller than Oyama's single incubation chamber. Levin's instrument, like Oyama's, looked for signs of heterotrophic—animal-like—metabolism by adding a nutrient to a sample of Martian soil, allowing it to incubate, and then seeing if there was any change in the gases in the chamber. In Levin's instrument, though, the nutrient was injected from above, directly onto the soil in the bottom of the chamber. Levin's nutrient, unlike Oyama's rich chicken soup, was a relatively weak mixture of only seven synthetic amino acids and carbohydrates, which he called, collectively, his substrates—the technical name for substances acted upon by the enzymes of living organisms. The acids and carbohydrates had been synthesized artificially because they had to be made with carbon 14, a radioactive isotope of carbon, which could be easily identified later. (Scientists call this use of carbon 14 "labelling.") The idea was that if an animal-like organism ate one of the substrates and metabolized it, breaking it down to create new protoplasm and energy, the organism would exhale some of the carbon in the form of one or another of the carbon gases, the most likely one being carbon dioxide. Then the gases in the chamber's atmosphere would pass through a Geiger counter. If any of the gas turned out to be radioactive, that would indicate that the radioactively labelled carbon from one of the substrates had been metabolized and had then passed into the atmosphere—a situation presumptive of life. Since Levin's instrument detected only radioactive-carbon gas, as opposed to the half-dozen or more gases that Oyama's looked for, it was considerably more specific—an arrangement that had both good points and bad points. Within its own specialty, it was many times as sensitive, for a Geiger counter could detect quantities of radioactive carbon a thousand times as small as the amounts of gas Oyama's gas chromatograph could detect. Consequently, Levin's instrument needed less soil than Oyama's, and—in theory, at least—should get results a lot sooner.

The first nine hours of Levin's data came down all at once, and was delivered in the form of computer printouts, at 7:30 P.M. on July 30th, two days after the soil had been dumped into one of his instrument's incubation chambers and less than a day after the nutrient had been injected. Almost immediately, the Geiger counter had begun detecting radioactive carbon in the chamber's atmosphere; the count rose quickly, from a starting point of about five hundred counts a minute (the zero level, in effect, because radioactivity from the lander's radioisotopic generators made a constant background noise) to forty-five hundred counts a minute over the background level, which it reached at the end of nine hours. This was faster than most biologically rich soils on earth would react. "The odds were overwhelming that nothing would happen at all," Levin said after he had plotted the data points on a graph. "And when we saw that curve go up we all flipped. We knew we had a sample, we knew we had a nutrient injection, and we knew something was happening there." Levin and a number of his associates sat down and solemnly signed the first page of the data printouts, very conscious of the fact that they might be commemorating the first indications of life on another planet.

THE search for life on Mars has had its ups and downs at least since early in this century, when Percival Lowell declared that mottled darker patches that appeared to change seasonally might be vegetation; the vegetation, he believed, lined what he thought were irrigation canals, which explained to his satisfaction why he could see them. The idea of lush vegetation on Mars survived until 1965, when Mariner 4, which flew by the planet then, showed what was an apparently dead, cratered world; the changing splotches observed by Lowell and others were probably dust shifting in seasonal winds. The chances for life there took a sharp downward turn. About the most negative indication from Mariner 4 was that the atmos-



pheric pressure on the surface of Mars was one two-hundredth of the earth's, or far too low to sustain water as a liquid—and to sustain most imaginable forms of life. (Clearly, ultraviolet light from the sun, which is lethal to life and is filtered by the earth's atmosphere, reached the ground on Mars.) However, in 1971, when Mariner 9 went into orbit around Mars, it showed parts of the planet which had been missed by earlier, flyby missions: there were great volcanos higher than any on earth; giant canyons; and huge channels with intricate tributary systems, which on earth are made by the draining of vast areas after rainfalls. The chances for life took an immediate turn for the better. Carl Sagan, professor of astronomy at Cornell and a member of the lander imaging team (the team in charge of the lander cameras), was quick to suggest that there might have been intermittent periods in Martian history when its atmosphere was thicker, the pressure on the surface was greater, and rain fell in torrents, running off into channels. Perhaps life had got a start during these periods, and perhaps it had even survived, in the form of spores, from one warm, wet time to the next. Just possibly, there might be larger forms of life big enough to see, or what Sagan called macrobes, as opposed to microbes—a notion that few of his colleagues took seriously but none could disprove.

From the moment the first Viking spacecraft, Viking 1, which included an orbiter as well as a lander, began circling Mars, on June 19th (Viking 2 was due to arrive seven weeks later), the odds that life existed there in some form had been fluctuating with even greater frequency. In the period before Viking 1 arrived, the biggest stumbling block to any ideas about life on Mars was that it wasn't known whether the planet possessed any nitrogen, which, along with carbon and hydrogen, is present in almost all organic—that is, carbon-based—compounds. If the biologists agreed on any one point, it was that life on Mars, or anywhere else, would be based on carbon compounds, because of their unique complexity and stability. Life based on these compounds requires water, which almost all scientists were sure existed on Mars. A water detector aboard Viking 1 found unexpectedly large amounts of water in the northerly latitudes (where both Viking landers were to be set down). The chances for life shot up. Then, when the lander left the orbiter and began its descent to the ground, an instrument on the aeroshell—the outer casing that protected the lander from heating in the atmosphere—found that Martian air was two or three per cent nitrogen. The chances for life soared. All the elements necessary for life were now known to be present on Mars—though whether they had actually formed organic compounds, let alone living things, remained to be seen.

The news about the water and the nitrogen was followed by a setback, for the amount of argon—a chemically inert and heavy gas—turned out to be only one or two per cent, or far less than the scientists had expected if Mars had ever had an atmosphere as dense as the earth's. The current Martian atmosphere is ninety-five per cent carbon dioxide, with the remaining five per cent comprising, in addition to nitrogen and argon, trace amounts of carbon monoxide, oxygen, and other gases. Further analysis of the argon content suggested that at one time the Martian atmosphere could have been as much as a hundred times as dense as it is now, so that there might have been sufficient pressure to allow small bodies of standing water to exist and channels to flow, but, in the opinion of most scientists, not enough for any large bodies of water, such as oceans, or even lakes, to have existed for any long period of time.

The lander was heading for a spot just below the mouths of two big, ancient channels, which appeared to be dried-up riverbeds, about halfway down the western slope of Chryse. The rivers could have arisen in collapsed highland terrain just west of Chryse, and very possibly had had their source in vast deposits of underground ice melted by internal thermal activity; from orbit, signs of ancient flooding were detected. Originally, Viking 1 had been scheduled to land at another site, on the southern slope of Chryse and below the mouths of four such riverbeds, but that site, which had been selected on the basis of Mariner 9's photography, turned out, in further high-resolution photographs taken by Viking, to be riddled with canyons and crevasses, dangerous for the lander. Finding a new site had caused a two-week delay. Finally, on July 20th, at a little after 4 P.M. in Chryse, or at 5:12 A.M. at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the lander touched down. It was a squat, three-legged craft seven feet high by almost ten feet wide. An antenna on top of the lander popped into place and began tracking the orbiter, which would relay communications between the lander and the earth; it was still overhead but was rapidly nearing the horizon. A small arm flopped from the lander's side, a square box at its end—the meteorology instrument. In summer, this instrument subsequently revealed, the temperature ranged from minus a hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit in the early morning to a high of minus twenty-two degrees in the early afternoon, and the wind averaged fifteen miles an hour. One of the two cameras on top of the lander began to rotate slowly as it took photographs—first a closeup of the ground at the lander's feet, revealing one of the three footpads atop a pebbly hardpan, and then a broad panorama of the horizon, showing what looked like a nondescript bit of desert. Aside from a patch of dunes to the far right, the undulating ground was strewn with rocks, some of which had dust piled up on their lee side, as rocks in windblown deserts have on earth.

At first, of course, everyone kept an eye out for Sagan's macrobes; no one wanted to be caught unprepared if by some chance a silicon giraffe or a squamous purple ovoid—often mentioned by Sagan as candidates for Martian fauna—should wander by. Sagan was briefly attracted by a rock that he thought suspiciously spherical. A few days later, however, he said ruefully, "So far, no rock has obviously got up and moved away." Though Sagan continued to search the photographs methodically for signs of life for some time—a computer would be used to detect any trace of motion—before long he conceded, "There are no bushes, no trees, no cacti; no giraffes, antelopes, or rabbits; no burrows, tracks, footprints, or spoor; no patches of color that might be photosynthetic pigments." The hunting ground shifted from the terrain in front of the lander to the scoopful of dirt that had been dumped into the biology package.

"Don't pull that 'innocent' routine on me."

WITH two of the three biology experiments on Mars giving active responses, some of the members of the biology team gave a press conference at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory on sol 11 (July 31st), three days after the scoop dropped the soil into the hopper. (The third instrument in the biology package, Horowitz' pyrolytic release, had not yet returned any results; it had to wait until incubation was over before it could make its measurements. Nor was there any information on organic compounds yet from the GCMS, because of the mishap on sol 8.) The biologists walked from their offices, in a new six-story bronze-and-glass building that had been put up expressly for Viking, across a broad, sunny plaza to the von Karman Auditorium, a one-story building next to the J.P.L.'s front gate. The J.P.L. looks more like a Spanish hill town than like a NASA base, for its hundred-odd buildings, together with many tall green pine and eucalyptus trees, cascade down one of the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains; different levels are connected by steep flights of steps. (Strictly speaking, the J.P.L. is not a NASA base but part of the California Institute of Technology, which runs it for the space agency.) Just off the auditorium lobby was a working model of the lander sitting in a box of sand contoured to duplicate the ground immediately in front of the lander at Chryse; even the rocks were duplicated, in Styrofoam; engineers had been working overtime recently with this simulation as they tried to figure out what had gone wrong with the soil delivery to the GCMS.

In the auditorium, members of the biology team were seated on a platform under bright television lights flanked by another replica of the lander, along with a replica of the Viking orbiter, its instruments protected (as they are in space) by a blanket of aluminized Mylar. On the platform, Klein, the team leader, said that Oyama's gas-exchange experiment had provided "at least preliminary evidence for a very active surface material," and that the response from Levin's labelled-release instrument looked "very much like a biological signal;" however, he added, the results "must be viewed very, very carefully." Klein, a thickset man with penetrating, sharp eyes and a continually quizzical look, had been chairman of the Biology Department of Brandeis University before joining NASA; he was now chief of the Department of Life Sciences at Ames.

Klein and the other biologists had every reason to be cautious. It would be nice to find life on Mars—the discovery would be easily as important as any in history—but no one wanted to make a fool of himself. The scientists were all aware of the predicament of a chemist during the Mariner 6 and 7 missions, which had flown by Mars in 1969; he thought they had discovered methane and ammonia—two organic compounds—in the atmosphere of the planet, and had announced during a press conference at the J.P.L. that there was very likely life on Mars. "He'd misinterpreted his data," Horowitz, who had been present then, told a reporter. "None of us want to get caught like that. We might not be as graceful getting out of it." That scientist had simply retracted his data. There were other such stories, too. "I ascribe them to a common syndrome of Mars observers to deceive themselves," said Horowitz, who of all the Mars observers was perhaps the most interested in what motivated his fellow-scientists. "It may still be true of some people. The history of Martian exploration is an interesting exercise in the psychodynamics of science. Or scientists." In Horowitz' view, there was a distinct possibility that history would repeat itself, over and over again. He felt that the nature of Oyama's nutrient was only the latest example of the wishful thinking underlying the search for life on Mars—however objective the scientists might all try to be.

ION TUNE-UP
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Mirachi

"Just listen to that!"

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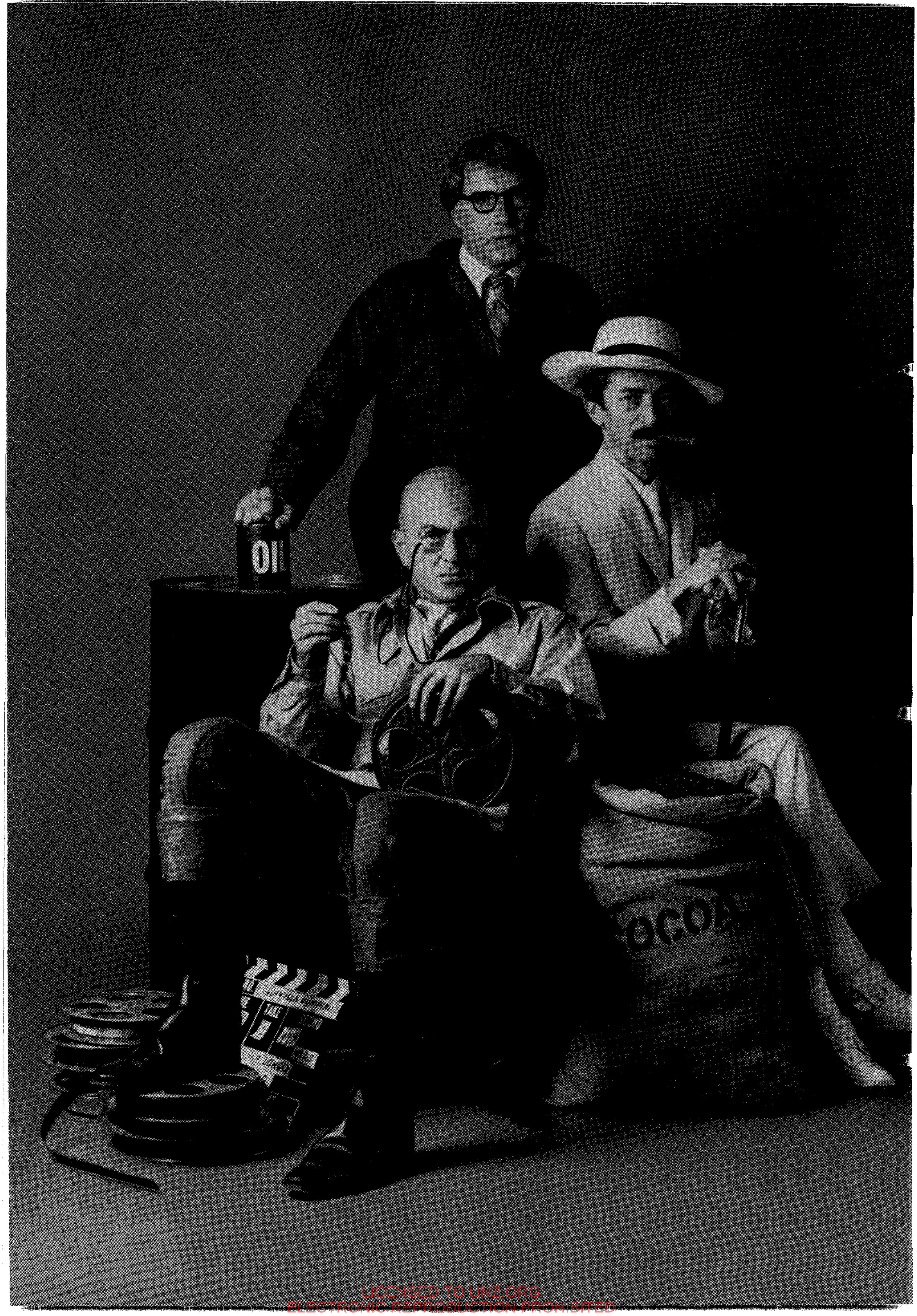
After Klein had shown some slides, including one of Oyama's spectacular oxygen peak, the first question asked by a reporter was whether the oxygen was being released by photosynthesis—in other words, by some sort of plantlike organism that broke carbon dioxide down into carbon and oxygen. (He asked the question despite the fact that Oyama's instrument was designed to look for animal-like life. On Mars, anything seemed possible.) Klein was quick to dismiss the oxygen peak as a sign of plantlike life, because Oyama's instrument had no light to bring about photosynthesis. In a conversation afterward, Klein was also quick to dismiss the oxygen peak as a sign of animal-like life. Animals don't release oxygen. Besides, there hadn't been enough time for any oxygen-releasing Martian bugs—assuming that in this regard they resembled terrestrial ones—to reproduce and generate detectable gas changes, he said, and he pointed out that, because Oyama's instrument could not detect amounts of gas as small as either of the others could, no one had expected it to detect a response as soon as Levin's did. An immediate response, however, was most likely to be chemical, Klein explained, because if the right chemicals are present a reaction is apt to occur immediately. "We believe that there is something in the surface, some chemical or physical entity, which is affording the surface material a great deal of activity and may in fact mimic—let me emphasize that: *mimic*—in some respects, biological activity," Klein—who, of all the biologists, was perhaps the best at explaining things to the press—had said at the outset of the press conference. It appeared that what a number of scientists had feared would happen—that the biologists would have difficulty interpreting their data—was indeed happening. Before the landing, the Viking geologists, who had always been the biologists' most carping critics, had suggested that the biology instruments were too new and untried, and that too little was known about conditions on the planet for the experiments to return anything other than ambiguous evidence, and that the resultant uncertainties and disputes over whether there was life on Mars would be what one of them called a "horror show."

THE possibility that the release of oxygen in Oyama's instrument—which had been designed with the expectation that gas releases would be evidence of life—was very likely chemical further confused the search for life on Mars, a search that had already suffered more than its share of such confusion. The chemical reaction that Klein, Oyama, and many others had in mind as an explanation for the oxygen peak was the cleaving, or loss, of oxygen atoms from some oxidant. Oxidants are defined as compounds rich in oxygen which under the right circumstances give up their oxygen easily. There are four basic types of oxidants. Ordinary oxides—such as the iron oxides, which are probably what turn the Martian rocks and dust a rusty red—contain just enough oxygen to be chemically stable, and for that reason they were not considered likely candidates for the cause of Oyama's oxygen peak. Peroxides, however, are compounds that contain more oxygen than they can handle, which makes them unstable: under certain conditions, they give up their excess oxygen easily. Then come the superoxides, which contain even more oxygen than they can handle and give up their oxygen even more readily. Ozonides are the least stable.

Because the reaction in Oyama's instrument had been particularly brief and intense, Klein, Oyama, and others were looking hard at the superoxides, such as those made with calcium or zinc. (They also briefly considered the ozonides.) When water is added to either a peroxide or a superoxide, it loses much of its oxygen very rapidly, and this was quite probably the cause of what was coming to be called Oyama's oxygen peak. The water that caused the trouble, they believed, was in the chicken soup, which had just been injected. Even though all that reached the soil was water vapor, the surface soil of Mars was so dry that any superoxides would have released their oxygen with an almost explosive force. But the quantities involved were too small to damage Oyama's instrument; the oxidants represented only a few parts per billion of the soil.

As soon as the scientists thought about it, they realized that the presence of oxidants was theoretically likely on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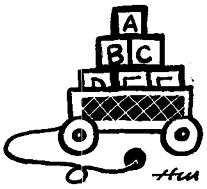
Mars, though they couldn't prove it. While it is true that water destroys most oxidants, tiny amounts of it are essential for their formation, and tiny amounts of water are what Mars has. If the entire amount of vapor in the atmosphere above the lander were squeezed out of the air—something that would never happen—it would form a film .00156 of an inch thick. (The scarcity of water on Mars did not rule out life, which even on earth can get along with negligible amounts; besides, there could be additional water frozen underground.) In the atmosphere, the intense ultraviolet radiation from the sun causes a reaction in which the water, H_2O, loses one of its hydrogen atoms, leaving a paired oxygen and hydrogen combination, OH, which chemists call a free radical—meaning that it is a fundamental constituent in the formation of other molecules. Alone, this constituent could well be in the soil, contributing to Oyama's oxygen peak. The radical is highly reactive, though, and is most likely the ancestor of whatever oxidants might be on Mars. For example, while still free in the atmosphere it could easily react with another, identical OH radical to form the molecule H_2O_2—or hydrogen peroxide, the simplest of all the peroxides and the only one that is not metallic. Many scientists considered its presence on Mars very likely. Hydrogen peroxide is a clear substance often used on earth as a bleach or an antiseptic; on Mars, it is presumably mixed in with the red iron oxides that apparently coat the rocks and dust—as are any other peroxides and superoxides. Alternately, one or more OH radicals, having very likely settled on dust particles while they, too, are floating about in the atmosphere, would attack any metals present, oxidizing them; later, the oxidant-rich dust would settle on the ground. At this stage, however, it was not known to what extent these things had happened, despite the fact that Oyama was looking hard at superoxides to explain his oxygen release; it was not known whether there were just oxides on Mars (as seemed certain from the reddish color of the dust); or whether there were peroxides, too; or whether there were superoxides as well.

Even in the infinitesimal quantities supposedly present on Mars, oxidants are lethal to organic compounds and to most of the primitive forms of life. Oyama, having put the odds for life on Mars as high as fifty-fifty, now dropped them down to one or two per cent, and thus joined the more pessimistic of the biologists. ("Most people would say there were no leprechauns in Ireland, and be done with the question," said one exasperated Viking geologist, who clearly thought that the likelihood that Mars was covered by a poison put the question of life there in the leprechaun category. "But a biologist could not make that categorical statement. Rather, he would say, 'The likelihood that there are leprechauns in Ireland is one billionth of one per cent,' and then he would spend the rest of his life trying to change the number of decimal places.") Oxidants are lethal in part because an organism will always add a little water to them, causing a forceful release of oxygen; but, more important, the newly released oxygen is itself lethal to most organic compounds. Free oxygen is a highly profligate element, which forcibly joins itself to certain other elements, even if that means breaking up existing compounds; in particular, it destroys the basic bond between carbon and hydrogen, linking up with the carbon to form carbon dioxide, CO_2. Indeed, Oyama had detected in his instrument, in addition to the oxygen release, a slight excess of carbon dioxide above what was expected from the atmosphere, and a number of scientists believed that it reflected, among other things, the fact that the oxygen was attacking the carbon in his organic nutrient.



The statement that oxygen is lethal to most organic compounds may sound strange, because animals breathe oxygen and would die without it; on earth, plants and animals thrive in an atmosphere that is twenty per cent oxygen. This adaptation is the result of both planetary and biological evolution, which scientists increasingly think go hand in hand. One of the oldest known forms of life, which developed between three and a half and four billion years ago—the earth and Mars originated four and a half billion years ago—are methanogens, part of a newly identified biological kingdom, archaebacteria, which are neither plant nor animal but are ancestral to both, and which inhabit such anaerobic spots as the mud beneath deep hot springs in Yellowstone National Park; they die when they are exposed to oxygen. When the earth and Mars were young, they both had atmospheres very different from their present ones—with more hydrogen than they have today. A planet must have hydrogen for life to develop at

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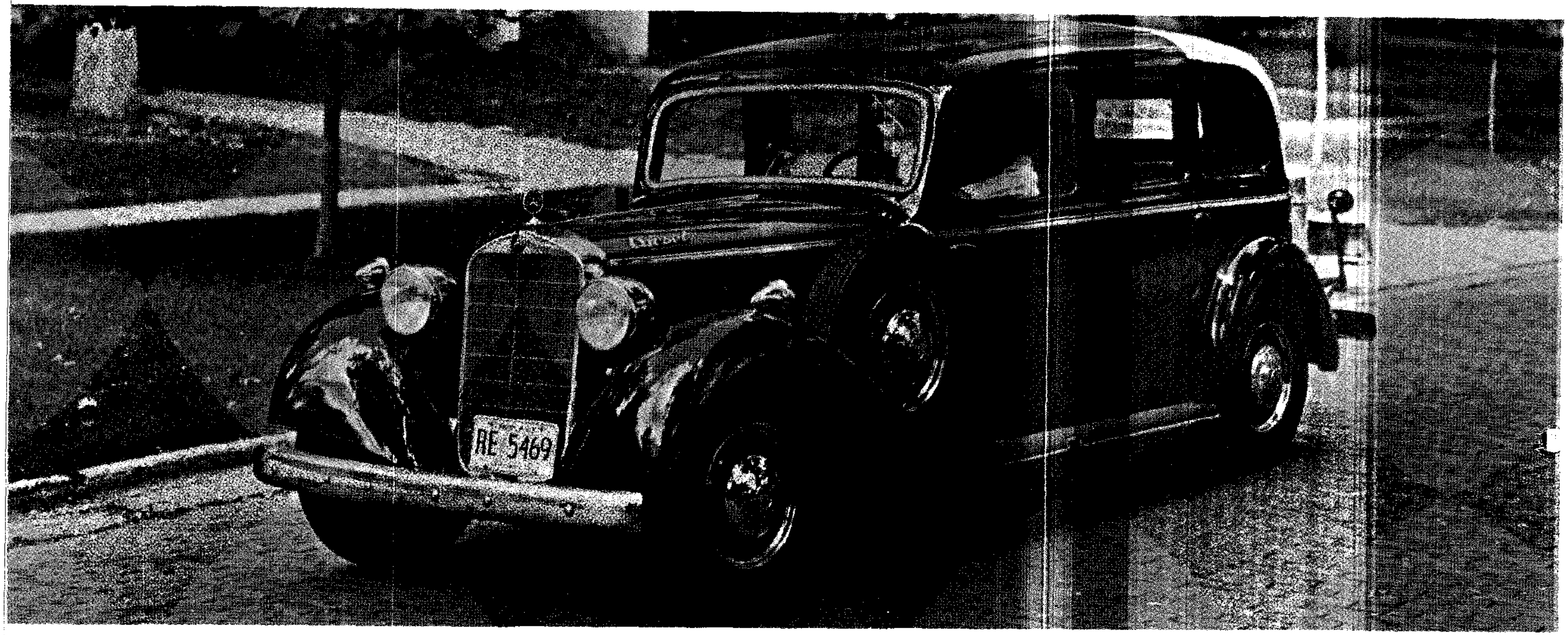
Is high Diesel mileage a myth? Ask Robert J. O'Reilly, whose Mercedes-Benz 180D has rolled up 1,184,880 miles.



Is long Diesel life a myth? Ask Paul F. Dauer, whose Mercedes-Benz 260D is 41 years old – and still going strong.

Mercedes-Benz Diesel Search uncovers million-mile Diesel and 41-year-old Diesel, both still going strong.

It was a quest for hard, cold facts about the legendary Diesels of Mercedes-Benz – and "spectacular" describes the facts that were found.

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Just how many miles can a Mercedes-Benz Diesel car run?

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Despite the myths and tall tales, Mercedes-Benz knows that high mileage and long life – in a Diesel as in any car – depend not just on how well it's built but on careful service and upkeep. On how and where it's driven. And perhaps even on a little bit of luck.

But curiosity remained. And last May 29, Mercedes-Benz launched the Great Diesel Search in a unique quest for the facts.

Timely information

The Great Diesel Search was timed to coincide with the introduction of the most remarkable Diesel car in Mercedes-Benz history – the new 300SD Turbodiesel Sedan.

What better way to usher in this Mercedes-Benz "Diesel of the future" than to document Mercedes-Benz Diesel exploits of the recent past?

The Great Diesel Search lasted 30 days - too brief a time to comb the continent for all 130,000 Diesel cars Mercedes-Benz has sold here.

But time enough to locate a broad cross section. And from Texas to Pennsylvania, from New Mexico to Oregon, Diesel owners responded by the hundreds.

And now the facts are in, authenticated by an independent verifying body. And what these numbers say about the Mercedes-Benz Diesel speaks more eloquently than any words.

7,504,699-mile total

In the high-mileage category, for instance, the top ten Mercedes-Benz Diesel cars had travelled a total of *7,504,699* miles between them.

As the entries mounted, so did the mileage: a 190D with 812,332 miles gave way to a 170SD with 845,289 miles - a feat topped in turn by a 180D that had reached 847,970 miles.

But even this was ultimately not enough. Enter the 1968 220D driven in daily use by Mr. Edward Donaldson of Eugene, Oregon - a Diesel that within ten years had compiled 912,493 miles - the equivalent of two trips from the earth to the moon and back.

To top this achievement would demand a truly phenomenal mileage performer.

And the Great Diesel Search encountered just that: the phenomenal 1957 180D owned by Mr. Robert J. O'Reilly of Olympia, Washington.

Breaking the million-mile barrier

Exact mileage accumulated by the O'Reilly Diesel in its 21 years of service: *1,184,880*. The equivalent of about one hundred years of normal driving. The winner.

With this crowning achievement behind it, will Mr. O'Reilly now retire his 180D to a well-earned rest? Apparently not.

"I fully believe I'll be able to put another million miles on it," he estimates.

10 Diesels, 282 years

In the category of oldest Mercedes-Benz Diesels still registered and running, it was years and not miles that told the tale. The ten oldest cars entered in the Search represented an aggregate 282 years - almost three centuries' worth of dogged Diesel efficiency.

Eight of the top ten finalists dated from 1951 - Diesel cars already rolling along in regular service before almost half the Americans living today were even born.

The granddaddy of them all

But Mercedes-Benz had built the world's first production Diesel passenger car in 1936, 43 years ago. So not even a 27-year-old Diesel could rest on its seniority laurels.

And sure enough, the Great Diesel Search uncovered a car even older - 13 years older, to be precise: the 1938 260D landaulette owned by Mr. Paul F. Dauer of Chicago, Illinois. Imported to the U.S.A. in 1938, recorded as the 902nd Diesel passenger car ever sold by Mercedes-Benz, Mr. Dauer's 260D survives hale and hearty - not some museum piece but a licensed, functioning automobile. The winner.

The rewards...

Mr. O'Reilly with his million-mile Diesel and Mr. Dauer with his 41-year-old Diesel have both been honored by Mercedes-Benz in what seems the most fitting and most timely way.

Each has been awarded a new 300SD Turbodiesel Sedan.

Additionally, several runners-up have received expense-paid European vacations for two.

Four Diesel choices

The results of the Great Diesel Search showed that, for these owners, the promise of the Mercedes-Benz Diesel was kept.

And today's Mercedes-Benz Diesels are engineered and built with a sophistication and precision undreamed of in those pioneering years.

Now you can pick and choose between different Mercedes-Benz Diesel body styles and sizes...engine types... special equipment, from air conditioning to light alloy wheels. Scan the roster:

The new *300SD Turbodiesel* is a potent five-passenger Diesel that approaches a limousine level of comfort.

The *300CD Coupe* is an elegant 2+2 machine designed to compete on equal terms with any other limited-production two-door coupe extant.

The *300D Sedan* is a stirring performer doubling as a sensible five-passenger car, and comprehensively equipped.

The *240D Sedan* is a no-nonsense Diesel in the classic manner: 2.4-liter, 4-cylinder engine and manual 4-speed shift, standard.

See and drive a Diesel

Your local authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer will be glad to arrange a test drive. Call or visit him soon. It could be your first step toward winning the next Great Diesel Search.

Is vivid Diesel performance a myth? Meet the Mercedes-Benz 300SD Turbodiesel, the first performance car to run on diesel fuel.

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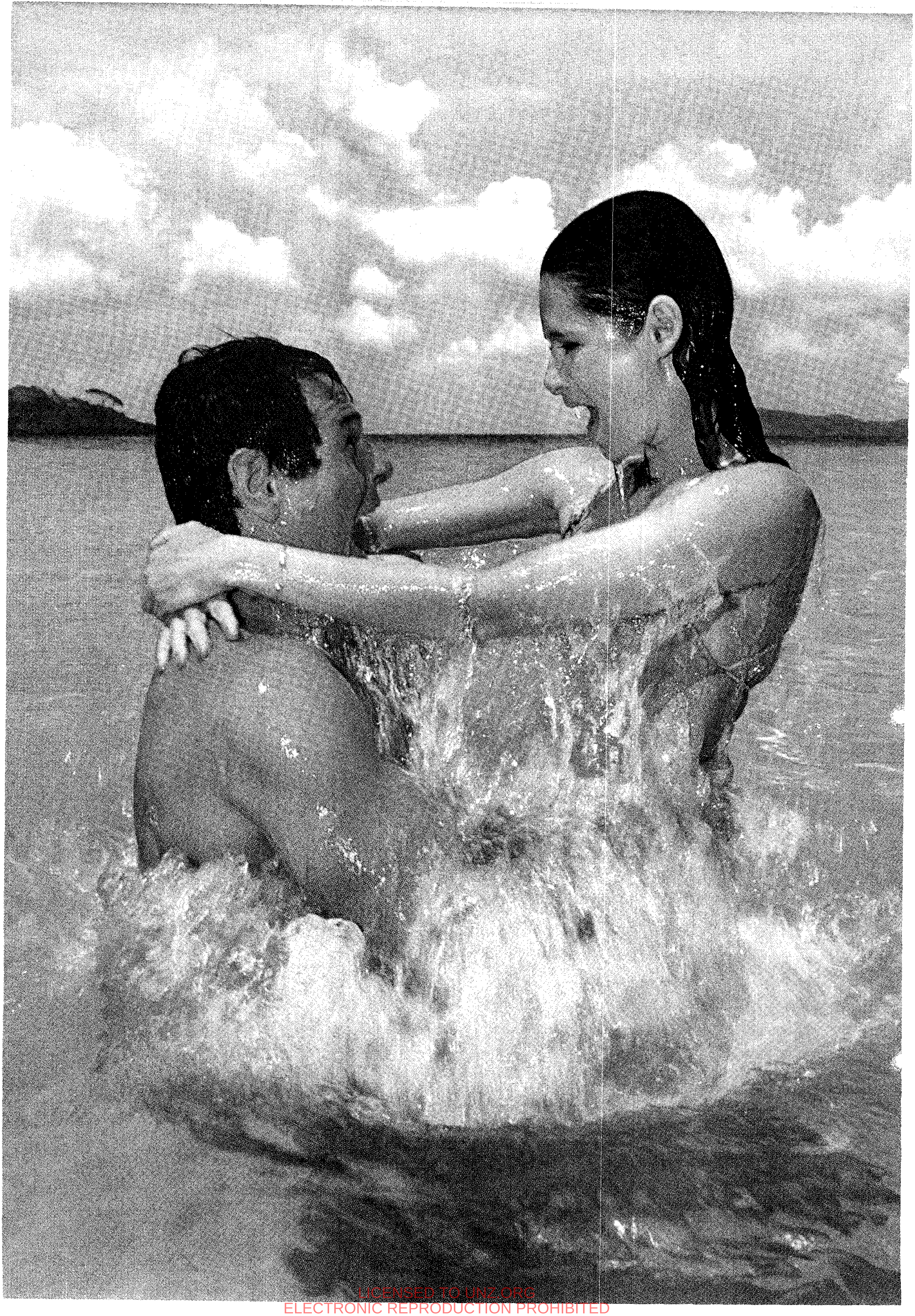

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all. It joins with carbon in the basic organic bond.

Hydrogen was the most abundant element in the solar nebula from which the solar system condensed, and the gas was carried to the planets during the accretion process that built them up. Some of it was in the earth's atmosphere to begin with, though in time it escaped to space, for hydrogen is the lightest element. Part of the earth's original hydrogen, deep inside the planet, was outgassed later—much of it joining with oxygen to form water that rose as vapor into the atmosphere, where the ultraviolet light of the sun broke it down; some of that hydrogen escaped into space, but the oxygen, being heavier, sank back into the atmosphere, in the form of the OH radical or of oxides, or in the form of free oxygen. Gradually, the atmosphere of both the earth and Mars became more oxidative.

Early in the earth's history, when the atmosphere was oxygen-poor, the only forms of life that flourished were the archaebacteria. The loss of hydrogen, and the transition of the earth's atmosphere from oxygen-poor to oxygen-rich was undoubtedly the most cataclysmic challenge life on earth has ever faced, giving rise to the basic forms of life that we know today. Very likely, most early forms of life here were wiped out. A few, like the methanogens, which lived in airless places underground, weren't affected. And a few others—those which had advanced sufficiently to be capable of making the change—adapted slowly to the new environment; these were the earliest unicellular plants and animals. They developed an enzyme called catalase, rich in iron, that rapidly broke the oxidants down. (Catalase is found in all animals and plants—possibly harking back to a time when oxidants were the major threat to life.) They also developed ways to use the destructive powers of oxygen for their own metabolic purposes: animals learned to derive energy by oxidizing the carbon in their bodies to carbon dioxide, and plants learned to derive energy, reductively, by photosynthesis. With these adaptations, plants and animals evidently transformed our planet, the plants adding abundantly to its oxygen supply.

On earth, most of the oxygen is in the atmosphere, while on Mars it is evidently on the ground—a possibility that no one, despite the rusty color of the ground, suggesting iron oxides, had paid much attention to before Oyama's data came in, and one that many Viking scientists found fascinating, for it suggested a point at which the history of the two planets diverged, and it also stimulated some thoughts about the evolution of life.

It is very possible that on Mars life never started at all. Or perhaps it did get a start but was later wiped out by the increasingly oxidative environment; in that event, Viking could conceivably still detect traces of it. Or perhaps some forms persisted underground without changing, like the methanogens; if plants and animals had never evolved on earth, there could still be methanogens here, on a planet that might otherwise be very much like Mars. Or perhaps some forms of life made the additional step of adapting to the new environment—not in sufficient numbers to have altered the planet but perhaps in numbers that still might be detected by Viking. Oyama's data, though it hadn't ruled out life, had clearly redefined the search for it on Mars.

LEVIN's curve, which had been going almost straight up for the better part of a day, began turning more and more to the right as the speed of the reaction diminished. By the end of the second day, it had reached a level of about eight thousand five hundred counts a minute; it would continue a slow climb, to about ten thousand, before levelling off a day or so later. Levin, still on the crest of the wave, or the curve, did not seem to give much weight to the possibility that his results might be due to something other than biology. And why should he? He had designed his instrument so that an active signal, such as he was receiving, would be indicative of life. Levin, who had previously been less outspoken on the chances for life on Mars than Oyama had started out being—let alone Sagan—became increasingly willing to believe that life might exist there.

Levin, a tall, tanned, impassive man, had been in the life-detection business longer than any other member of the biology team. As a young sanitary engineer in the early nineteen-fifties, he had conceived the idea of using radioactively labelled carbon concealed in a nutrient and exhaled by microörganisms to determine whether the number of organisms in municipal water supplies had reached the danger point. When, in 1960, no municipality had bought his invention, he tried NASA, which he had heard was getting interested in life detection on the planets. NASA was delighted with Levin's machine, which he called Gulliver, and which went through several remodellings before it turned into the instru-

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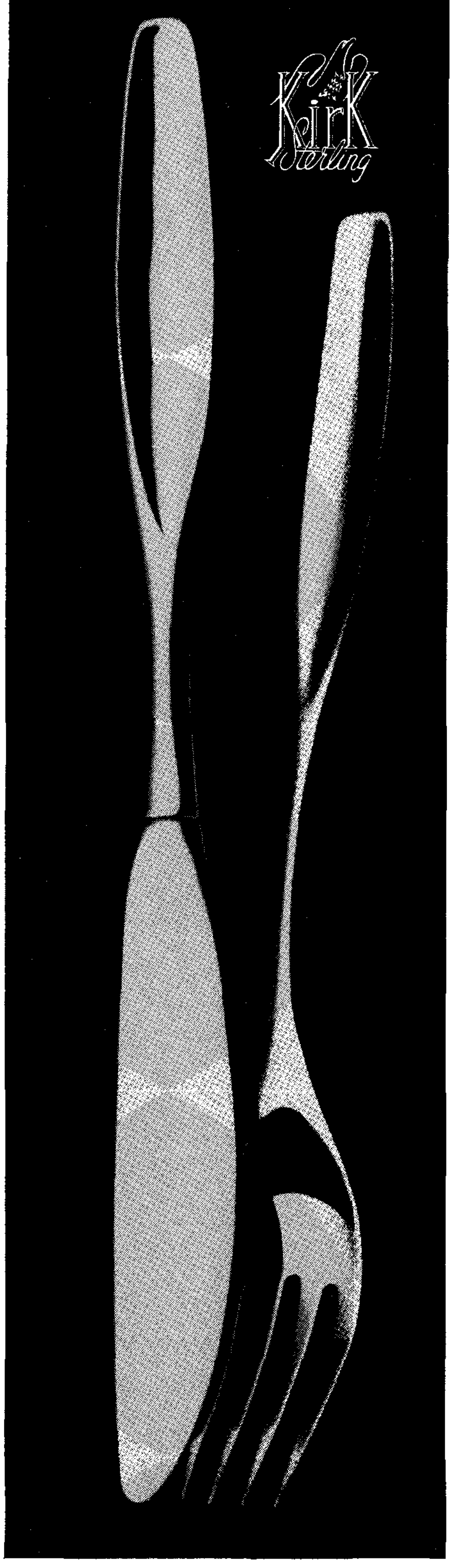

ment on Mars. With one version or another of his machine, Levin had detected life in some of the bleakest spots on earth—Death Valley, mountaintops—and partly for this reason the possibility that he had discovered life on Mars did not entirely surprise him.

Klein's response to Levin's results was different. "I know it's impossible not to ask, or not to focus on the question, whether this is or is not a biological response," he said at the press conference. "At present, there's no way you can rule out that data as being due to biology. However, let me say, if it *is* a biological response, *if* it is, then it's a stronger response than we have seen with fairly rich terrestrial soils, and it would also imply that microbial life on Mars is more highly developed—more intense—than it is on earth." The terrestrial soils in question, from an area southwest of Lake Tahoe, in the foothills of the Sierras, had taken a hundred and sixty-eight hours to reach the count that the Martian soil had reached in only forty hours.

Klein and others pointed out that a biological curve should start out slowly, as the organisms got used to the nutrient, and then should rise with increasing rapidity as the organisms multiplied—a sort of geometric growth rate, reflected in what scientists call an exponential curve. Levin, for his part, pointed out that his curve was not a typical chemical one, either; if the reaction was chemical, he said, the curve should start off much more quickly and continue upward at a steady rate, then level off quite sharply, and drop when the nutrient was used up.

The scientists all agreed that Levin's curve was neither typically biological nor typically chemical. It was steeper than most chemical reactions. Klein and others were put in mind of the rapid release of oxygen they had seen in Oyama's results; indeed, they were beginning to think that the same sort of thing was very likely happening in Levin's instrument—that the water in Levin's liquid nutrient had also caused oxidants in the soil to give up their oxygen. Levin's instrument could not detect oxygen directly, but oxygen would immediately attack the radioactive carbon in his organic nutrient, combining with it and causing the spurt of radioactive carbon dioxide reflected in Levin's curve—in fact, mimicking the very metabolic process that his machine was designed to look for. Since Oyama's instrument had also detected a release of carbon dioxide (though not an excessive one), which suggested that the carbon compounds in his chicken soup had been oxidized, these more conservative scientists felt that they had a strong case for oxidants.

Levin did not concur with this line of thought. If an oxidant was responsible, he said, then the oxygen, being such an intrusive, aggressive element, should have gone on combining with the radioactive carbon in his nutrient until the carbon was all used up; instead of stopping at around ten thousand a minute, the count should have gone up much, much higher, until it approached two hundred and seventy-two thousand counts, which was the total amount of radioactive carbon in a single injection of his nutrient. The ten-thousand count was under the sixteen thousand that would be expected if the reaction involved only one of the seven substrates—the seven ingredients in Levin's nutrient. The one that suspicion immediately fell upon was formate, a mixture that included formic acid; because it was the simplest and the most likely to exist on a primitive planet, Levin and others had thought it the most likely to be favored by a Martian organism. Furthermore, Levin pointed out, living things have a greater specificity and economy in their chemistry than nonliving things, and so organisms, far more than oxidants, were likely to pick one substrate over another.

The question of organisms vs. oxidants was not going to be resolved easily. The dilemma did sound like the "horror show" certain Viking geologists had predicted in arguing that the exploration of Mars should have been done in slower steps; that is, that before so much money was invested in the biology instruments (around fifty-five million dollars) and the GCMS (another fifty-five million dollars), attempts should have been made—by means of atmospheric probes or probes impacted in the surface of Mars—to determine the composition of the atmosphere and the chemistry of the rocks and soil, on the theory that when more was known about the environment of the planet the biologists would be better able to design instruments to look for life there.

The ambiguous results were also a consequence of something that, as biologists have recognized increasingly over the last century, is a precondition of the biochemical theory of the evolution of

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Wednesday, February 21 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century English, French, American and Continental Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver, Paintings and Rugs
EXHIBITION: Sun., Feb. 18, noon-5 p.m.; Mon., Feb. 19, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., Feb. 20, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, March 7 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century American, English, French and Continental Furniture and Accessories, Paintings and Rugs
EXHIBITION: Sun., Mar. 4, noon-5 p.m.; Mon., Mar. 5, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., Mar. 6, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, March 21 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century French, English and American Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs
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Wednesday, April 4 at 10 a.m.
Important Estate Jewelry
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Important Old Master, 19th and Early 20th Century American and English Paintings
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Wednesday, April 18 at 10 a.m.
Americana: Furniture, Accessories and Paintings
EXHIBITION: Sun., Apr. 15, noon-5 p.m.; Mon., Apr. 16, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., Apr. 17, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, May 2 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver, Paintings and Rugs
EXHIBITION: Sun., Apr. 29, noon-5 p.m.; Mon., Apr. 30, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., May 1, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, May 16 at 10 a.m.
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Wednesday, May 30 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver, Paintings, Rugs
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Wednesday, June 27 at 10 a.m.
18th and 19th Century American, English and Continental Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver Paintings, and Rugs
EXHIBITION: Sun., June 24, noon-5 p.m.; Mon., June 25, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues., June 26, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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life; namely, that biology is chemistry. At a panel discussion a few days after the press conference, Klein observed that he was reminded of the great fifty-year debate—it lasted up until a hundred years ago—about whether the transformation of grape juice into alcohol was a biological or a chemical phenomenon. "It took a long time for the scientists of the day to adduce the appropriate proof that it was a biological process—fermentation—and, of course, the biological part of the process was carried out by chemicals," he said. "Let's not separate biology from chemistry. The thing that's going on even in organisms is chemistry, and it's only a question of whether the chemistry we're looking at is inside a living system or whether it's outside, or exclusive of, a living system."

Speaking on the same panel, Joshua Lederberg, who had won the 1958 Nobel Prize for Physiology or Medicine for his discovery that bacteria can reproduce sexually, took Klein's point a step further. He was reminded, he said, of work done fifty years ago by Otto Warburg, a German biochemist, "who laid much of the groundwork of our present understanding about how oxidation is done within the cell." (There was something about the results from Mars that forced the more reflective biologists to look for analogies in the early study of biology, when the most basic research was being undertaken.) Warburg had used charcoal impregnated with iron salts to catalyze the oxidation of amino acids in the presence of oxygen, liberating carbon dioxide in a manner that Lederberg felt was not a bad model for what might be taking place on Mars. "And here is the complexity," Lederberg went on. "Warburg was using this process as a model of what's going on in the cell. Now, with Viking we're not able to decide, simply on the basis of that catalytic activity, whether we are looking at a primitive inorganic process or whether this process has been incorporated into cells and become part of a living system." Lederberg speculated that there might even be a stage in the early chemical evolution of a planet when it was able to generate the metabolism of organic substances. He did not push this idea any further, though Sagan later would.

If it had been difficult for scientists a hundred years ago to conclude that fermentation was a biological rather than a chemical process when they had the grape juice right in front of them, the difficulty of making a comparable deduction was vastly increased when the sample was a couple of hundred million miles away, and the laboratory, an intricate one, had been programmed years before, with only a very few alternative protocols. Furthermore, if there were organisms on Mars, they would probably be unlike anything that biologists were used to detecting on earth. In the face of all these uncertainties, the members of the biology team fell back on a procedure they had agreed on long ago—that before they concluded there was biological activity on Mars they would have to disprove all other possible explanations of the data first. As Klein put it, they would have to be "*forced* into the biological explanation." Biology, after all, was not just another branch of chemistry but its most rarefied branch and its pinnacle.

Despite these good intentions, the arguments began right away. Oyama was convinced that Levin's results were caused by oxidants, too. The fact that his own instrument had detected more than the expected amount of carbon dioxide in addition to his oxygen peak was, as far as he was concerned, all that anyone needed to know. Levin, however, needed to know more. Indeed, he had replaced Oyama as the team's spokesman for life on Mars. He was not convinced that Oyama's oxidants even existed. A little later, a scientist announced that he had managed to duplicate Levin's spectacular curve by pouring Levin's nutrient onto soil coated with an oxidant, and Levin's response was indignant. "It isn't enough to stand up at a meeting and say, 'When I pour liquid nutrient on oxidants, I get oxygen coming off,' or 'The oxygen then oxidizes the nutrient,' " he said. "Of course you will! You must go on to prove that there *are* oxidants on Mars, and how much of them, and whether they will behave the same way on Mars that they do in a laboratory on earth!" There was not one jot of direct evidence for the oxidants—just a mishmash of indirect evidence, Levin said. Levin was a more aggressive debater than most of the others. Klein and Oyama, undeterred, were still thinking in terms of superoxides; if these were the explanation for Oyama's oxygen peak, as they thought, the simplest assumption was that they explained Levin's results as well.

ON sol 16, Oyama injected more nutrients into his soil, and a day later Levin did the same, as if they were putting a fresh worm on a fishhook. (Indeed, at around this time

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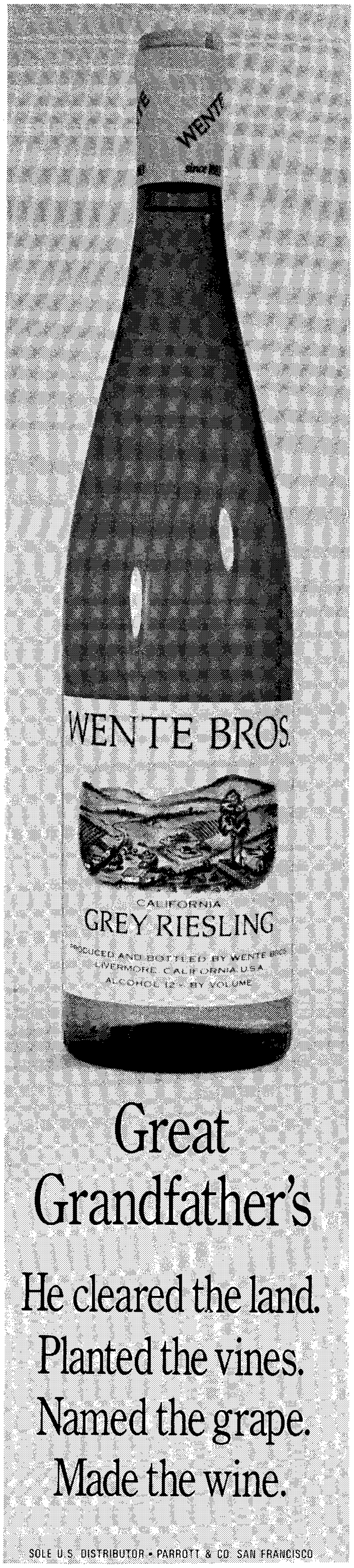

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Klein compared the lander to a boatload of fishermen, two of whom had received nibbles—though it was not known yet whether they had lured a fish or snagged a beer can.) Oyama squirted in a large amount of his chicken soup this time, and from above, so that the nutrients would now come into contact with the soil. The idea had originally been that if water vapor was not enough to perturb any Martian organisms, perhaps the nutrients would be, but now that Oyama was thinking in terms of oxidants he felt that the second injection might help him plot how much oxidant was present in the soil. There was no new release of oxygen. This result, he thought, favored chemistry, for if organisms had been responsible for the oxygen peak, the liquid injection should have caused another burst of activity. Possibly the oxidants had all been used up the first time. Sagan took another view: What if the Martian organisms hated water, even in the form of humidity? In that case, the oxygen peak that Oyama had first detected might have been the death shrieks of the organisms gasping in the unaccustomed mist, and by the time of the next injection they would all be dead, so there would be no more release of oxygen.

After Levin's second injection, there was no increased sign of activity, either; instead, his curve, which had remained almost level at a count of ten thousand, rose briefly and then dropped to a count of about eight thousand, where it remained. Everyone agreed that the initial jump was caused by a pressure surge following the injection, and hence was without significance. Those who favored chemistry argued that once again Levin's results were compatible with Oyama's, and, since Oyama's results were quite likely caused by oxidants, this was further indication that Levin's were, too. Horowitz went as far as to explain how the oxidant theory could account for Levin's drop. In both instruments, he said, all the oxidants would have been used up after the first injection. Then, since carbon dioxide is soluble in water, the new humidity simply absorbed some of the radioactive carbon dioxide, causing the drop. Levin was incensed. The moisture would have absorbed some of the radioactive carbon dioxide anyway, regardless of whether it had been produced biologically or chemically, he said. If the activity was biological, Horowitz asked, why didn't the curve start back up after the drop? "That could mean that the bugs are dead—killed by the vapor of the first injection," Levin said, invoking Sagan's argument. Over the next six days, it seemed to Levin's associate, Patricia Ann Straat, that the radioactive count was slowly beginning to rise. The incubation ended before she could tell whether the curve was about to take off exponentially, as it would if organisms were present, or, indeed, whether the rise would continue at all. She and Levin both hoped they would be able to repeat the experiment and let it go on much longer.

"If we just had Levin's experiment alone, we might very cautiously be announcing right now that there might be life on Mars," Klein said. "But with Oyama's experiment there, too, the argument is pushed in the other direction. We don't know yet which way Horowitz' results will push us."

A couple of days before Levin's second injection, Horowitz received his first results. In any round of experiments, he was always the last to get his data, because his instrument did not make its measurements until his incubation was over—unlike the two other instruments, whose incubations were monitored throughout, in ever-lengthening graphs. Horowitz' results came in the form of two separate numbers, and, when he got them, that was that. His instrument differed from the others because he was looking for reductive activity of the sort performed on earth principally by plants, which use water and sunlight to take the carbon dioxide from the air and photosynthesize it, retaining the carbon as part of their structure. It should not be sensitive to oxidants. Since the process that Horowitz was studying was the reverse of what the others were investigating—the oxidative one that animals use—his instrument, despite the fact that it used radioactively labelled carbon, like Levin's, was in many other respects its mirror image.

For example, the two other instruments carried out their incubations in the dark, but Horowitz, because he was looking for plantlike microörganisms, needed sunlight, and he simulated this with a xenon lamp; it radiated most wavelengths of light, including both visible and invisible ultraviolet, which reach the Martian surface—though the shorter invisible wavelengths were cut out by a filter. Horowitz had three incubation chambers on his carrousel. Once the soil was in a chamber and the chamber was sealed, the Martian atmosphere that happened to be inside—principally carbon dioxide, with traces of carbon monoxide and other gases—was augmented by a special

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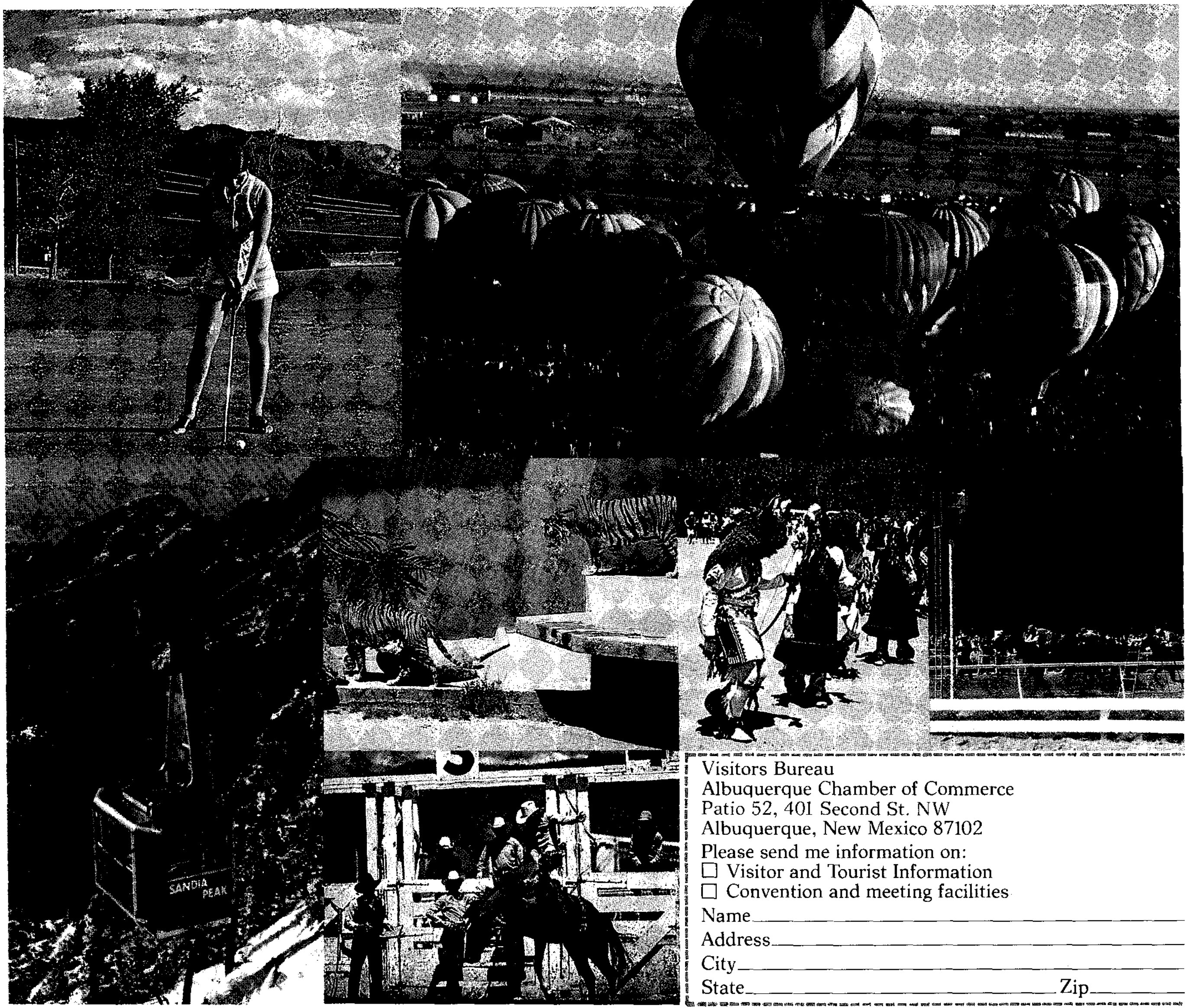

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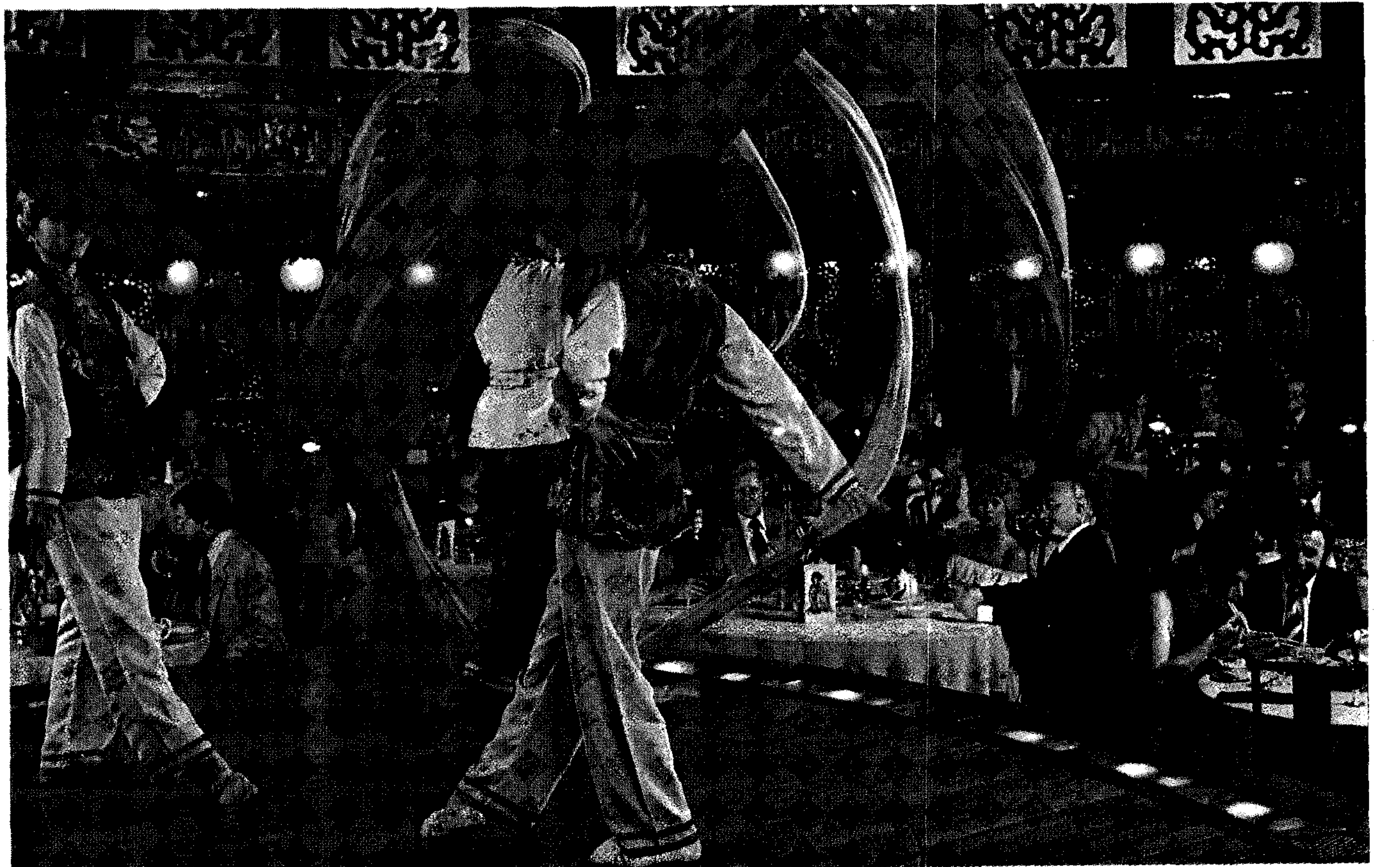


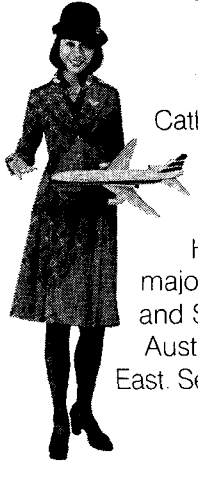
HONGKONG

preparation of carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide in which the carbon was in the form of radioactive carbon 14. In Levin's instrument, the radioactive carbon started out in the nutrient and wound up in the atmosphere; in Horowitz', it started in the atmosphere and, with luck, would wind up inside any microscopic plants. The xenon lamp provided the energy to encourage photosynthesis. In theory, if there were plantlike microörganisms in the soil they would assimilate the radioactive carbon into their bodies.

Finding out whether this had happened required a two-step process, which began after five days of incubation. Before the first of the measurements could start, however, the atmosphere inside the chamber, including the labelled gases, was flushed out. Some quantity of the radioactive gases might have been adsorbed into the soil (this would depend upon its alkalinity, among other things), so the first step was to heat the soil to six hundred and twenty-five degrees Celsius—high enough not only to drive out the radioactive gases caught in the soil but also to destroy any microörganisms and to break down the organic material they contained. All of this was swept into a golden U-shaped pipe known as the organic-vapor trap—it was the column of a gas chromatograph—which separated the compounds by size. Any organic molecules larger than methane would be trapped inside the column, whose packing had an attraction for organic molecules, but most of the radioactive carbon monoxide and dioxide that had been adsorbed by the soil passed on through. (Since the column also had a small affinity for carbon dioxide, it had been saturated, shortly after landing, with the Martian atmosphere, which is mostly carbon dioxide, lest it trap any now.) These inorganic gases were then swept on into a radioactivity detector; this measurement, called the first peak, had nothing to do with life but provided information about the adsorbency of the soil. After that, the golden pipe itself was heated to seven hundred degrees—enough to break down any organic compounds trapped there. Some of these might have metabolically incorporated some of the radioactively labelled carbon during incubation. The released carbon would then combine with copper oxide present in the column to form carbon dioxide. The result of the measurement of this gas, called the second peak, would be indicative of possible biological activity.

Horowitz was extremely proud of his instrument, and he made no attempt to conceal the fact that he thought it superior to the two others and would just as soon have had them left behind. He got away with a certain bluntness, partly because he was one of the team's most distinguished members; a quarter of a century earlier, he had contributed significantly to one of the outstanding discoveries in the growing field of genetics—that one gene governed the production of one enzyme. Later, he had come to feel that the discovery was a powerful tool in studying biochemical evolution, and this was what had led him into the search for primitive life on Mars. In the early nineteen-sixties, he had worked with Levin on Gulliver, the prototype of the labelled-release instrument. However, the 1965 discovery by Mariner 4 that the pressure on Mars was not sufficient for liquid water to exist on the surface of the planet affected him more profoundly than it did most of his colleagues; he became convinced that even Levin's instrument, which used less water than Oyama's, would drown the very organisms it was looking for. Since he felt that neither of them was being what he called "tough enough on the evidence," he and a colleague, George Hobby, began work on a different sort of instrument. As he saw it, the underlying problem with instruments like Levin's and Oyama's, which were looking for animal-like life on Mars, was that since little heterotrophs could not prosper without nutrients and moisture there was always the risk that they would be offered the wrong nutrients or the wrong quantities of liquid. The beauty of looking for autotrophic life was that plantlike microörganisms needed only carbon dioxide, which there was plenty of on Mars; water (which existed there, too); and sunlight. Or a Martian organism might simply assimilate the prevalent carbon dioxide in some other way. His own instrument used no nutrients, liquid or otherwise—though it had the ability to add minute amounts of water vapor. "My experiment is the only one that is designed to be purely Martian," Horowitz said shortly before his data came back. "The others can say their results are ambiguous—but not mine. We can be sure that if there's life on Mars, we didn't kill it. And because we don't need to add water we're relatively unaffected by the oxidant chemistry, too. Whatever the result, there's no way out."

Like Lewis Carroll's chess game



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in "Through the Looking-glass," the search for life on Mars was fraught with certainties and rules that seemed to change from one moment to the next—a situation that Horowitz fell victim to more precipitously than anyone else. His first-peak result—the one that had nothing to do with the presence or absence of life—was a count of several thousand per minute, and some such high count had been predicted, since it was expected to reflect the radioactive carbon gases adsorbed by the soil and then released by the heating. Indeed, neither the press nor most of the biology team would normally pay much attention to Horowitz' first peaks, other than to note that the machine was evidently working properly. But the second-peak result, which came a few days after the first peak and was to indicate whether or not metabolic activity was going on, got a great deal of attention, for its count was ninety-six—a sign of significant activity. (Activity was officially defined as any count above fifteen. Actually, the minimum active count was not fifteen at all but one-tenth of that, 1.5; Horowitz and his associates had raised the official active count, thus increasing tenfold the margin against the sort of error they feared most.) "I was incredulous," Horowitz said when he was asked whether he thought it strange that, with his relatively pessimistic view of life on Mars, he was the one whose instrument gave what appeared to be the most unambiguous indication of life. "You could have knocked me over with one of those Martian cobbles." He couldn't claim, as Oyama and Klein did of Levin's results, that oxidants were mimicking life, because since he had used no water, oxidants should have no effect on the experiment. Like Oyama, he had been forced to reverse his position—but in the opposite direction, for Oyama, who had been the most optimistic about life on Mars, was the one who had found the strongest evidence against it. Many more reversals followed in the search for life on Mars.

Though Horowitz' count was more than six times as great as the official negative (and sixty-four times as great as the unofficial one), ninety-six was not in itself a large count, considering that a reasonably lively terrestrial soil had given Horowitz a second peak in the thousands, and even a sample of soil from the most inhospitable sort of place on earth—a dry Antarctic valley—produced a reading of a hundred and six. Because the surface of Mars is drier and colder than the driest and coldest

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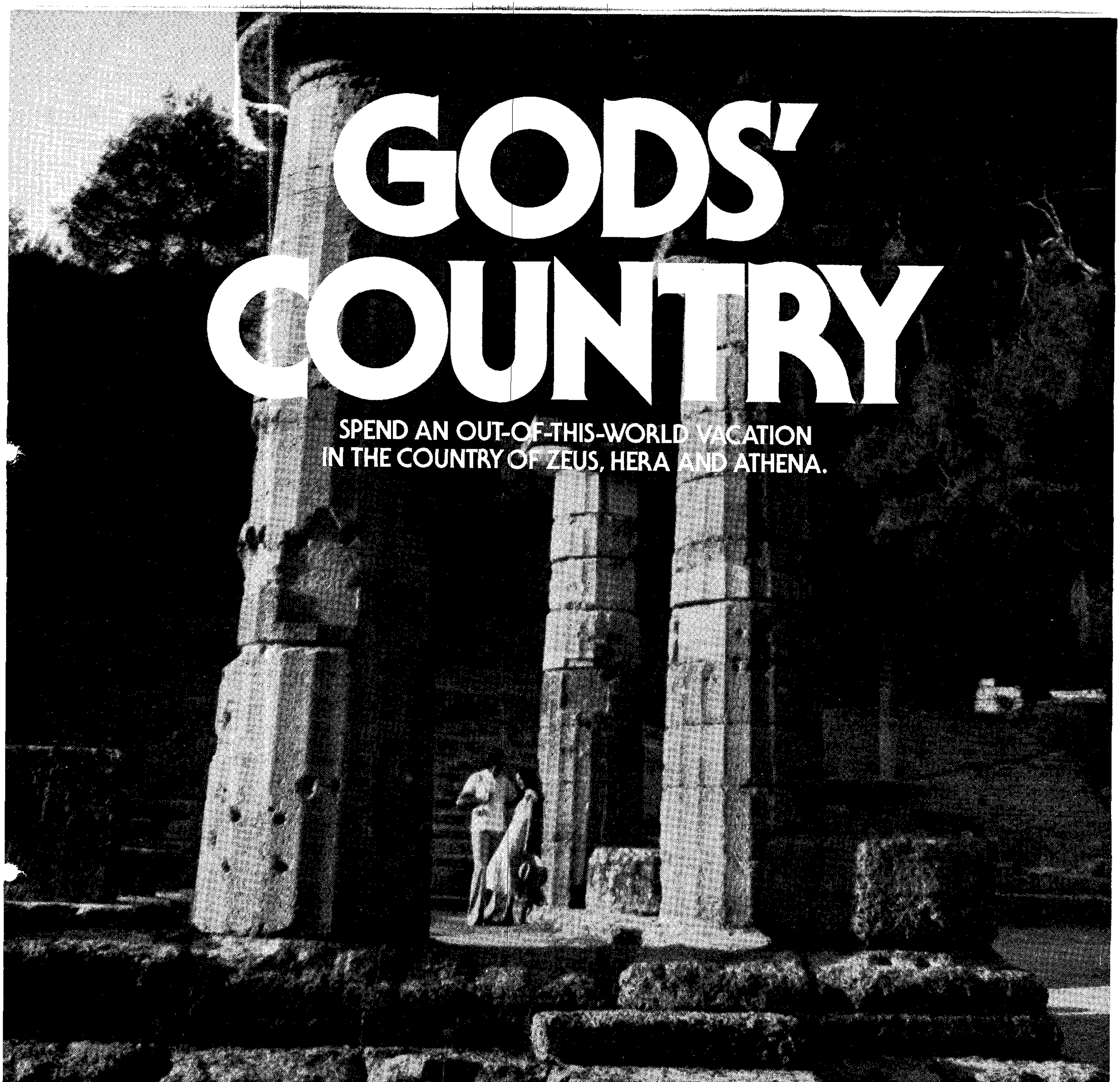
Antarctic valley, however, the very lowness of the count seemed to support the idea that it was generated by Martian biology. The ninety-six seemed to represent a much lower number of organisms than Levin's curve, which had aroused suspicion because it was so very high. Horowitz later figured that his count could have been generated by a thousand bacterial cells—not many for the amount of soil in the chamber but still a respectable number for the first signs of life ever to be detected on another planet.

After the data arrived, Horowitz and a couple of associates spent several hours going over it to see, as he put it later, "whether there was any way we could talk ourselves out of it." They couldn't. The next morning, August 7th, he presented his findings to the entire biology team; many of his colleagues were struck by his composure. He explained afterward, "If you're a scientist, you have to be willing to murder your own favorite ideas in the face of the data. If you are passionate about your beliefs, you can run into trouble." He was not sure that all his colleagues were so open-minded. For a man who had once said he thought that the chance of finding life on Mars was close to zero, Horowitz was in something of a fix; he didn't want to lean over too far in the other direction, either. Accordingly, when he addressed a press conference that afternoon, he declared, "I want to emphasize that we have not discovered life on Mars—*not*. However, the data point we have is conceivably of biological origin, but the biological explanation is only one of a number of alternative explanations that have to be excluded. We hope by the end of this mission to have excluded all but one of the explanations, whichever that may be."

Though Horowitz was managing to lean over forward and backward at the same time, he left little doubt about which explanation *he* thought would be among those ruled out; not even Horowitz had completely murdered his ideas. All the scientists were coping as best they could with the wishfulness that Horowitz especially knew was inherent in the search for life on Mars; some embraced the idea of life, others resisted it, and all clung as hard as they could to the scientific method, or their differing views of it. Having to talk to the press clearly added to the strain, for Horowitz told the reporters, "I want to emphasize that if this were normal science we wouldn't even be here—we'd be working in our laboratories for three more months. You wouldn't even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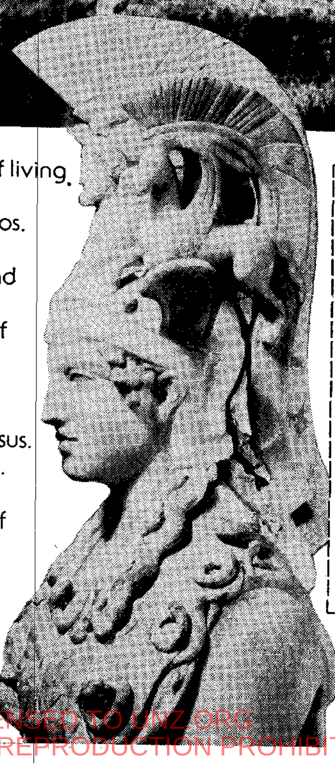

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know what was going on, and at the end of that time we would come out and tell you the answer. Having to work in a fishbowl like this is an experience that none of us is used to, and you have to understand that you're in on the sorts of things that happen all the time in science—when hopeful data are obtained, one's hopes are raised for a while, but then, on further investigation, they turn out to be something else. That's the stage we're in. You're looking over the shoulders of a group of people who are trying to work in a normal way in an abnormal environment."

Since the biologists would have to rule out all other explanations before being "forced," as Klein had put it, to the biological one, at the next day's session of the biology team (it met every morning at nine), they compiled a list of possible explanations for Horowitz' data. By the end of the session, they had a dozen alternatives—both chemical ones and ones they called "instrument anomalies." The latter were the easiest to check. One possibility was that Horowitz' radioactivity detector had malfunctioned and was counting at too high a rate. The following day, the gases remaining in the detector were to be blown out; if the detector was working properly, the count should immediately drop to near zero. It did, thus eliminating that worry. Another possibility was that there might have been some obstruction in the organic-vapor trap, causing the radioactive gases from the first peak to remain there and create the high second peak. Shortly afterward, when the trap was blown out, the scientists searched the data to see if the detector counted a short burst of radioactivity. It didn't, and that meant that the trap was in good order. In similar fashion, Horowitz checked almost all the possible malfunctions and found none.

There was one possible instrument malfunction that Horowitz could not check right away—a broken filter on his xenon lamp. In tests he and an associate, Jerry Hubbard, had conducted four years earlier, before there was a filter, it was found that the instrument sometimes detected high second peaks—apparent evidence of life—even when the soil they were using was known to be sterile. This was a startling flaw in an instrument whose principal developer took pride in its lack of ambiguity. It turned out to be of considerable scientific interest: Horowitz and Hubbard discovered that inside the instrument, under the ultraviolet light, radioactive carbon monoxide and slight amounts of water vapor in the atmos-

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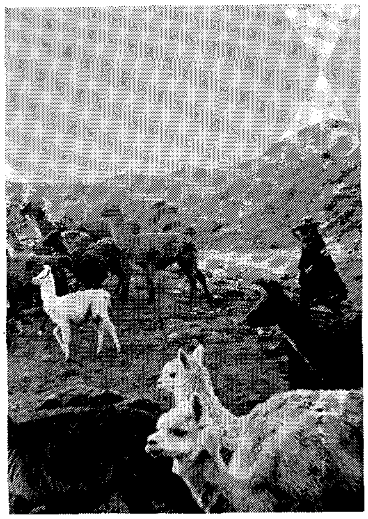

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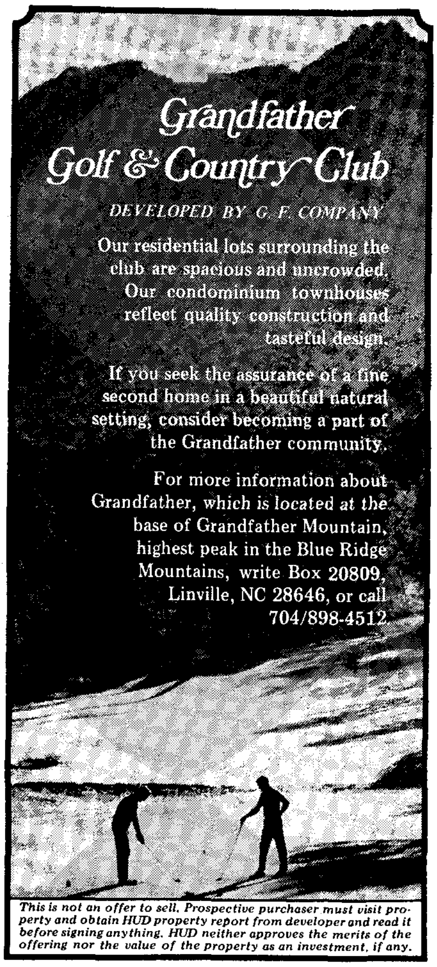

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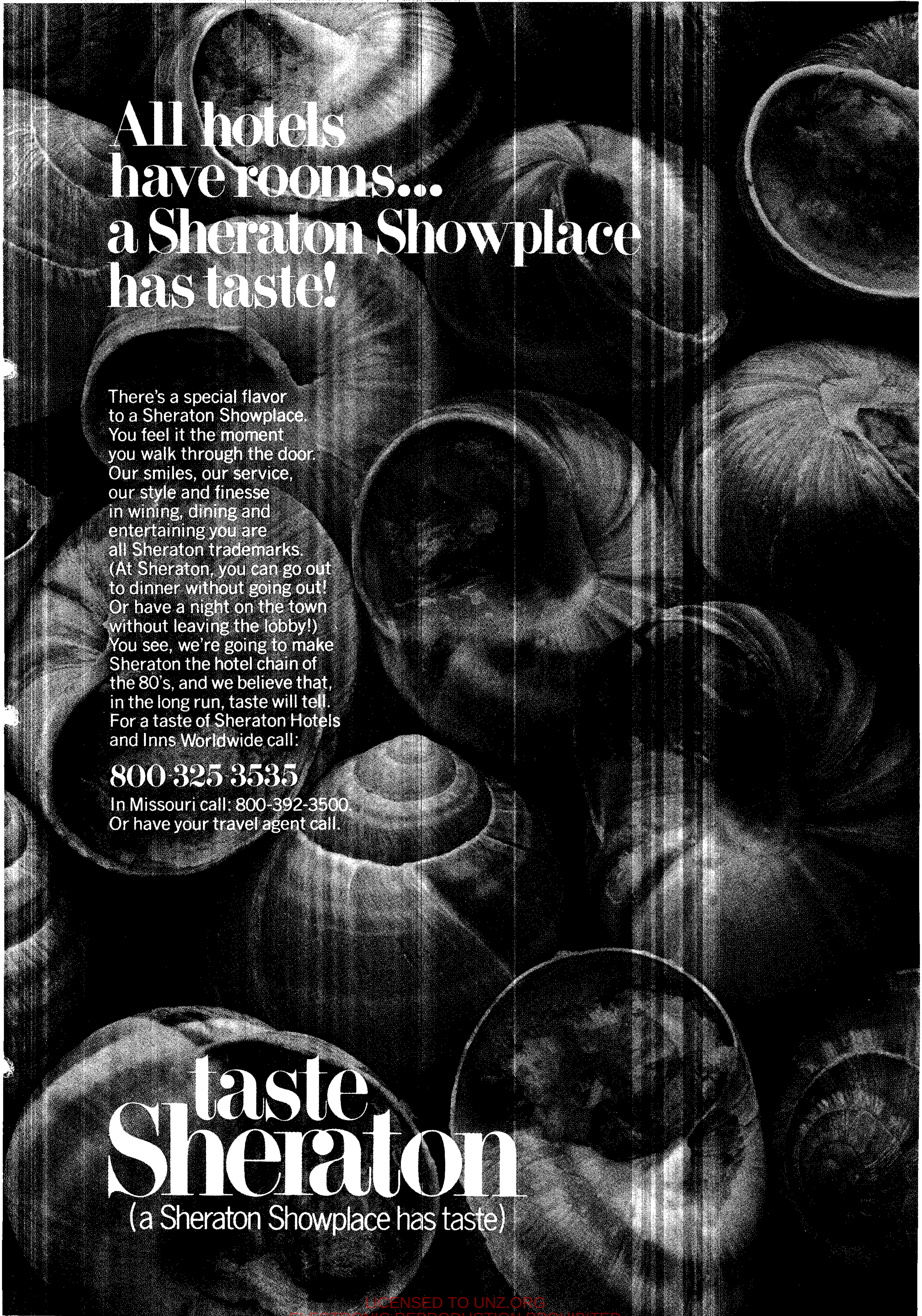
phere generated several small organic compounds on various soil surfaces; for example, the ultraviolet light caused photolysis of the carbon monoxide (CO) and the water (H_2O), and they generated formaldehyde (HCHO). Other compounds generated in this fashion were acetaldehyde and glycolic acid. If such compounds were now being formed in his chamber—employing the radioactive carbon monoxide in the chamber's atmosphere—they would be pyrolyzed and cause a high second peak. Because this synthesis of organic compounds could be happening outside his instrument as well as inside, he thought that Mars might well be coated with formic acid; this was a totally new theory for the creation of organic compounds on a planet.

The fact that a machine for detecting life on Mars was capable of generating its own evidence might have been one of the most astonishing examples of wish-fulfillment in scientific history if it had not been that Horowitz and Hubbard had discovered the danger, and had devised a means of averting it. Further study had shown that organic compounds were synthesized only under the shorter, invisible wavelengths of ultraviolet light—those below three thousand two hundred angstroms, or almost at the borderline of visible light. When these wavelengths were eliminated with a filter, the instrument gave a negative response in tests using sterile soil. The filter was made a permanent part of the instrument. Now, though, the filter in the instrument on Mars might be broken, allowing the shorter wavelengths through, and that could account for the ninety-six. The engineers did not think this likely. However, Horowitz could not be sure about it until after he had done his next experiment, called the control, in which fresh soil would be baked and sterilized before incubation; if the result was a count higher than fifteen, the activity would be nonbiological and a broken filter would be a good bet.

There was an even more fundamental worry: What if on Mars the *longer* wavelengths of ultraviolet—those not eliminated by the filter—also caused the synthesis of organic compounds? This had not happened with any of the soils or wavelengths that Horowitz and Hubbard had tested on earth, but the chemistry of Mars had already exhibited such unusual properties, and the effects of ultraviolet light had been so little studied, that this possibility had to be considered. Given the odd chemistry of Mars, some form of oxidant—perhaps one that did not exist on earth—might be involved. The reaction might then proceed in the manner of the one that he already knew generated formic acid. Recalling the experiments of four years ago, he felt fairly certain that formic acid could be generated in this manner in the presence of oxidants. Horowitz and others liked this possibility, because it suggested that the results from all three instruments had something in common—oxidants. (The price, of course, was to reverse the biologists' conviction that Horowitz' instrument was not vulnerable to these chemicals.) Suspicion fell on the pervasive red iron oxide—hematite or whatever it was. Oxides such as hematite are oxidants, too, though weak ones; and, although their oxygen is not necessarily released by water, as that of other oxidants is, perhaps oxygen is released by other means, having to do with the ultraviolet light, to make one of the photolytic syntheses possible. Or perhaps something altogether different was going on. "If it turned out that on Mars even *visible* light caused something on the surface to synthesize organic compounds, that would be a remarkable finding," Klein said at the time. Clearly, Horowitz' instrument, though it had been designed with the Martian environment particularly in mind, turned out, through nobody's fault, to have a potentially devastating Achilles' heel.

ON sol 21—August 10th on earth—several members of the biology team participated in a public symposium held in the von Karman Auditorium to discuss matters as they then stood. Klein, expressing the general bewilderment, said, "Mars is really talking to us and telling us something; the question is whether Mars is talking with a forked tongue or giving us the straight dope."

The reporters present regarded Klein as a sort of barometer of what the biology team thought. Clearly, Horowitz' results had unsettled him as much as they had Horowitz, who once again sounded a note of caution in the face of the apparently positive evidence: "If we seem to be slightly evasive in our answers, it is because we are all terribly conscious of the fact that we might well be wrong in anything we say. And nobody wants to be wrong in public on a question as important as that of life on Mars." As chairman of the meeting back in 1969 at which the wishful chemist had announced the possibility of life on the planet, Horowitz, if he had known about the statement ahead



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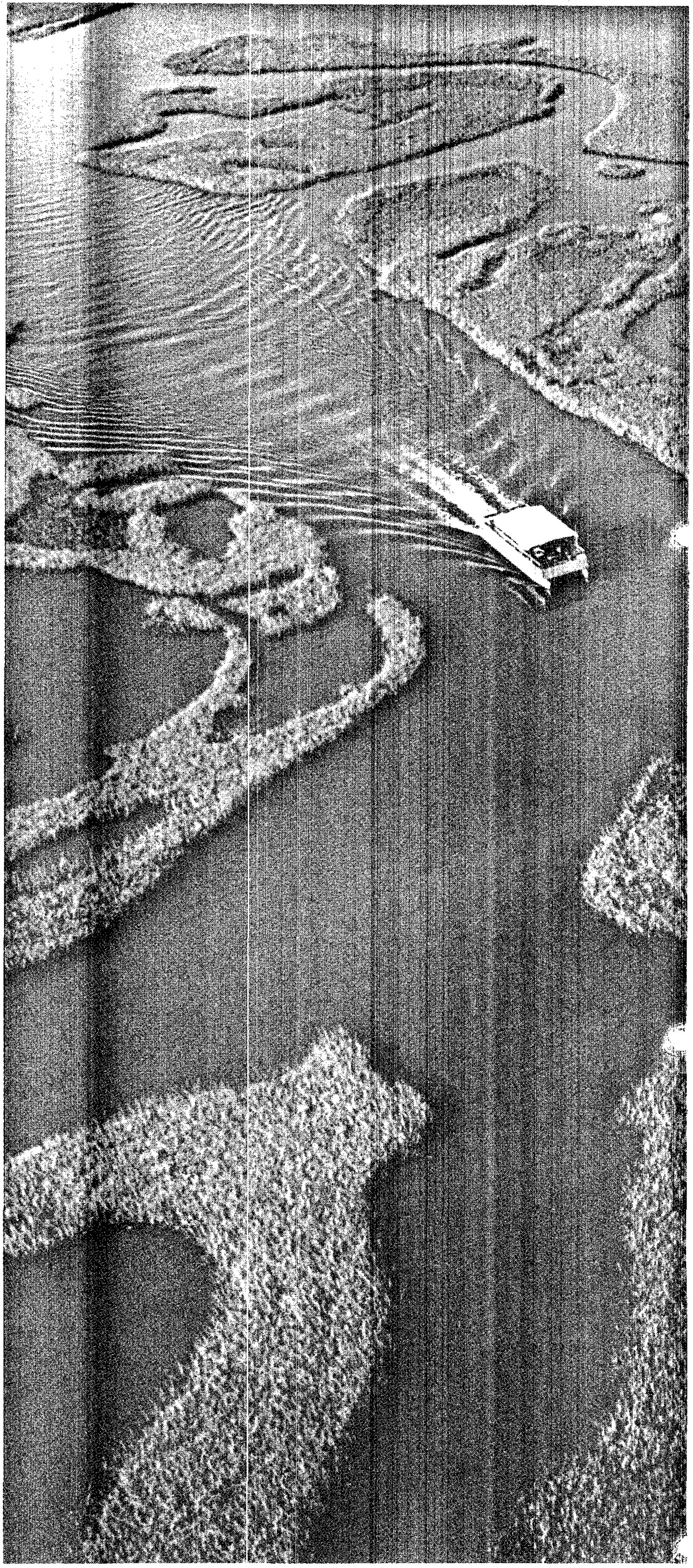

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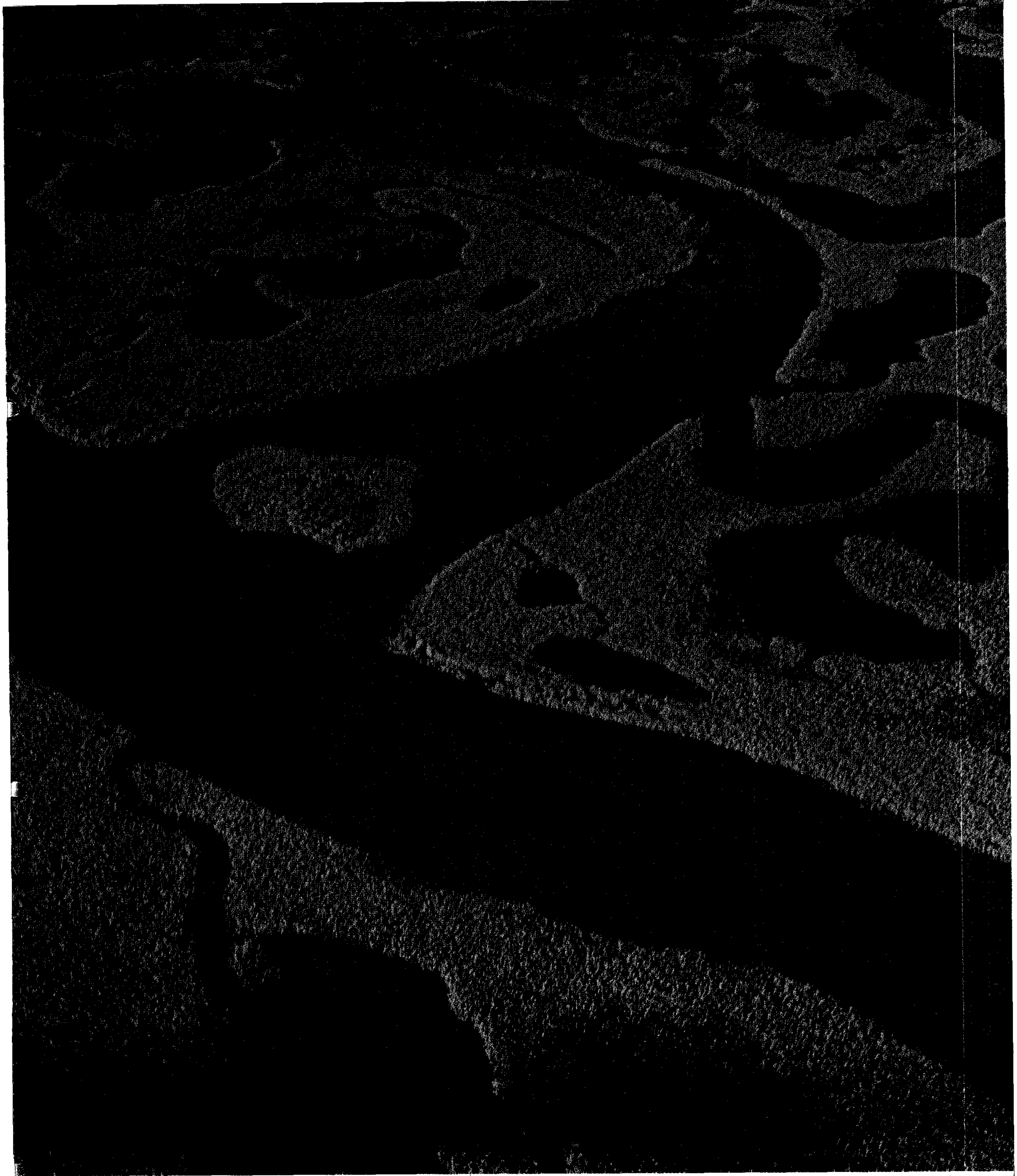

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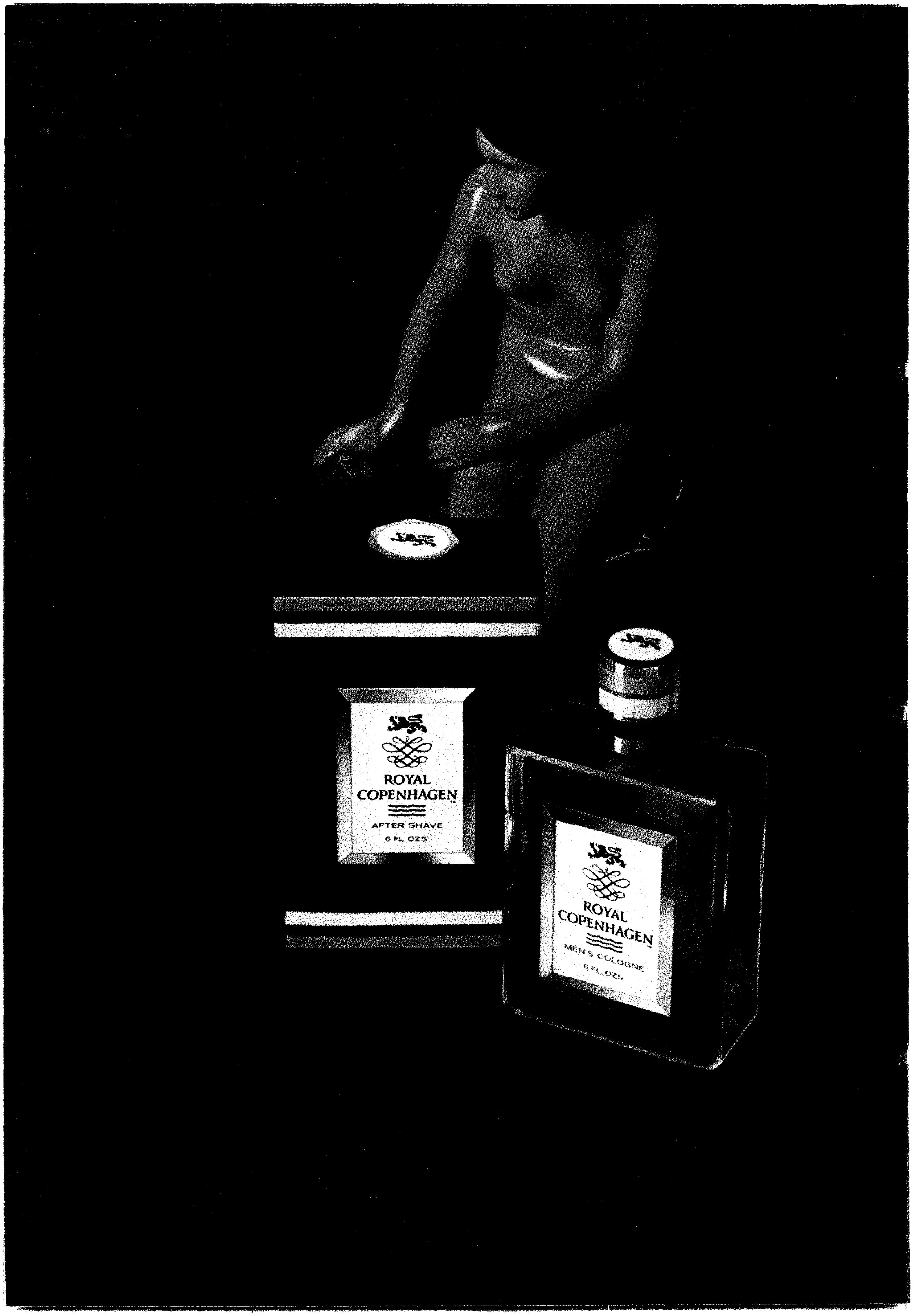
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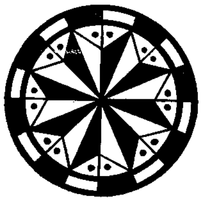
of time, would have tried to head him off. Certainly nobody was going to make such an announcement today. Even so, one biochemist—Leslie Orgel, of the Salk Institute, who was a member of the molecular-analysis team, which worked with the GCMS—said he was now retracting an offer he had once made, when he was certain there was no life on Mars, to eat a sample of Martian soil if anyone should bring some back. It turned out, though, that Orgel was retracting his offer not because he thought microbes were any more likely but because of the possibility of oxidants; their reaction in water would give him a sore mouth.

Even Carl Sagan, who had persistently taken up the cudgels for life on Mars, was relatively cautious. Although he wasn't present at the meeting—many of his colleagues thought that he had been uncharacteristically subdued since the landing of Viking 1—he would say a little later, "Two things seem to me of extreme importance about the results from Mars: That these instruments were designed to detect life, and that when they go to Mars they all return active signals. What does this mean? If it turns out that these signals are *not* biological, it means that there are nonbiological processes simulating life just lying around on the soil. It's easy to pick these processes up and evolve life with them. It means that there, sitting all around, are all the oxidizing and reducing chemistry it needs—little metabolic cycles of oxidation and reduction are going on all the time by themselves. Now, the big event in the evolution of life is self-replication, the development of the genetic material in the oceans, and what I'm talking about has no bearing on that; but once these replicating things are splashed on land, they can then incorporate these kinds of energy-producing mechanisms. So even if the less interesting alternative is correct and the Viking results turn out to be chemical, they have deep implications for terrestrial life."



Lederberg, whose remarks on Warburg had been stimulated by the same sort of evidence, and who was at the symposium, asked the other members of the panel a question that revealed the unsettled state they were all in: What could yet happen inside the instruments which would convince them that some phenomenon was of biological origin? Klein said he felt that the surest sign of life could come from Oyama's instrument: if during its lengthy incubation, on which it was now embarking, some gases reappeared after having begun to disappear, or if there were any other unexplained fluctuations in the rates of gas production, these results would be very hard to explain chemically. "Although I'm sure my colleagues would come up with some very, very strange chemistry to try to explain them," Klein concluded. Others mentioned the possibility that Levin's carbon-dioxide curve might yet take off exponentially or that the chemical explanation of Horowitz' count of ninety-six might be proved erroneous, leaving biology the sole contender. Lederberg, for his part, felt that there was no evidence the three instruments could supply that would prove beyond doubt that there was life on Mars. "For that, we have to see growth, we have to see reproduction, we have to see the possibility of evolution and diversification, and those are difficult experiments to do," he said. He wished Viking had a microscope. Horowitz said he wouldn't be satisfied until he had some samples of Martian dirt and rocks in his own laboratory on earth.

The biologists, despite their difficulty in interpreting the evidence, resisted the notion that they were participating in the "horror show" predicted by the geologists. They were now glad that Viking had skipped over such intermediate exploratory steps as atmospheric probes and hard landers, which might have told them more about the Martian environment. Though it would have been useful to know ahead of time that the rocks and soil might well be coated with oxidants, a geological investigation would not be likely to discover the presence of peroxides or superoxides. "Geological scientists very seldom do an experiment that disturbs the environment," said Oyama, whose own experiment did so by adding water. He had, of course, been attempting to perturb organisms, but he had apparently perturbed the soil instead. "There was no geology experiment that would have performed this kind of analysis," Oyama said. He clearly enjoyed beating the geologists at their own game; he had very likely made the major geochemical finding of the entire mission. "So I think we did the right thing with Viking; if we had gone more slowly, in steps, we might very well not have detected these things," he said. Most of the biologists agreed with him, including Horowitz, who for the time being was inclined to think kindly of Oyama, because of the alacrity with which he had sacrificed his ideas about biology on Mars. "No geology experi-

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ment would have added water," Horowitz said, adding handsomely, "And I wouldn't have, either. It was pure serendipity! Mars is so unknown that almost anything you do reveals something. If we'd adopted a slower, more rational approach, I don't know that we'd know what we know now." Serendipity, of course, has always been a respected element in science, and it continued to be a major element in Viking—as though Mars were some sort of giant laboratory for proving that scientists are no better than anyone else at anticipating the unknown.

WITH the biology instruments returning such ambiguous results, it was more important than ever to determine whether there were organic compounds on Mars. The reason that, back on sol 8, the GCMS had apparently received no sample—or, to be more precise, had apparently not received at least a cubic centimetre, the minimum amount its capacity gauge could register—had to do with the nature of the soil on Mars, the nature of the Viking lander, and, especially, the manner in which the lander was controlled. After the sampler arm had dug the trench to get soil for the biology package, it had gone back to the identical spot to get soil for the GCMS. Klaus Biemann, a slender, anxious-looking organic chemist from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who was the leader of the molecular-analysis team, had been sitting in the control center watching some electronic monitoring screens; after the scoop had supposedly dug the soil and dumped it into his hopper, a code number was supposed to show that the minimum amount of soil was inside his instrument, but the number had failed to appear in the proper place on the monitor. A little later, when Biemann saw a photograph of the trench, it didn't take him long to guess what had happened. On earth, where the maneuver had been simulated countless times, returning to the same trench had always worked, because the soil, being rather coarse-grained, had always caved in after the first digging, so there was enough for a second helping. On Mars, this had not happened; instead of caving in, the walls had remained absolutely vertical, as though they were made of concrete, and so it was easy to see how the scoop could have returned no soil on its second try. The Martian soil turned out to be so fine-grained that it was cohesive, and the cohesiveness was reinforced by the low atmospheric pressure. The scoop had gone back to the same hole because

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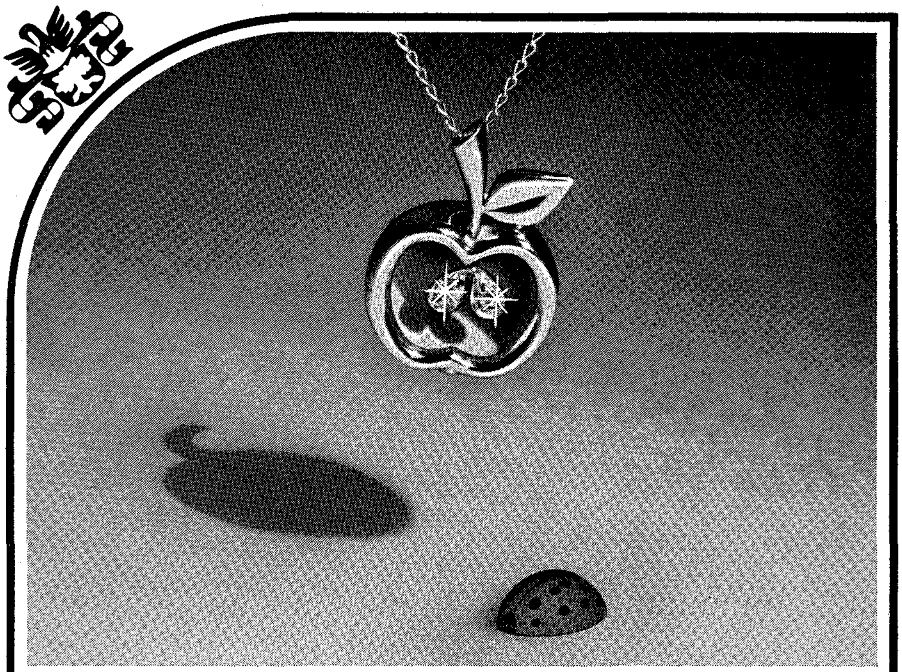

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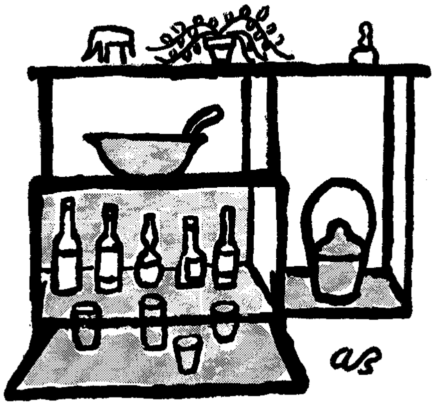
it was useful to have the GCMS and the biology instruments test the same soil. Also, in the lander's automatic style of operation, the sampler arm was incapable of breaking new ground more than twice in the same sequence; and, because the inorganic-chemistry experiment—the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer, or XRFS, which also analyzed the soil—needed far more than either the biology package or the GCMS, it was obviously preferable for the XRFS to get the soil from a new digging.

The lander had to act automatically, because there was then a thirty-eight-minute delay in round-trip radio communications between earth and Mars; a complicated maneuver like sample collecting, requiring a score of consecutive commands, each of which had to be verified, could take a long time if it was done from the J.P.L. It would have taken at least three days to halt Viking, compose a new program, and send it up to the lander's computer—a sophisticated one that to a limited extent could, after a fashion, make its own decisions, based on data from the instruments, as a human brain would acting on information from the senses. To Biemann, the control room seemed maddeningly relaxed; since so much of the work was done aboard the lander, the control room lacked the sense of urgency usually associated with such places. When the sampler arm automatically dug the new trench (actually, it simply extended the old trench four inches), and returned successfully with a heaping scoopful of soil for the XRFS, Biemann privately cursed all robots.

The sampler arm had gone out again on sol 14, to try once more for the GCMS. Once more, Biemann was observing the monitors in the control center, and once more no number appeared in the data frame. For the second time, it seemed, no sample had been delivered. "I'm on the nonreceiving end of the system," Biemann said. With fifty-five million dollars tied up in the GCMS, more people than just



Biemann were dismayed. The Viking project manager, James Martin, deployed a team of fifty engineers to look into the problem. There had been what the engineers called a no-go from the sampler arm—a signal indicating that something had happened to cause it to stop in the middle of an operation. Once the scoop was in the ground, the arm was supposed to retract about six inches, rise, and then retract again. This time, though, instead of retracting the second time, it had stopped. On sol 18, after considering the possible causes, the engineers sent a new set of commands. The boom was commanded to extend a few inches before again responding to the command to retract for the second time; it was shifted to a lower angle, to put less strain on the motor; and the maneuver was done in the early afternoon, when the temperatures at Chryse had risen from its early-morning low of a hundred and twenty-two below zero Fahrenheit to twenty-two degrees below. The sampler arm came unstuck. In the future, all trenches would be dug in the same manner, though the restriction of having to dig in the middle of the day would pose some problems for the biologists.

Ever since sol 8, when the boom had apparently failed to get a sample the first time, Biemann had had a niggling suspicion that perhaps, after all, the GCMS *had* received a small amount of soil. He needed only one-tenth of a cubic centimetre—a tenth the minimum amount that would register on his gauge—to get a result; conceivably, he had enough in his instrument without knowing it. On sol 8, the sampler arm had indeed stopped over his hopper and gone through the motions of dropping soil; if it hadn't, there would have been a no-go. Also, in a recent photograph from the lander it looked as if a few grains of soil were scattered around the hopper. A wrong decision could be expensive: he had only three ovens for pyrolyzing soil (like Horowitz' instrument, his heated the sample to break down organic compounds), and one of the three was broken.

On sol 17, Biemann had taken a chance and gone ahead with his experiment. The first step was to heat the soil to a fairly low temperature (two hundred degrees Celsius), which was high enough not only to drive out any carbon dioxide or carbon monoxide from the atmosphere that had got mixed in with the soil but also to pyrolyze any small organic compounds, which are more volatile than large ones. His gas chromatograph detected only a small amount of carbon dioxide—leaving un-

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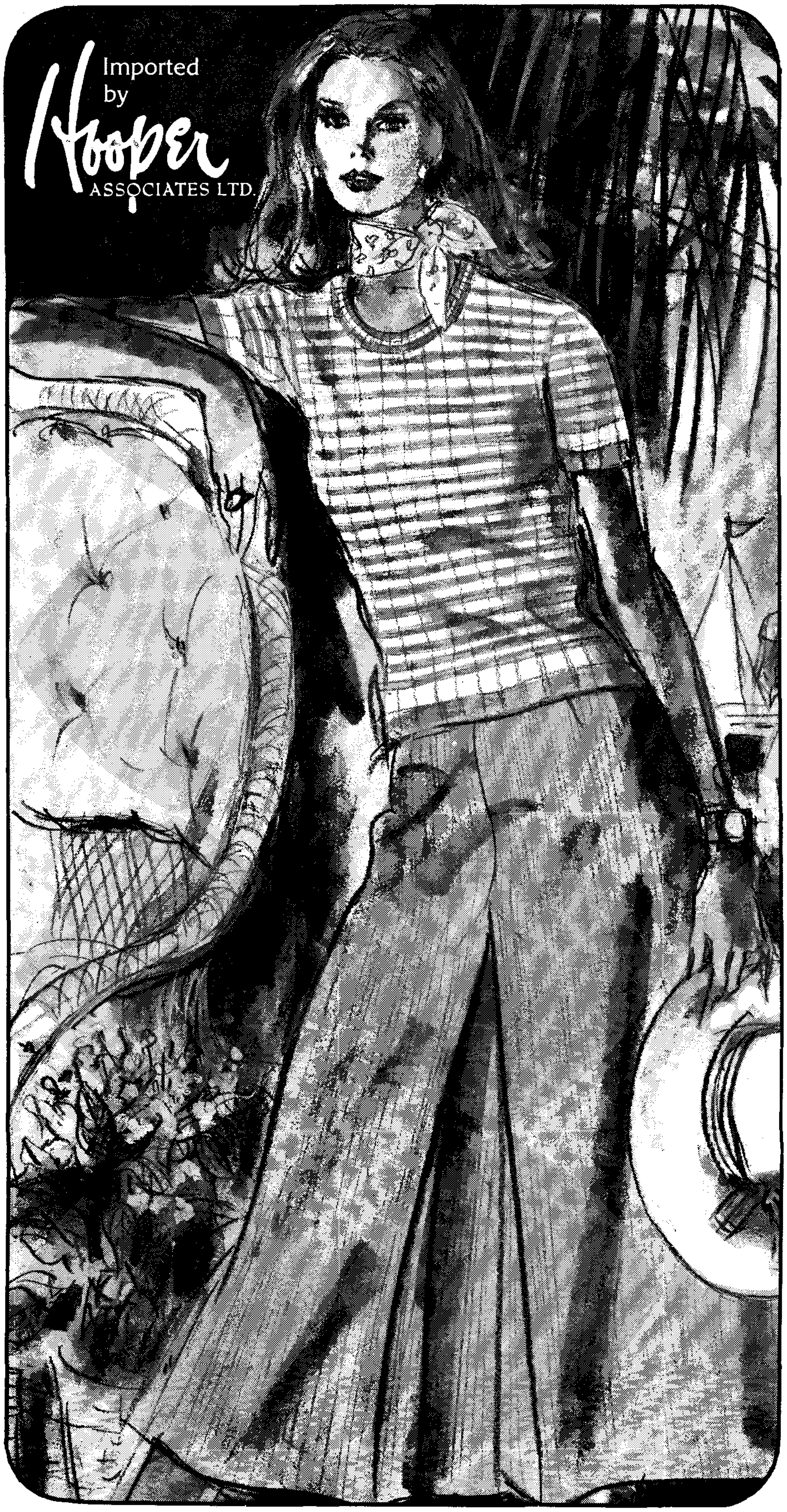

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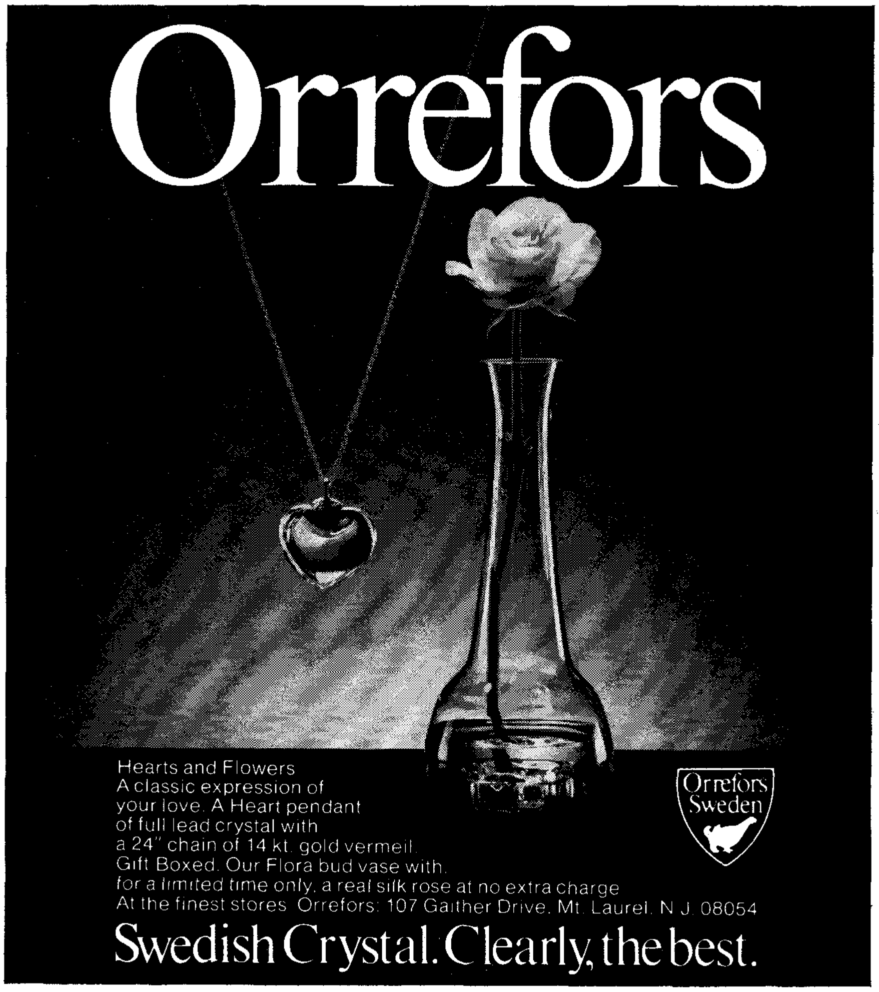

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answered the question of whether or not there was a sample present. So he awaited the results of the second heating—at a higher temperature—with trepidation. Heating the soil (if there was any) to five hundred degrees Celsius would decompose larger organic compounds. These fragments would then pass in a stream through the gas chromatograph—a coiled tube that separates the molecules by size—and then into the mass spectrometer, which would tell what they were. Biemann carried out this procedure on sol 23. He now found water (as well as more carbon dioxide), satisfying him that he had soil, but no Martian organics, even though his instrument could detect most of the compounds he was looking for to a level of a few parts per billion.

While most scientists had believed before the mission that the chances of finding life on Mars were poor, they had believed that the chances of finding organic compounds were good. Biemann and Klein had both put the odds at about fifty per cent; indeed, they felt that if the chemical theory of the origin of life was correct—that is, that organic compounds were bound to form wherever the conditions were right—organic compounds almost had to be there. Organic compounds form readily. Very early in the earth's history, before the development of the long replicating strands of genetic polymer known as DNA, the oceans were a rich organic soup; if that had ever been the case on Mars—perhaps not in oceans but in ponds, or even puddles—detectable traces should still exist. Before the mission, even the biologists had been sure that Biemann's instrument would provide more substantial data than their own. This seemed so likely that the GCMS was designed to do much more than the biology instruments, which were intended simply to find out if there were microbes on Mars, yes or no. Having found organic compounds, the GCMS would go on to the next step—to try to determine which ones they were. Consequently, the GCMS was by far the most complex of any of the instruments; that is why it had cost as much as all three of the biology instruments combined. Now that Viking had landed, though, the discovery that there were probably oxidants on Mars reduced the chances of finding organic compounds, but the discovery of nitrogen, together with Horowitz and Hubbard's earlier discovery that certain wavelengths of ultraviolet light could generate organic compounds, raised the chances. Clearly, there were processes on Mars that made such compounds and others that destroyed them. Although Biemann did not know at what point they would balance out, he still had hopes that the balance would be on the positive side, and the GCMS would come up with something. Its abilities were generally admired, and Horowitz, a hard man to please, paid the GCMS what was for him the ultimate compliment: He said that it and his own instrument were the only ones needed to settle the question of life on Mars. In his opinion, life could exist there only if both instruments gave a positive response. One of these criteria, a positive response from his own, had, unexpectedly, been met. The other—a positive response from Biemann's—had always looked like a much surer thing.

The GCMS discovered no Martian organic compounds whatever. The result was unchallengeable, at least with respect to possible instrument anomalies, for the experiment turned out to contain its own control. During a test when the GCMS was still on earth, using soil known to be sterile, the instrument had detected small quantities of certain organic chemicals—methyl chloride and benzine—which were solvents that had been used in cleaning the instrument; it had been impossible to eliminate all trace of them. The same chemicals, in the same small amounts, showed up in the data from Mars—evidence that the instrument was working perfectly.

Klein had once said that if there proved to be no organic compounds on Mars, that fact would lead him to question the chemical theory of the origin of life, which had contributed so much to the biologists' interest in Mars. However, that response would ignore not only the complexity of the present situation but also the resourcefulness of the biologists. "Before the mission, we all expected to find organic compounds on Mars," said Leslie Orgel. "When we got there, we found the surface very highly oxidized. We were wrong for unimportant reasons." Orgel and others were suggesting that the two adverse circumstances—the presence of oxidants and the absence of organic compounds—cancelled each other out: the absence did not have to mean that no organic compounds had been or were being produced on Mars; it merely showed that at present they were being destroyed by the oxidants, and also by ultraviolet light, as fast as they were being created. One might have expected to find a certain amount

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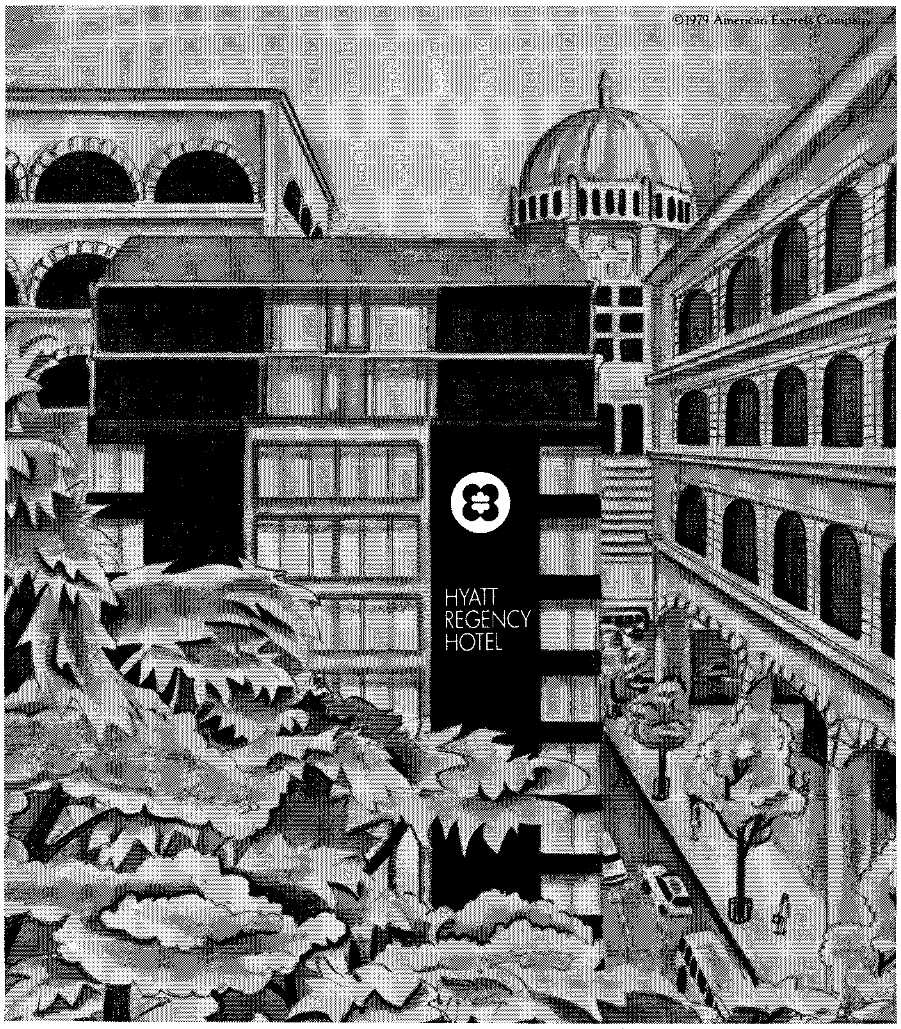

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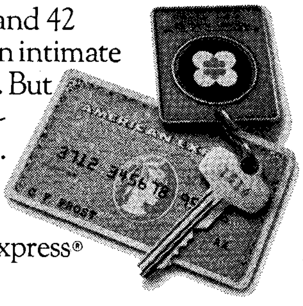

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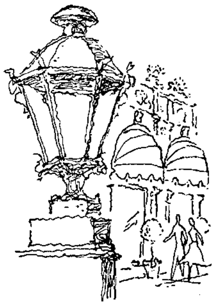

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of organic material carried by meteorites to the Martian surface, and the fact that not even *these* had turned up on Mars provided a further indication that something was destroying them.

Biologists studying Mars have always had a way of bouncing back in the face of data that might seem to outsiders to amply excuse them for abandoning all hope. "If we'd found organics, of course, that would have pushed us toward an organic explanation for data from the biology instruments," Orgel said. "But the reverse, although it is discouraging, does not necessarily rule out biology." The logic behind this conclusion was that the GCMS, like the biology instruments, was designed to prove the presence of something, not its absence. Now a number of biologists and biochemists began thinking up ways that there could be life on Mars even though the GCMS had failed to find organic compounds. Perhaps they were present after all, but in quantities too small for the GCMS to detect. Or if there were no organic compounds at Chryse there might be some at other places—for example, at the site where the second lander was due to touch down shortly.

Biemann, normally among the most cautious of the scientists, came up with a model for a Martian organism which would fit the new set of facts. "The idea is that life originated when conditions on Mars were benign, and then it adapted to the slow change," Biemann said. "In harsh conditions, what would be more efficient than scavengers? They might live in a colony; whenever one died, it would immediately be devoured as food. That way, there would be too small an amount of organic material left lying around for the GCMS to detect." This theory was feasible because Biemann's instrument, like Horowitz', had an Achilles' heel: The GCMS was not sensitive enough to detect organic molecules in individual living microörganisms, which in relation to the total bulk of the soil were infinitesimal. It could detect only the far greater amounts of organic material that resulted after millions of organisms had died—very likely over many generations—so the amount in the soil built up. Though the GCMS could detect most important organic compounds down to a few parts per billion in the soil, the average microörganism contains mostly water and very little organic material; there would have to be at least a million scavengers per gram of soil for the GCMS to have a chance of detecting their presence directly. If there were fewer than that, and if they were eating their dead, the GCMS would not find them, and neither would Oyama's instrument. Horowitz' and Levin's instruments could, however, because their radioactive-labelling technique enabled them to detect far smaller concentrations of living organisms; in other words, a negative on the GCMS or a negative on Oyama's instrument was not inconsistent with a positive on the other instruments—the very results, Biemann pointed out, that they were getting.

Horowitz was not impressed by Biemann's scavenger. "The major fact that prevents us from offering a biological explanation on any of these instruments is that, in most cases, there are *no organics* down to the part-per-billion level, and to maintain that there *are* organics you have to invent a special model," he said. "It's totally ad hoc." Calling a theory ad hoc was about the worst criticism that Horowitz could think of. Levin and his associate, Straat, however, were extremely taken with Biemann's scavenger; since a scavenger would have to be an animal-like heterotroph, it, or something like it, might be causing their spectacular carbon-dioxide curve. "Don't forget, you're dealing with another planet," said Straat, who saw nothing ad hoc about the scavenger. "Just because it's different doesn't mean it's excluded." She admitted to a slight feeling of disappointment when the GCMS results were announced. "That was the first really tough problem to cope with," she said. "It certainly gave a negative spin to the ball."

THE rest of the search for life unfolded like a game of chess, its object being to pin down the elusive agent on Mars. Aboard the Viking 1 lander and, later, aboard the Viking 2 lander, each of the three biology instruments ran a series of experiments called cycles; sometimes the cycles were run simultaneously, and sometimes, when one or another of the instruments skipped a cycle or did a longer incubation, they ran independently. Between cycles, the pipes, valves, chambers, chromatographs, and radioactivity detectors were flushed out by helium, an inert gas, which came from a single small tank—one of the few pieces of equipment shared by the three instruments. Changes in procedure or protocol could be made from one cycle to the next: Horowitz could add minute amounts of water, and he could turn his light on or off; Levin and Oyama could use more or less nutrient. The search was eminently suited to computers, with their ability to run down various alternatives a number of steps away, and the scientists spent a lot of time planning their moves far ahead, drawing up alternative strategies that depended for each step on the results of the previous move. When these alternatives were plotted on charts, they made branching patterns, which the scientists called "decision trees."

Oyama's instrument did not lend itself to decision trees as well as the two others, because it would continue to incubate the same soil for much longer periods, purging gases and adding new nutrients an average of every twenty days. Although in the opinion of some of his colleagues Oyama took what amounted to pride of ownership in the oxidants, he had been optimistic for so long about life on Mars that he could not bring himself to drop the idea altogether. The average temperature outside the lander was minus fifty degrees Celsius—and extreme cold, he knew, could cause microbes to metabolize slowly. Some soil from Antarctica that Horowitz had once given him, which contained a small number of sluggish microbes, had taken up to two hundred days to generate enough gases for his instrument to detect the microbes' presence. He would incubate the soil on Mars for two hundred days; if nothing showed up at the end of that time, he would be ready to call it quits.

Horowitz and Levin would have a livelier time. In the middle of August—about three weeks before Viking 2 landed—Levin's labelled-release instrument and Horowitz' pyrolytic-release instrument began their second cycle of experiments; these were the controls, in which the soil was sterilized by being heated at a hundred and sixty degrees Celsius for three hours before incubating—a step necessary to prove and evaluate the results of the first cycle and also to prove that the instruments were working properly. Since Oyama's oxygen peak was not considered biological, there was no need for him to do a heat-sterilized control as part of a biological protocol—he would instead keep on adding nutrients to the same sample. He would not, however, have the same check on his first results that the others were getting; that would have to wait until Viking 2 landed. The controls for the two other instruments were, in effect, reversals of their first cycles, for this time a negative result would be taken as a sign of life; if after sterilization there was no reaction, the responsible agent could be presumed to have been

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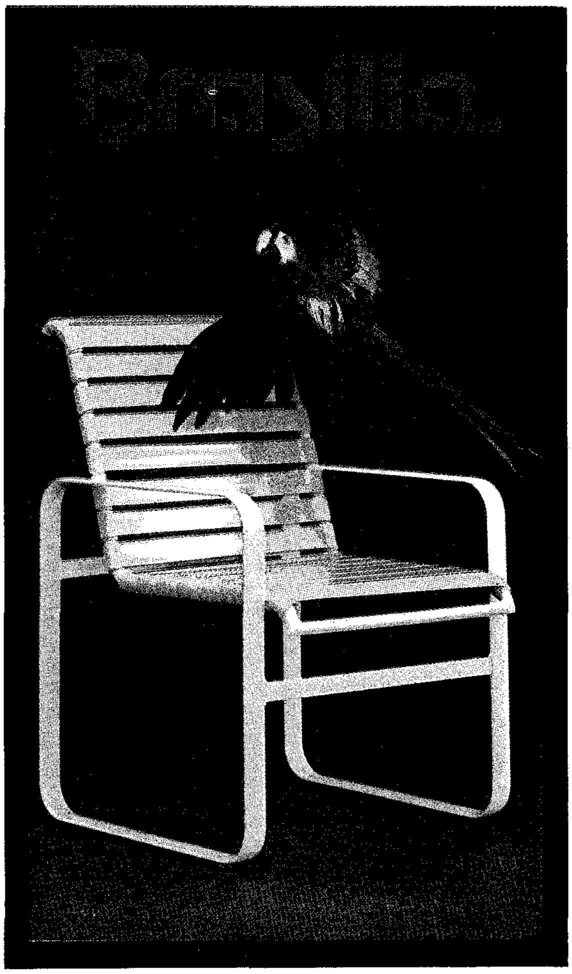
killed by the heat, and to have therefore been alive. Traditionally, in biology, a negative on a control such as this is considered essential to the acceptance as a sign of life of a positive on a previous experiment, for a hundred and sixty degrees Celsius is not enough to destroy most inorganic compounds.

For their controls, Levin and Horowitz had planned to use soil from the first digging which remained in the hopper of the biology package; they wanted the soil for the controls to be as much like the soil used in the first cycle as possible, for that soil was known to be active. This was just as well, for although the sampler arm was now back in commission after the no-go on sol 14, they were a little nervous about using it. Inside each instrument, an empty incubation chamber was rotated under the hopper; then each of the chambers, with the soil in it, was rotated to the place where it was heated. Vents, or valves in the pipes leading from the chambers, were opened for the gases to escape. After that, the vents were closed, and Levin's and Horowitz' soil was allowed to incubate exactly as it had the first time. Both results—which were reported on sol 31, or August 20th, exactly a month after the first landing and two and a half weeks before the second—were negative. Horowitz' second-peak count was fifteen, the maximum that could still be called inactive. Levin, who, as before, had got his results first, found that the line on his graph made an initial spurt up to about a thousand counts a minute over background (this was later attributed to a residue of radioactive gas from the first cycle) and then dropped down to about a hundred. At a later press conference summarizing the biology team's results thus far, Klein said that the active result of Levin's first cycle and the destruction of the activity by the heat-sterilized second cycle "would be interpreted in terrestrial soils as indicative of biological activity." The same, of course, could be said of Horowitz' results. Klein added, though, that Oyama's evidence that there might be oxidants, together with Biemann's failure so far to discover any organic material, still prevented that conclusion from being drawn concerning Mars.

Decision trees work very well in programming computers to solve mathematical problems; they work less well in plotting strategy in chess games, because living opponents are not always predictable, and, as Viking would prove over and over again, they wouldn't work at all well in pinning down the



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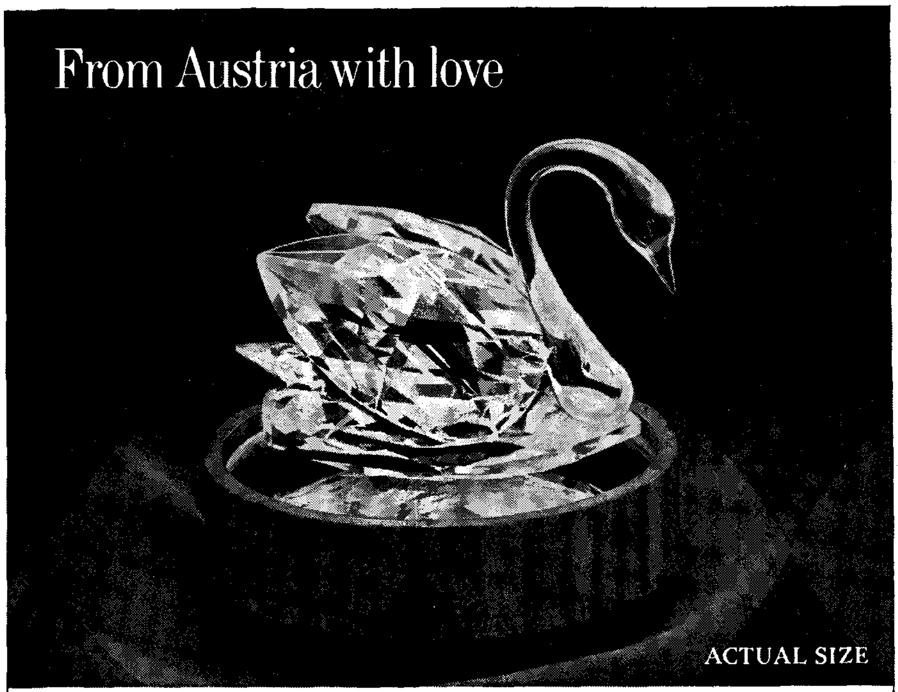
unknown agent on Mars. As far back as sol 11, when Klein had talked about the possibility of oxidants, he had recalled that, unlike most chemicals, including superoxides, most peroxides tend to break down over the three-hour time of the heating, at temperatures ranging up to a hundred and sixty degrees Celsius—the temperature of the sterilized controls. This was especially true of hydrogen peroxide, the peroxide most likely to exist on Mars. "The perplexing position we are in," Klein had said at that time, "is that the very act of heating the soil to sterilize it may drive out the oxidative power, and then the subsequent control test will show a reduction in activity that would mimic a sterilization"—that is, would once again mimic a biological result.

When Klein now brought up the possibility that the agent might be a peroxide, Levin, who still did not believe in the oxidants and wished that the others would stop mentioning them, pointed out, somewhat caustically, that Klein and the others had previously been touting superoxides in an attempt to explain Levin's spectacular carbon-dioxide curve. Superoxides—so unstable with water—do not degrade at temperatures as low as a hundred and sixty degrees. Evidently, they were not present, or they would have survived the sterilization to release their oxygen when the nutrient was added. Could it be, Levin asked, that Klein and the others, faced with a drop in activity, were shifting their argument to peroxides? They admitted that they were. As it happened, Klein thought it possible that the superoxides were in the soil, as the force of Oyama's result had indicated, but that for some reason they were incapable of oxidizing Levin's nutrient. Klein now favored the peroxide for another reason, though; for all the steepness of Levin's carbon-dioxide curve on his first cycle, which had originally led many scientists to equate it with Oyama's oxygen peak, it in fact represented a weaker, less rapid reaction than Oyama's, and hence was more in keeping with the peroxides. Either way, Levin obviously felt that he had exposed an inconsistency in his opponents' argument; in the future, he would make it his business to see if he could eliminate the peroxides as well as the superoxides, as he insisted he had just done. Levin's attempts to cast doubt on one after another of the chemical arguments helped form the pattern of the coming months. Other scientists, of course, would resist the attempts.

As for Horowitz, he had to admit



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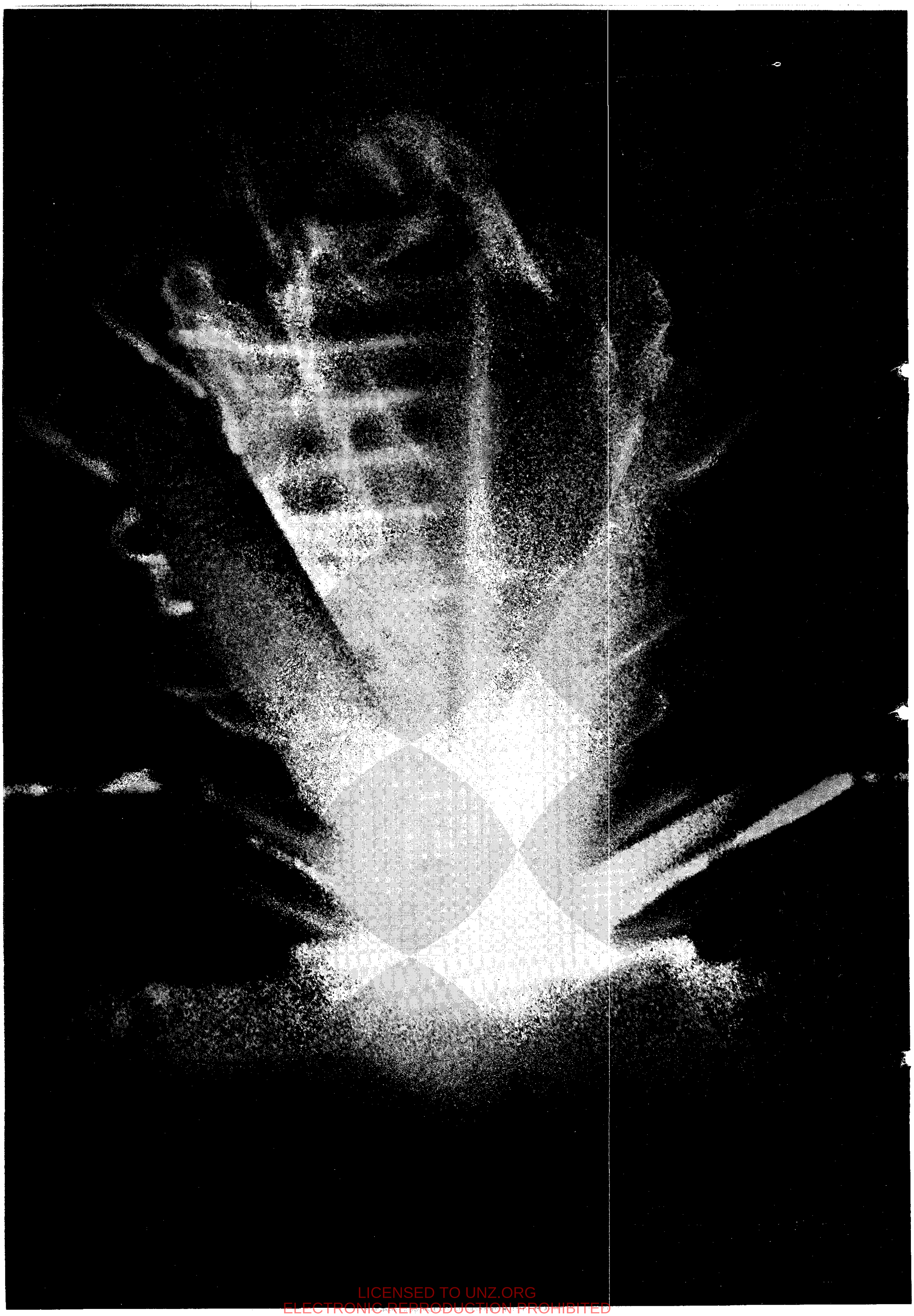

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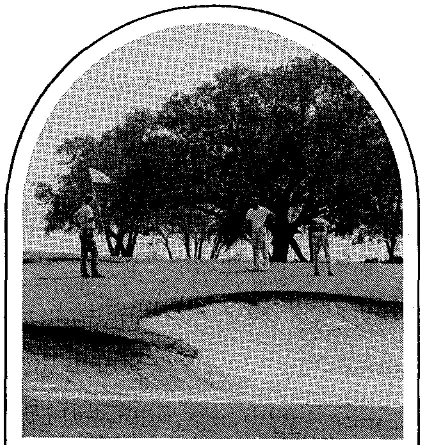
that he was getting an even more definite sign of life than Levin; since his instrument was not designed to be sensitive to an oxidative reaction, he could not claim that a destruction of peroxides was responsible for his lifelike negative—just as, earlier, he had not been able to blame the oxidants for his lifelike positive. Furthermore, his *negative count had destroyed the possibility* that the filter in his xenon lamp was broken and had allowed the shorter wavelengths of ultraviolet light to come through and generate organic material in the soil; the lamp could not be broken, or the result of the control experiment would have been another ninety-six or higher. If chemicals were mimicking life, they were doing an awfully good job of it.

Horowitz toyed with a couple of ways out. Perhaps the synthesis of organic compounds under longer wavelengths of ultraviolet light—the reaction he had thought might be taking place in his instrument—could be destroyed by heat; that would provide a chemical explanation for a negative. This was a shaky argument, and Horowitz knew it, for not only had he failed to identify this reaction but the only reaction like it—the one involving shorter wavelengths originally discovered in tests several years earlier—was *not* vulnerable to heat. Another possibility was that the count of fifteen he had just received was not a negative response after all. The criterion had been deliberately inflated to guard against a false positive, but in a control experiment this safeguard would work in reverse. A true negative was 1.5 counts. Accordingly, Horowitz wondered whether the present count of fifteen might represent a small amount of activity; after the sterilization, of course, any positive response would be proof that the activity was chemical. Whatever the merits of these arguments, they meant that for the time being, at least, he didn't have to be the one to verify the presence of life on Mars.

LEVIN and Horowitz got their third cycles under way on sol 36, or August 25th, nine days before Viking 2 touched down. The aim this time was to see if they could duplicate the results of the first cycles, for it is another rule among biologists never to accept a result as a sign of life unless it can be repeated. There was still some soil left in the hopper, but Levin and Horowitz now wanted fresh soil, because in the twenty-eight days since it was dug out on sol 8 any organisms in the hop-



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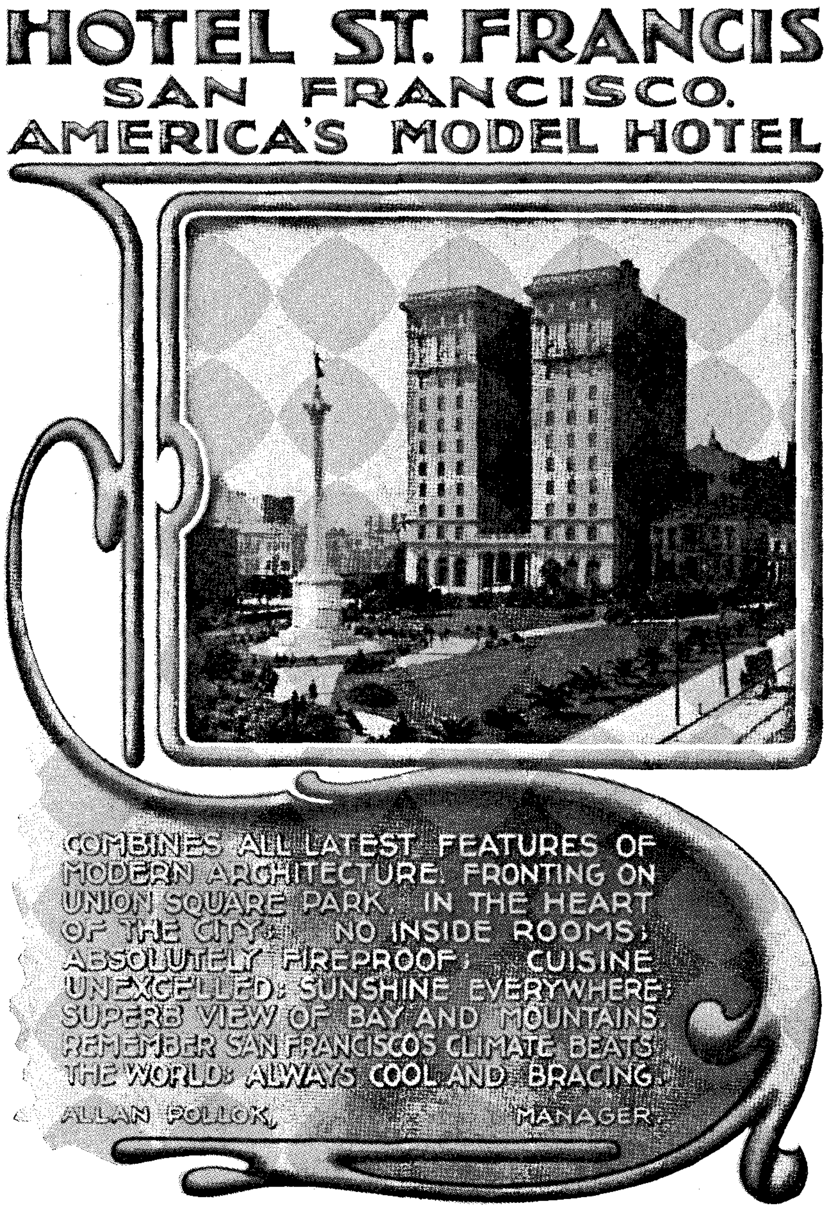
per soil might have died or the soil's chemistry might have been altered by being inside the spacecraft; in either case, it would not be as reliable for duplicating the original experiment as a fresh sample from approximately the same place. Mindful of the sampler-arm no-go on sol 14, however, the biologists didn't want to throw out the soil in the hopper until they had the fresh sample in the scoop and the scoop poised overhead. But according to the digging sequence, which had already been programmed into the lander computer's memory, the soil in the hopper had to be dumped before the digging could start.

When the biology team wasn't debating the latest evidence about life on Mars, erecting new decision trees, or planning for contingencies, it spent its time cooking up strategies to outwit the instruments. In order to hang on to the soil in the hopper until the last minute—or "in order to eat our cake and have it, too," Klein said afterward, recollecting the event unhappily—the engineers had to turn off all three biology instruments and then turn them back on again, a complicated bit of programming. Everything went perfectly—except that some coolers in Horowitz' instrument did not get turned back on; the command to turn them on had inadvertently been omitted from the program that the engineers had linked up to the computer. As a result, Horowitz' soil was incubated at a higher temperature than it should have been for two and a half days—the time it took the engineering staff to notice the error and make the correction.

Still, there was no reason Horowitz could think of that he shouldn't be able to duplicate the ninety-six of his first cycle—especially since he had thought of a promising new theory to explain that result chemically. This idea, which he called the exchange theory, avoided the difficulty of synthesizing organic compounds inside the box (a difficulty because the light was filtered) by having the organics synthesized *outside* it. If the organic material (in quantities too small for the GCMS to detect) was synthesized in the soil while it was still on the ground, by the unfiltered light of the sun, then it was possible that after the soil was scooped into his instrument it took on some of the radioactive carbon from his atmosphere—that under the influence of the filtered xenon light the radioactive carbon would change places with some of the carbon in the organic material. Although he hadn't tested this theory in the laboratory, he suspected



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that it would give a highly active result. But when the result of his third cycle at Chryse came back the second peak was only twenty-seven—well within the range of a positive response, but a long way from duplicating the ninety-six.

Immediately, Horowitz and Klein turned their attention to the matter of the temperature inside the incubation chamber, which instead of being seventeen degrees Celsius, as it had been during Horowitz' first cycle, had gone up to twenty-six degrees during the first couple of days of the third cycle. Possibly, if the higher temperature was taken into consideration, the instrument might be considered to have duplicated its earlier result, for whatever was causing the reaction was evidently sensitive to heat. This they already knew, in gross terms, from the one-hundred-and-sixty-degree sterilized control. Both Klein and Horowitz felt that the present result—accidental as it was—was even more consistent with the presence of life than another ninety-six would have been, because biological systems are far more sensitive than chemical systems to small changes in temperature. "When temperatures get warmer than an organism is used to, its proteins can denature. This means its enzymes are gone, its membranes can't operate, and it dies," Horowitz said.

Horowitz and Klein were not planning any imminent announcement that there was life on Mars, however. The very fact that *all* the experiments were being conducted not at just nine degrees more than what Martian bugs would be used to but at an average of some sixty—in part, so that Oyama's and Levin's liquid nutrients and the water in Horowitz' experiment wouldn't freeze—was one of the main reasons Horowitz had such strong feelings that none of the results were biological. This argument, of course, was not decisive, for much might depend on which sixty degrees and which nine degrees—perhaps the nine-degree difference was the more critical. Or perhaps a chemical would turn up *that* was equally sensitive to those nine degrees. "The temperature doesn't prove anything," Klein said. "All we can say for sure is that we did not duplicate the original experiment—either its conditions or its results." Horowitz' results seemed to be taking him farther and farther in a direction he felt was wrong.

Levin, of course, was delighted with the results of the third cycle—not only Horowitz' but his own. Though the

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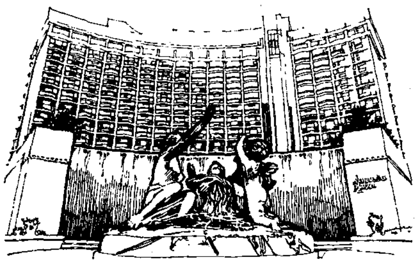

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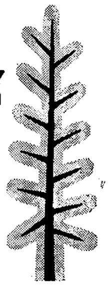

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soil Levin used, like that used by Horowitz, was warmer to start with, because it had been acquired in the middle of the day, Levin's instrument did not have the additional problem of the coolers' being off, so conditions in his incubation chamber more nearly approximated those of his first cycle. After his first injection, the radioactive count shot up rapidly, reaching about ten thousand after the second day, and then levelling off slowly as it moved up toward sixteen thousand over the background level—but not all the way up to sixteen thousand, so the question of whether the active agent was attacking just the formate, as would be the case with a finicky organism, was still up in the air. Levin not only had duplicated his first result, thereby substantiating his spectacular curve and (in his opinion, at least) enhancing the possibility of life on Mars but had exceeded the original result by fifty per cent. Some biologists were perplexed that the greater activity went along with the somewhat greater heat of the soil—the reverse of Horowitz' results. The discrepancy didn't bother Levin, though, because the two instruments were looking for different types of reactions. He and Straat decided to let the incubation continue for a long time, to see whether the curve, which on the first cycle had shown tantalizing signs of rising slowly just before the incubation was terminated, might take off exponentially—the steep upward swoop indicative of rapid reproduction of organisms. The long incubation would become a source of further irritation between Levin and Horowitz, for, among other reasons, as long as both Levin and Oyama continued to incubate, Horowitz could not get fresh soil. Horowitz was fretful. He was eager to get through his cycles while the instruments were working so well. To delay, he felt, would be tempting fate. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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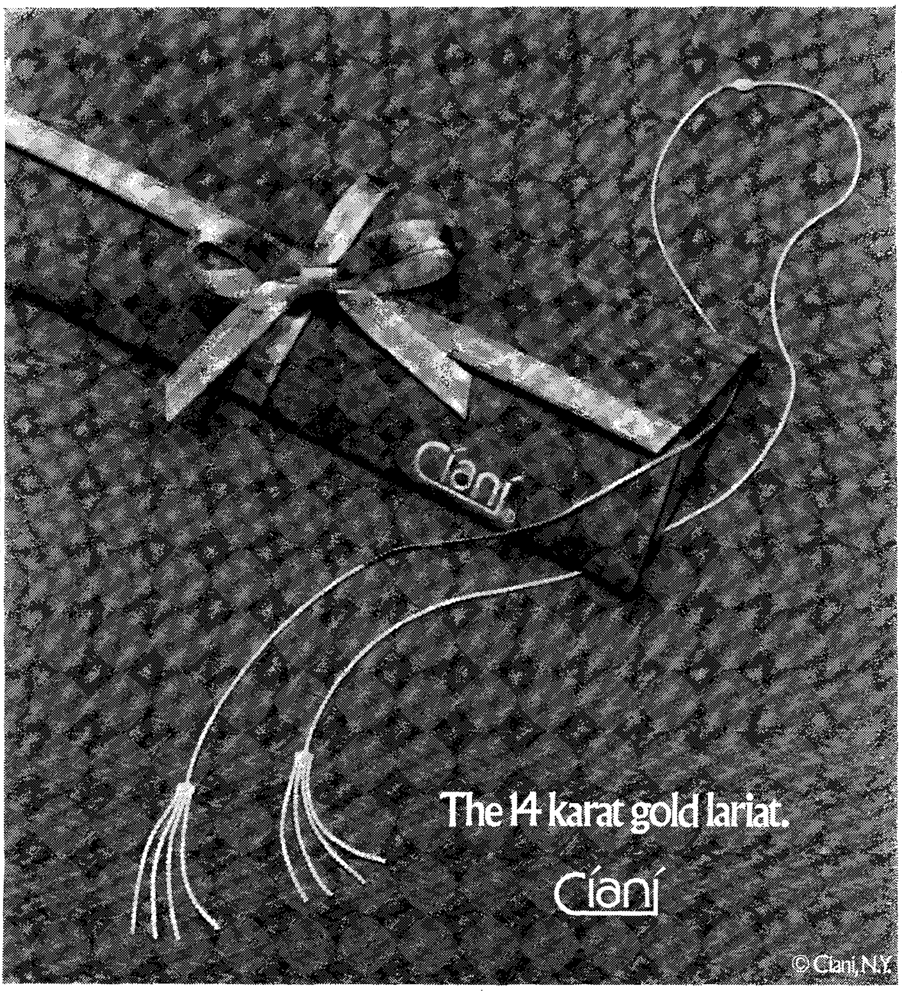
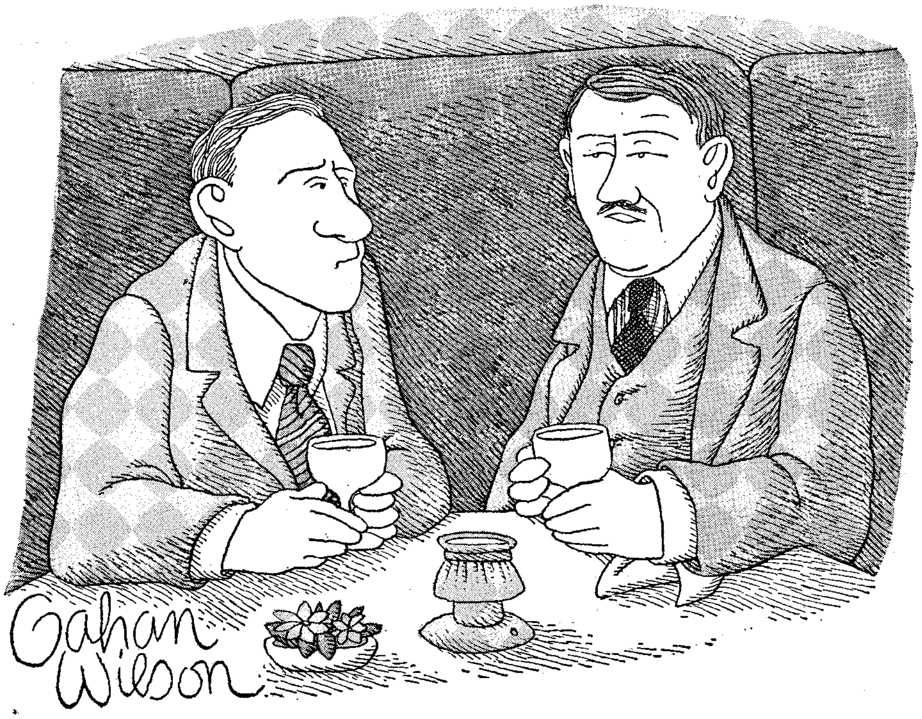


THE THEATRE

The Gift of Speech

“Wings,” by Arthur Kopit (at the Lyceum), is a play about brain damage—specifically, the kind of brain damage known as aphasia, which my Webster’s defines in part as the “loss or impairment of the power to use or understand speech.” The chief figure in the play is Emily Stilson, whom we first encounter seated in a comfortable armchair in what we take to be her living room. Well groomed and well dressed, she is the very model of handsome age—one of those tireless, high-spirited widows who easily outdistance younger travellers in the long reaches of airport corridors and who are often to be seen in hotel lobbies in the first flush of morning eagerly awaiting the tourist bus that will carry them all day long from castle to castle in the green Irish/Austrian/Yugoslavian countryside. They appear, these old ladies, to be indestructible, and Mrs. Stilson is surely one of them, but as she sits contentedly reading a book to the tick-tick of a familiar clock, something frightful begins to happen. To her hearing, the clock stops, is silent, starts up again, and is silent again, and Mrs. Stilson’s expression turns from one of simple domestic bewilderment—botheration! what *is* the matter with that clock?—to one of terror. Though she cannot (or, rather, we assume she cannot) be intelligently aware of the enormity of the event, she is undergoing a stroke, whose force and duration Mr. Kopit conveys by means of a mingling of discordant sounds and flickering lights. The stage darkens as the sounds beat hideously upon our ears; then the sounds die away and the light returns, and Mrs. Stilson, held upright by attendants, is seen to be in residence at a speech-therapy center of some sort. With the help of a skilled and sympathetic young therapist, she is beginning to emerge from the triple nightmare of being unable to comprehend the meanings of words, unable to match words to objects, and unable to pronounce them. Speech, the most precious of distinctively human attributes, having been plucked from her by a bloody accident in the brain, she struggles valiantly from day to day, week after week, to recover it. In the published version of “Wings,” Kopit mentions that the action of the play, which onstage requires a scant hour and a half to complete, is intended to cover a period of two years, in the course of which Mrs. Stilson passes from a babbling incoherence to the use of an almost normal sentence structure; after so long an ordeal, the last words she utters—a breathless “Thank you!”—strike us as being at the highest pitch of eloquence.

“Wings” was originally commissioned as a radio play by National Public Radio and was turned into a stage play for performance by the Yale Repertory Theatre, which put it on first in New Haven and then at the Public Theatre here. It must be said that even in its altered and expanded form the play contains very little of visual significance. It must also be said that it moves us in large measure because we believe it to be an accurate portrayal of a common affliction—how could we *not* be moved, indeed, by an event that few of us have been fortunate enough to escape experiencing in our own families? (Not surprisingly, Kopit’s own interest in the subject began when his father, to whom the play is dedicated, suffered a stroke that rendered him unable to speak.) It is less a work of art than an occasion for a single superb performance: that of Constance Cummings as Mrs. Stilson. The authority with which she is able to depict both Mrs. Stilson’s intellectual disorientation and her determination to find a way back into the world is fascinating to behold. The only other role of consequence is the young therapist’s, ably embodied by Mary-Joan Negro. The calculatedly skimpy scenery—a constantly shifting arrangement of screens, which serve as analogues to the confusion inside Mrs. Stilson’s brain and to her view of the center where she is a patient—is by Andrew Jackness, the costumes are by Jeanne Button, and the lighting is by Tom Schraeder. The play has been directed with respect and with some pleasing touches of humor by John Madden, who also directed it in its first incarnation on radio. —Brendan Gill



“I’m afraid I’m past smiling and all that sort of thing.”

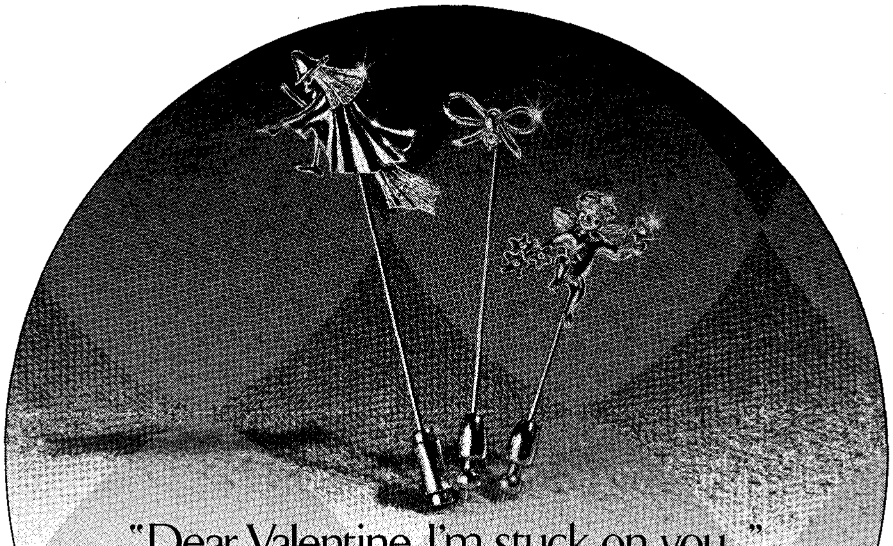
OFF BROADWAY

Great Caesar

A NEWLY assembled black and Hispanic cast under Michael Langham’s direction at the Public—a cast that includes some of the most experienced actors in America today—has made of “Julius Caesar,” formerly a school assignment, a bold clear, passionate play. Few of the actors have had any previous Shakespearean training, yet in almost every instance their iambics are as natural as breathing, and although there is no declaiming by anyone, the poetry of the play, when it occurs, is spoken with eloquence. Roscoe Orman’s Brutus towers so far above all else that the production could almost be said to be lopsided—no one has the measure to become his antagonist in any scene, and rarely his equal. His Brutus has such virtue—honor, indeed, is the key to the performance—and such candor and emotion that the character, for the first time in my experience, becomes a kind of romantic hero as well as a tragic one. When, at the end, he asks the four soldiers with him to hold his sword so that he can fall upon it, the refusal of three of them, because of their feeling for him, is entirely believable. (Cassius has no such trouble with his men.) Mr. Orman's scene with Mary Alice, as his fierce, frail, loving Portia, in which he refuses to tell her of his plans for the assassination, is the most beautiful in the play. Other stars are barely concealed in supporting roles. Morgan Freeman, as witty, cynical, complex Casca, reveals himself as a star the moment he moves or opens his mouth. Robert Christian, as desperate Cinna, the poet, is so strong that in the scene in which he is caught and beaten his bewilderment and anguish are dramatic enough to bring down the intermission curtain. Earle Hyman, a Shakespearean if ever there was one, doubles effectively in the small roles of Cicero and Messala, and Sonny Jim Gaines, as Caesar, makes an arresting scene of the stabbing. The insidious, devious Mark Antony of Jaime Sanchez has a fascination all its own, his slight Spanish inflections mysteriously adding to the poison of his lines. There is an odd reversal here: Antony is usually the bold one and Brutus the quiet one.

The performance as a whole, of course, has its weaknesses, partly because the cast has not yet had nearly enough time to become a company. There is every reason to expect that it will, though—every reason to look forward to the same group's "Coriolanus," which will open shortly and then play in repertory with "Julius Caesar." Even now, nothing impedes the headlong progress of the action, and there is no confusion whatever about anything; we know where we are every second of the way. Mr. Langham—of England; Stratford, Ontario; and the Guthrie, in Minneapolis—is indeed to be congratulated for many reasons, not the least of them that he is forming a Shakespeare troupe for Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival, which is just as it should be. The unacknowledged set—a structure of several platforms painted a dull gold—is handsome and practical on the small stage of the Anspacher; the good lighting is by Jennifer Tipton.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' "A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur" (at the Hudson Guild through February 11th) is a thin play about four middle-aged spinsters. The time is 1935; the place is St. Louis. The heroine is a high-school teacher from Tennessee, and all the action takes place on that lovely Sunday, in the shabby apartment that she shares



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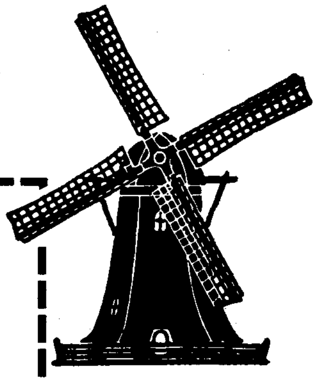

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with a sensible, down-to-earth German woman. The heroine, a dreamy, romantic type, given to calisthenics and furtive drinking, has fallen in love with the school principal, and although he has apparently given her no reason to do so, she expects him to marry her. What plot there is hinges on the announcement in the Sunday paper of the principal's engagement to another woman and the efforts of the roommate to conceal the news until it can be gently broken. The roommate is also eager to have the heroine marry her fat brother. The other characters are a snobbish and pretentious fellow-teacher at the school, who wants the heroine to move into a more expensive and fashionable apartment with her, and another German woman, insane with grief over her mother's death. Unfortunately, all these women seemed a little too pat (and sentimentally conceived) to be entirely credible. They are played with conviction, however, by Shirley Knight (heroine), Peg Murray (roommate), Charlotte Moore (snob), and Jane Lowry (bereaved daughter). Creve Coeur seems to be a public park near the city.

"A SEASON TO UNRAVEL," by Alexis DeVeaux, a production of the Negro Ensemble Company (at the St. Marks only through February 4th), is a one-act expressionistic Freudian fantasy about a psychologist who analyzes herself. Her name is Erzula, and all the other characters are billed as "her other selves." These include her father, or imaginary father; a woman called Bandit, who sashays around the stage shaking dice, screaming with impatience, and complaining about her nerves; an eager, innocent, tantrummy girl called Cortez; a woman in gold called Afrodite, who is somehow allied to the arts; a zookeeper called Garrison; and five animals. I have no opinion whatever of this effort, beyond saying that among the obvious puns and clinical references and overdecorative lines the dramatist has left herself some room for playfulness. The acting, under the circumstances, is good. Michele Shay is Cortez, Barbara Montgomery is Bandit, Graham Brown is the father, and everybody else does well enough, too.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

One 19-year-old woman escaped from a Volkswagen of a man who abducted and handcuffed her after identifying himself to her as a policeman.—*The Times.*

Real cops are built like Buicks.

U.S. JOURNAL: RIVERSIDE, CALIF.

TODO SE PAGA

THE feud between the Ahumadas and the Lozanos, everyone agrees, began late one night in January of 1964, when John Ahumada, Sr., was beaten so badly that slivers of his skull were driven into his brain. It happened in Casa Blanca. Technically, Casa Blanca is a section of Riverside, California, a county seat sixty miles east of Los Angeles; spiritually, Casa Blanca is unto itself. Before the Second World War, when Riverside was still a quiet trading center for citrus growers, Casa Blanca had been isolated from the rest of the town for half a century—a square-mile patch cut out of acre upon acre of orange groves. Mexican farm workers who settled on the East Side of Riverside, close to downtown, gradually learned to deal with Anglos and blacks and the city authorities; Casa Blanca remained something close to a rural Mexican village. In 1949, it had only two paved streets. In the years after the war, the citrus-packing sheds where many Casa Blanca men had worked closed or burned down. Interstate 91 deposited a strip of automobile dealerships next to one corner of Casa Blanca. Over the objections of many Casa Blanca residents, the local grade school—"the Mexican consulate," one former resident calls it—was closed as part of a citywide integration plan. Eventually, rising real-estate prices and increased industry in Orange County, the sprawl southeast of Los Angeles, began to turn Riverside into a bedroom community for what had itself been a bedroom community—replacing the orange groves near one border of Casa Blanca with a middle-class housing development called Woodhaven. Still, Casa Blanca retained a feeling of being rural. Still, Casa Blanca remained unto itself—a place where uninvited strangers were challenged. Having never expected concern or justice from the outside, Casa Blanca remained a place that took care of its own territory and its own problems and its own feuds.

John Ahumada had been having some drinks with John Hernandez, whose wife was a Lozano. They had apparently been friendly enough in El Flamingo, where the drinking started, but some angry words were exchanged at the Casa Blanca Café, where they found themselves about one-thirty in the morning. Hernandez and Ahumada walked across the street to a parking lot next to the railroad tracks that form one boundary of Casa Blanca. They were joined eventually by two of Hernandez's brothers-in-law who lived nearby, Marcos and Roman Lozano—carrying tire irons, according to one account, or perhaps a part from a commercial ice-cream mixer. John Ahumada ended up in the hospital, on the critical list. Roman and Marcos Lozano ended up in court, where, contrary to the Casa Blanca tradition of not coöperating with outside authorities, John Ahumada testified against them. They were sent to prison for assault with a deadly weapon. Although everyone agrees that the fight across from the Casa Blanca Café was the beginning of the feud, it is not clear which family was left with a wrong to avenge. Was it the Ahumadas, one of whom had been beaten so savagely that his arm was partly paralyzed and his speech remained slurred? Or was it the Lozanos, two of whom served time in state prison because an Ahumada had broken the code that required Casa Blanca people to settle their arguments in Casa Blanca?

FOR twelve years after Roman and Marcos Lozano were sent to state prison, there were no incidents between the Lozanos and the Ahumadas violent enough to come to the attention of the police. In Casa Blanca, the explanation normally offered for that hiatus is simple: the next generation of Lozanos and Ahumadas, children at the time of the fight across from the bar, needed a dozen years to grow old enough to kill each other. In the meantime, there were some schoolyard fistfights. Apparently, Johnny Lozano Hernandez would tell Johnny Ahumada that his father was a snitch, and a fight would start. Words would pass between Richard Lozano and Danny Ahumada, Johnny's younger brother, and another fight would start. "The seeds were there," someone who knew both families said recently. "All they had to do was scrape the earth a little bit."

In those years, the most ferocious battles engaged in by the young men of Casa Blanca pitted them against the young men of some other *barrio* rather than against each other—Casa Blanca fighting people from the East Side who had dared to drive into the neighborhood in force, Casa Blanca fighting a crowd from Corona or Rubidoux because someone had stared too long at a Casa Blanca girl. When Casa Blanca was not fighting another *barrio*, it was often fighting the police.

There were a few years, beginning in the late sixties, when almost any Mexican *barrio* in Southern California was dangerous territory for Anglo police. For those years, when confrontation was part of what seemed to be a unified movement for the betterment of La Raza, gang members were transformed into Brown Berets, street toughs began thinking of themselves as Chicano militants, juvenile offenders learned to refer to the rest of the world as "the Anglo-dominant society" instead of "paddies." In the words of one former Casa Blanca Brown Beret,

"Sometimes I don't know if I'm coming or going."

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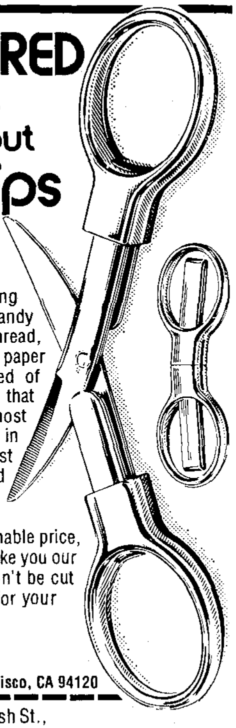

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"We were rebels without a cause who became rebels with a cause." Even when the movement evaporated, though, hostility toward the police remained in Casa Blanca, fed by the hostility toward outsiders which had existed for decades. Riverside police cruisers were able to drive peacefully through the Mexican or black neighborhoods of the East Side, but a policeman driving into Casa Blanca at night could consider himself fortunate to be met by a beer bottle instead of a rifle shot. One night in August of 1975, in a cornfield on the edge of Casa Blanca, sniping and harassment broke into what amounted to open warfare. Five people were wounded. Two young men from Casa Blanca—Danny Ahumada and Larry Romero, a member of a family close to the Ahumadas—were arrested for shooting at a police officer. "Casa Blanca had a reputation for sticking together," a young man who grew up fighting there said not long ago. "Even if we had problems, we'd never think of killing each other."

They started killing each other on Christmas, 1976. Richard Lozano and a cousin who was visiting from Arizona, Gilbert Lozano Sanchez, were shot at from a passing car. Lozano was not hit; Sanchez was killed. By the spring of 1978, when James Richardson, a young courthouse reporter for the Riverside *Press-Enterprise*, pieced together court and police records to construct a chronology of the violence that the Lozanos and the Ahumadas had visited upon each other, three people had been killed, two people had been crippled, and any number of people had been sideswiped or shot at. Richard Lozano has been killed since then. Most of the shootings have been carried out with a sudden, dramatic ferocity. Danny Ahumada was grabbed by the hair and shot twice in the head point-blank with a .22-calibre pistol—an attack he somehow survived, although he was even more seriously disabled than his father. Johnny Lozano Hernandez was shot down before a dozen witnesses after a dispute during which, according to Johnny Ahumada, "he began to tell me my brother was a snitch, my brother was a dog." Ruben (Redeye) Romero—who, along with Johnny Ahumada, had been tried but acquitted in Johnny Hernandez's death—was killed at a Casa Blanca filling station by three young gunmen who shot him, knelt at his body, crossed themselves, and shot him again at point-blank range. When Richard Lozano was killed, seven weeks later, his uncle Raul Lozano, who had been tried but not convicted

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in the shooting of Danny Ahumada, was seen smearing the blood of his fallen nephew on his hand and tasting it, presumably as a symbol of vengeance owed.

THE feud between the Lozanos and the Ahumadas lacks symmetry. There are family members who are not involved. John Lozano, the father of the recently murdered Richard, claims that he still has a friendly hello for John Ahumada, Sr., when they meet in Casa Blanca. Even those who are involved seem to go along for weeks, or even months, without retaliation. Most of the encounters that end in death or serious injury seem mere chance—a moment when someone is caught alone or when someone makes an insulting remark. "They're in no hurry," a man familiar with Mexican-American neighborhoods in Southern California explained not long ago. "In the *barrio*, people say, '*Todo se paga*.'" Everything is paid.

In the *barrio*, the brutal simplicity ordinarily associated with a blood feud—an eye for an eye—is complicated by the element of pride. "You killed my brother, so I will kill your brother" sometimes seems to become "You killed my brother and that makes you think you are stronger than we are and can look down on us, so, to show that's not true, I will kill your brother." When Roman Lozano was asked recently why the feud had started again in 1976, he said, "They knew their dad was a snitch, and they had an uncle who was a homosexual. They had to prove that they were manly." People on both sides have complained of having their houses fired on from passing cars, but they complain even more bitterly of having carloads of their enemies drive by and throw kisses as a gesture of contempt. One of Johnny Ahumada's theories about the origin of the seventies violence is that the Lozanos were jealous because only Danny Ahumada and Larry Romero were singled out after the 1975 cornfield melee for having shot at the police. "They want to prove their heart," Johnny says. "They don't want to lose their pride. That's what makes them revengeful."

THERE are people in Riverside who believe that the violence between the Ahumadas and the Lozanos no longer has anything to do with the 1964 assault. "It's not like the Hatfields and the McCoys," a man who grew up in Casa Blanca said recently. "The underlying motive is

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drugs." Marcos and John Lozano have both been convicted on serious heroin charges at one time or another. There are people in Riverside who say that some of the younger Ahumadas—or their allies, the Romeros—may have pushed into Lozano drug-dealing territory while the Lozanos were in prison. There are people in Riverside who say that the argument between the two families is actually an argument between the two Mexican prison gangs that have emerged in California in the past several years—the Mexican Mafia and Nuestra Familia—one of which is supposedly challenging the other over control of drugs in Casa Blanca.

ART
gallery

In the *barrio*, it is common to hear drugs offered as an underlying motive for any excess in violence or wealth. Members of the vice-and-narcotics squad in Riverside tend not to be believers in the drug-war theory. Redeye Romero, who is sometimes described as a "hard-core biker," was, like a lot of hard-core bikers, suspected of being a bagman in the heroin trade, but he was not thought to be in a position to challenge anybody for control of serious drug traffic. The only drug charge ever brought against an Ahumada was made when Danny was shot: the policemen who took charge of his clothing reported finding twelve balloons of heroin in the trousers. An investigator for the Riverside County district attorney's office who serves on a state task force dealing with prison gangs says that neither gang had anything to do with the shootings in Casa Blanca or control of the drug traffic in Casa Blanca. He says, in fact, that Nuestra Familia conducted its own investigation to make certain that the death of Johnny Lozano Hernandez, apparently a Nuestra Familia member, had been strictly a private affair. "If it's true," a Casa Blanca native said recently of the theory that competing gangs are involved, "it's just one more reason for hating each other."

MARY AHUMADA, the wife of the original victim, sometimes speaks of the Ahumadas as respectable citizens who have somehow found themselves locked in a feud with criminals. When she was informed recently that her son Danny might be sent to state prison for having been caught with a stolen pistol while on probation for the drug charge and an old auto-theft conviction, she said, "My boys were never mixed up in that sort of thing." It is true that the Ahumadas have not served time in state prison, although they are familiar with the Riverside County jail. Mrs. Ahumada is a handsome, loquacious woman who, as Sister Mary, runs a small evangelical congregation that specializes in teen-agers who have strayed from the Lord's path. The Lozanos sometimes speak of her as a hypocritical Holy Roller who goads her sons to violence. "People tend to pull you down," she says. " 'Why doesn't she save her own sons? Why doesn't she save *their* souls?' Yes, I've had remarks from police officers in the past that have been cruel." (Sister Mary's ministry has not been completely without effect on her sons: Johnny wore a gold cross in his lapel throughout his trial for the murder of Johnny Hernandez.) Although the Ahumadas' ally Redeye Romero was known as a hard-core biker, he was also known as one of the founders of the Brown Berets in Casa Blanca—someone who showed up at meetings now and then as a spokesman for *barrio* youth. When he was killed, he was referred to in the press as a "street leader," although he was about to go to prison for an armed-robbery conviction. Policemen in Riverside are unimpressed by the prominence of the Ahumadas and the Romeros. In fact, to some policemen, particularly Anglo policemen who are not overly concerned about the effects of heroin on Mexicans in a remote *barrio*, serious drug dealers have the advantage over street leaders of trying to avoid incidents that only attract the authorities to their place of business—incidents like firing on police cruisers.

Some people in Casa Blanca believe that the Riverside police are not saddened by the sight of Ahumadas and Lozanos killing and maiming each other. The police have in fact made a lot of arrests in the shootings, but the closest thing to a conviction has been Raul Lozano pleading *nolo contendere* to a charge of having been an accessory to the shooting of Danny Ahumada. When Georgie Ahumada, the younger brother of Johnny and Danny, was released without charge after having been picked up for the murder of Richard Lozano, Mary Ahumada said she had told Georgie to trust in God, but most people charged with one of the shootings have trusted in the lack of witnesses willing to testify. After Georgie Ahumada went free, the deputy district attorney who has handled all of the feud shootings said, "This is the usual situation where twenty people see

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the killing and all of them say, 'I didn't see it.' " Even two of Richard Lozano's uncles who were present when he was killed declined to coöperate with the authorities. Richard's father, John Lozano, does not seem upset that his brothers would not help to bring his son's killer to justice. "They're the type that don't like to testify," he says.

SOME people in Casa Blanca who are not related to either family have been unable to stay out of the feud. People who witnessed shootings have had their houses fired upon, making it necessary, in some cases, for their own young men to prove that they cannot be treated as weaklings. One of the young men who is awaiting trial for the murder of Redeye Romero seems to have got involved originally because his mother became friendly with Johnny Lozano Hernandez's mother upon moving into the neighborhood. ("They were the only ones who treated us with respect," he says.) A young man named William DeHaro, who was shot to death last September, may have been killed simply because he remained friendly with the Lozanos after a warning to avoid them. Some people in Casa Blanca—particularly older people—seem to be able to stay out of the feud. "You don't dare choose sides," one of them has said. "You talk to both. You go to the funerals for both."

Many of the Lozanos and Ahumadas and Romeros have moved out of Casa Blanca in the last year or so, partly in an effort to sleep peacefully through the night, but they return constantly. Everyone remains well armed; when the police search the house of someone involved in the feud, they invariably come up with a small arsenal. Complaining recently about some people having shot at his house the previous evening, John Lozano mentioned that he had taken the precaution of borrowing a machine gun. The Ahumadas and the Lozanos both say they would like the feud to end, but no one is optimistic that it will. A new generation is gradually growing old enough to kill each other. "You can see it in the ten-year-olds," Johnny Ahumada said recently. "They look at you, and you can see their hatred." Standing in the hall of the Riverside County Courthouse not long ago, John Lozano, who had just entered a guilty plea to possession of heroin for sale, was equally pessimistic. "I wish it would end," he said. "I'm facing four years, and I'll be out of the picture—which, in a way, I'm glad."

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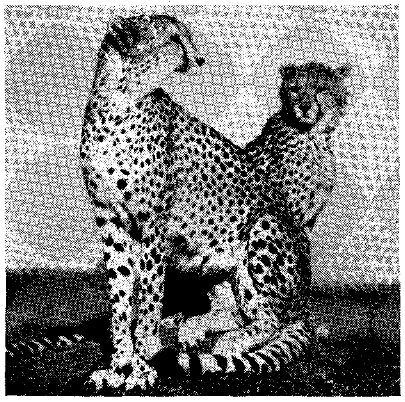

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MUSICAL EVENTS

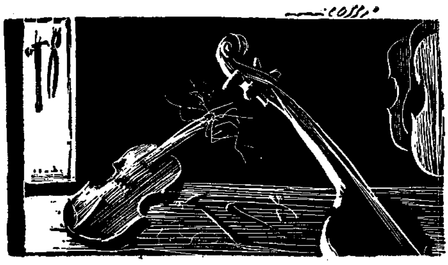
Contented and Charmed

"ERISMENA," a happy product of Cavalli's middle-period mastery, was a happy choice of work for the New Opera Theatre of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Tastes change, and Cavalli's day has come again. In 1789, Burney wrote of "Erismena," in his "General History of Music":

> It is amusing to see how contented, and even charmed, the public is at one period with what appears contemptible at another. For this drama, which was not only often heard with rapture at Venice in 1655, the year of its performance, and at Bologna 1668, thirteen years after, but revived again at Venice in a different theatre in 1670, is so deficient in poetical and musical merit, compared with those in present favour, that no perfection of performance could render it palatable.

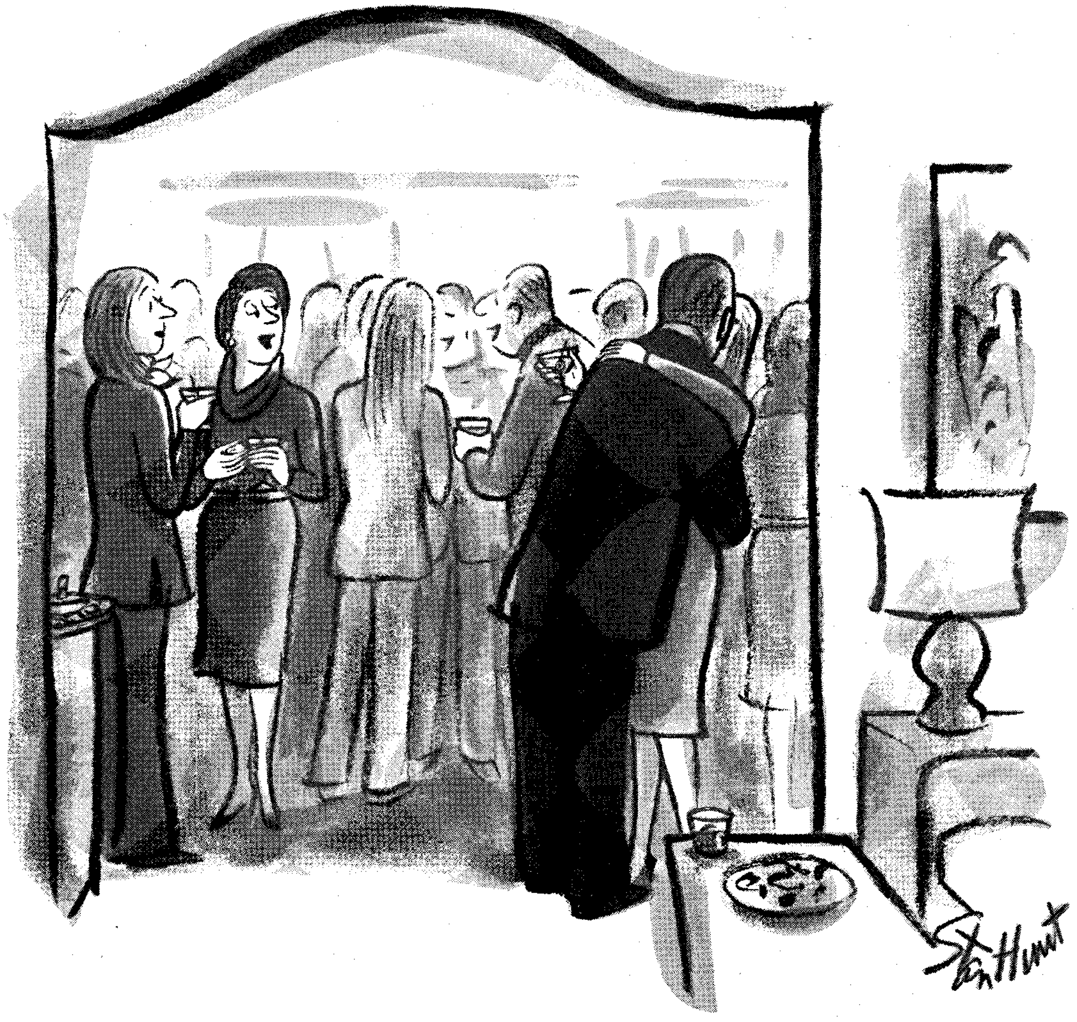
Burney could have added earlier Bologna productions and others at Milan, Florence, Ferrara (twice), Brescia, Genoa, Ancona, Lucca, and Forli. "Erismena" was one of Cavalli's most successful pieces. There may even have been a London performance, for there survives a seventeenth-century score with an English translation; it has been suggested that "Erismena" may be the "Italian opera in musique, the first that had been in England of its kind," that Evelyn saw in 1674. After some three centuries' sleep, "Erismena" was revived again in 1967, by the BBC, in that early translation. Seven years later, the Holland Festival brought it to the modern stage, very successfully, in Italian. The Brooklyn performances (two of them, last month) were in English. The musical leader of the Holland presentation, Alan Curtis, led it again, and four of the singers were the same.

"Erismena," with a libretto by Aurelio Aureli, has a complicated plot. Roughly, *A* loves B, who loves *C*, and *C* is also loved by D and E. (Italics indicate women.) *C* falls in love with *A*, not knowing that she is a woman disguised as a warrior. *A*, B, and *C* all have assumed names—as it were, X, Y, and Z. In fact, they are three long-lost royal children; *A* is E's daughter, and B and *C* are brother and sister. As in several Venetian seventeenth-century plots, flickers of sexual equivocacy and incestuous desire lend piquancy to the situations. But before any harm can be done, the revelations of a royal nurse and the timely discovery of a locket make all identities plain and effect a happy ending: *A*+B, *C*+D, with E (a bass, while all the others are high-voice roles, soprano or castrato) bestowing his fatherly blessing on the young people. The 1655 libretto has a three-page prologue recounting the events that led up to the point where the action begins. In the theatre, as so often happens, the lines of an intrigue that sounds impossibly tangled in the telling soon become clear. The drama is not merely a Gilbertian masquerade. Strong emotions are brought into play; death sentences are passed, and death is faced with noble stoicism or sweet regret. Besides the five exalted principals, there are five subaltern roles: a confidante, the nurse, a page, a sergeant, and a general. The first four comment perkily on their employers' plights and indulge in their own lighthearted amorous play. I enjoy the noble formality of eighteenth-century opera seria, appreciate the reforms wrought by the librettists Apostolo Zeno and Metastasio, and marvel at the musical richness with which a Jommelli, the melodic sweetness with which a Caldara, the verve and dramatic intensity with which a Handel could invest the traditional plots. But there is a special pleasure to be gained from returning to the mid-seventeenth century, when opera was still young and supple. In Monteverdi's three surviving operas we find him tackling head-on all the conflicts that have made opera the form absorbing most musicians' attention since first it was invented: between words and music, closed forms and a progressive plot, vocal and instrumental eloquence, convention and realism, spectacle and sound. He balanced intensity with expansiveness, tragedy with comic or pastoral relief, solos with ensembles, recitatives with arias. Over the centuries, the great reformers stepped in to right those balances when any of them went awry, but opera was still in balance when Cavalli began. The plot still mattered as much as the prima donna or the primo uomo. The arias did not carry all the emphasis. In Grove, Egon Wellesz wrote that "Monteverdi and Cavalli stand in the same relation to each other as Richard Wagner and Richard Strauss," and that "Monteverdi is unquestionably the greater genius, but Cavalli is the more brilliant of the two." Jane Glover, in her excellent little study of Cavalli, published last year by St. Martin's, ventures another parallel: "It is perhaps true to say that Cavalli was to Monteverdi as Handel was to Bach." She summarizes his achievement:



> He composed with spontaneity and fluency, and his immediate reaction to his texts revealed sensitivity, wit, and understanding. He always obeyed the effect, as Handel did, and as Bach did not. . . . His greatest successes were in his handling of the most extreme emotions: passion (with rapturous love duets), desolation (with tragic laments and intensely chromatic recitative), fury (in turbulent and aggressive outbursts), and insanity (wild arioso passages with ungainly leaps and bizarre dissonances). He also had a flair for comedy, and he excelled in lively burlesque.

So no wonder the public is once again contented, and even charmed, with Cavalli's operas and ready to hear them with rapture. Wellesz, who was writing in 1954, doubted whether any of them could be restored to the modern stage, but since Glyndebourne revived "Ormindo," in 1967, at least eleven of them have been brought back to life. Manhattan's two regular opera houses are monsters that only the largest works of the late-nineteenth and twentieth centuries and only the largest voices can adequately fill. Brooklyn is luckier: its Academy of Music contains, side by side, a grand-opera house of reasonable size and a smaller theatre well suited to Cavalli. Curtis's orchestra was perhaps a little larger than Cavalli had at the Teatro Sant' Apollinare, where "Erismena" was first done, but it was one he would have recognized: a handful of Baroque strings, two recorders, two harpsichords and a lute, and two trumpets to sound offstage fanfares. Curtis was both editor of the text and musical director of its execution, and that is as it should be, for the two functions are hardly separable. He does not believe in writing out elaborate set parts for continuo accompaniments that should be improvised. He does not orchestrate the arias for singing strings, recompose and reorder passages in the light of Romantic practice, add hit numbers from other operas, play fast and loose with tonality, or turn solos into duets and duets into trios. Positively, he assembles players—here they were the Baroque Music Masters Chamber Orchestra—whom he can inspire to be bold and free, eloquently to the fore when Cavalli requires it (as in the violins' pedal C that pierces the exchanges of an affecting prison duet), yet always servants of the singers and their emotions. Curtis has become a very good conductor. He knows that recitatives should be sung—as Monteverdi once put it—"in time to the beating of the heart and not to the beat of a hand." Lightly, unobtrusively, yet surely, he guided the fresh flow of invention as Cavalli slips from recitative into arioso or aria, shifts between three-time and four-time, edges his cadences through exquisitely poignant chromatics, varies his accompaniment textures, and juxtaposes scenes of high sentiment with songs of direct, earthy good sense. "Erismena" moved at varied paces. Mingled with predictable twists of the plot was a piquant, paradoxical feeling that anything might happen next, both in the adventures of the characters and in Cavalli's lively response to them. Seventeenth-century librettos often have a more wayward charm than those of the eighteenth century.



"Well, well, Mr. Guthrie and Mrs. Penrose seem to have hit it off."

• •

Onstage, there was a kaleidoscope of vocal colors. The title role was taken by Mary Burgess, direct, forthright, clear of tone, delicate of nuance. Carmen Balthrop was Aldimira, the much-courted "*C*" of the plot, and she is well suited to play an irresistibly attractive and variously attracted heroine. (There is another such in Cavalli's "Ormindo.") But she must work at her English pronunciation and learn to give vowels their true color and full value. Jeffrey Gall, one of the two noble countertenors, was both stylish and romantic. The other, Daniel Collins, was in disagreeable voice and is no actor. John Ferrante, a third countertenor, grossly overplayed the nurse—described in the old English score as an "ancient bawd"—but he did so with skill. The role of the page was possibly written for a boy; it was brightly and deftly taken by Peter Becker, a fourth countertenor.

The opera was played in costumes borrowed from the Holland production, but without scenery. The staging, by Ian Strasfogel, was coarse, clumsy, and unworthy. Instead of teaching his performers to act, and to declaim English dramatic verse as if it meant something, he set them to carrying out all manner of blunt, crude business. One lesson that the numerous Cavalli productions of the last twelve years should have taught is that the serious scenes of the operas deserve to be taken seriously. Günther Rennert in the Glyndebourne "Ormindo" overdid the comedy. Filippo Sanjust in the Holland "Erismena" began elegantly but then embarked on a crescendo of jokiness which climaxed in outright vulgarity. At least, he had the excuse, not available to Mr. Strasfogel, that he was seeking to enliven a foreign-language libretto that his audience was not following in detail. Contrariwise, Peter Hall in the Glyndebourne "Calisto" demonstrated that stylish, sensitive, musical direction makes the emotions more affecting and the jokes far funnier. There was a good deal of rubbish in the Brooklyn staging. In Act I, whenever anyone thought of or mentioned someone else, that person made a "spectral" stage appearance—a set of visual footnotes that merely confused the action. Act III degenerated into slapstick and an invitation to belly laughs. If Mr. Strasfogel believed in the work, he should have trusted his librettist, trusted his anonymous seventeenth-century translator (whose work is both accurate and deft, an inspiration to anyone who today essays to turn a Cavalli opera into English), and drilled his cast to get all the words across more effectively.

Someone asked me in what genre "Erismena" should be placed. Is it tragedy averted, romantic intrigue, or comedy? All and none. It should be accepted—and presented—for exactly what it is: a fascinating (and oddly lifelike) mingling of tragedy, romance, and humor. The Romantic reformers looked to Shakespeare to justify their breaking down of stage conventions into something more human. Burney found something Shakespearean in the manner of "Erismena" (and did not approve it, for he deemed Shakespeare's dramaturgy barbarous). So can we—and delight in it.

JANET BAKER has sung only two Cavalli roles: Diana and Jupiter-disguised-as-Diana in "Calisto." In them, and as Penelope in Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and as Purcell's

Dido, she has provided a paragon of seventeenth-century operatic manners, being passionate without romantic excess, witty without grossness, direct and "realistic" without breaking the frame of the classical dramas. She gives full value to words, colors lines with emotion, and commands all gradations of dramatic rhythm from a measured beat to free declamation "in time to the beating of the heart." (In a sense, the Cavalli and Monteverdi roles were composed for her; at any rate, in Raymond Leppard's editions they were extensively retailored to take advantage of her voice and temperament.) She excels as a dramatic singer, and although so far she refuses to take the boards in America, not liking the conditions of American opera-giving, in her Carnegie Hall recital last month there could be heard—and seen—something of her Penelope, her Vitellia (in "La Clemenza di Tito"), her Charlotte, and even her Dorabella. The first half of the recital reached its climax in Haydn's cantata "Miseri noi, misera patria," a scena for, it seems, Cassandra (the author of the verses has not been identified)—a vision of a proud city shattered and burned by invaders. (The score is in the Library of Congress.) After a fierce recitative, the dark, tragic color and the smooth line that Dame Janet brought to the first line of the aria, "Funeste orror di morte," were overwhelming. Duparc's "Au pays où se fait la guerre" was sung in a very full, dramatic way, and his "Extase" in so fine-drawn a thread of tone that on one word it snapped for an instant. Baker's singing is always brave; she will push her considerable technique to its very limits rather than play safe, and that is one of the things that make her so exciting an artist. Lia's air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue" (quaintly described in the program as a song) was another full-voiced dramatic scena. She sang a Delius group—three songs from the Norwegian, by Bjørnson and Ibsen, in less than happy English translations, and the Shelley setting "Love's Philosophy"—and, to end the billed program, a Stanford ballad, which was new to me, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." It is a kind of English "Erlkönig"-cum-"Waldesgespräch," and it was vividly done. The single encore was Thomas Pasatieri's cabaret song "Vocal Modesty" (which he wrote for Joanna Simon). Dame Janet sang it with the delicate mischief that makes her Dorabella memorable. Martin Isepp was the pianist.

The program book was a disgrace: a Handel cantata, which opened the

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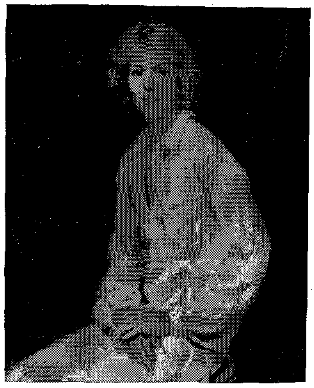

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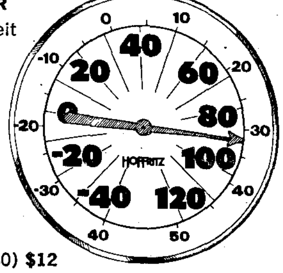

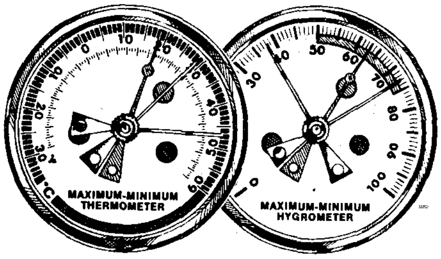

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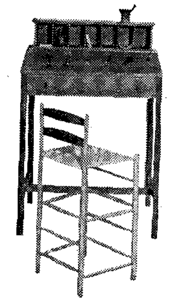

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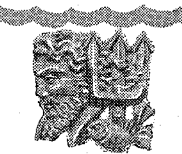

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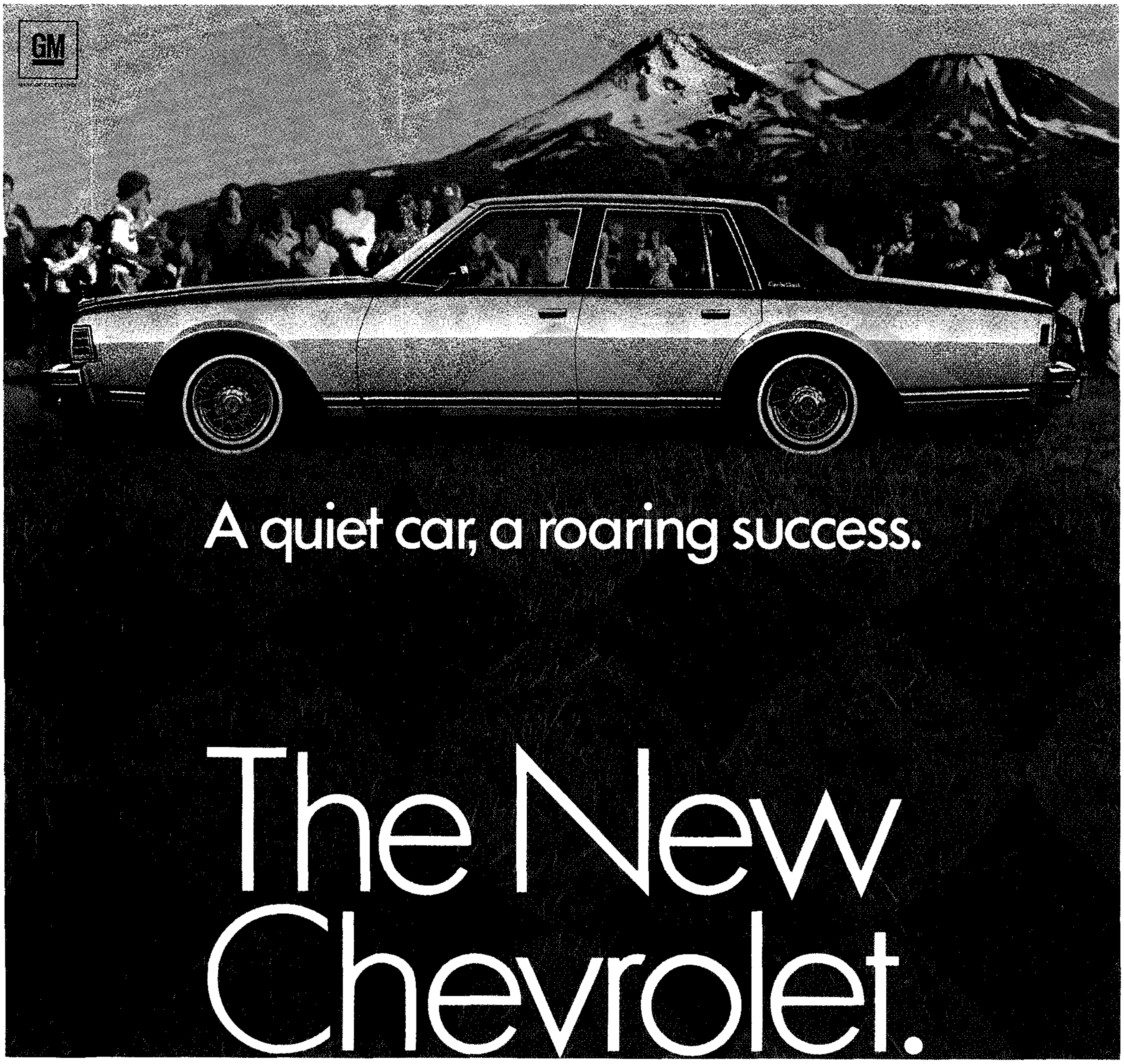

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evening, comically mistranslated; several translations missing; most of the poets unnamed; mislineation all over the place; and the foreign verses printed in a tiny italic type quite illegible in the dim-lit hall. When will the people who put on concerts start to treat New York audiences as grown-up, intelligent people, interested in music and not just in the noises it makes, able to read, and some of them even able to read scores?

SINCE I have not heard all of Massenet's operas, I cannot tell whether "Sapho," which was given a concert performance in Carnegie Hall last week by the Friends of French Opera, is musically the least interesting of them, but it is certainly the least interesting and attractive of the dozen I have heard. Staged, it makes some effect. The leading role—an aging model who grasps at a last chance of happiness with an innocent young student from Provence—is a vehicle that can carry a clever actress to success. But the score is tawdry, second-rate, and (in its dependence on Bizet, Tchaikovsky, and earlier, better Massenet) secondhand music. Elisabeth Söderström, who has not sung opera in New York for fifteen years, returned to give a lustrous, very intelligent, and fully acted performance. She takes all opera in her span. Her characters range from Monteverdi's Nero (1642) to Clitoria in Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre" (1978). Celebrated as Mozart's, Richard Strauss's, and Janáček's heroines, she has also created more modern roles than any other diva of our day. She is always a delight to hear and see, and whatever could be done for "Sapho" she did. The student was Donald Grobe, looking younger and sounding a little less dry than he did twenty years ago. Robert Lawrence conducted.

—ANDREW PORTER

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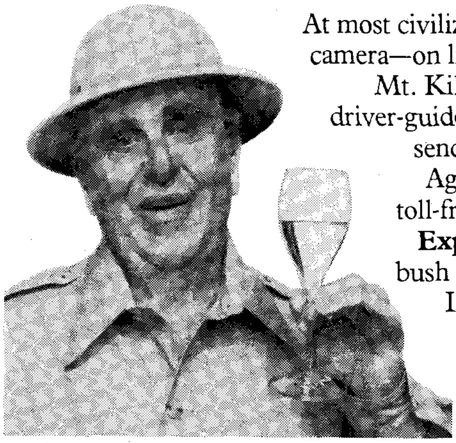

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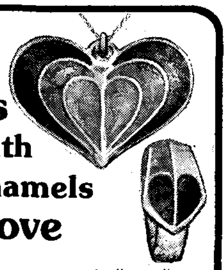

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backs him to the hilt. Ordinarily, I do not use the word "gorgeous," but it seems to fit this time.

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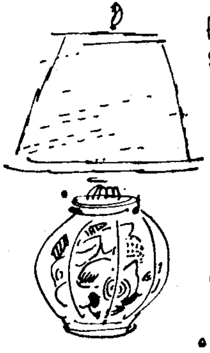

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Beethoven's Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, Opus 120, has been recorded by Charles Rosen, piano (Peters International PLE 042; single). Mr. Rosen is a sturdy pianist in the grand manner.

The irrepressible Mstislav Rostropovich has recorded, with the Collegium Musicum of Zurich, under Paul Sacher, Boccherini's Second Concerto for Cello and String Orchestra, Tartini's Concerto for the same, and two Vivaldi Concertos for Cello, String Orchestra, and Continuo (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 974; single). It goes without saying that Rostropovich's cello playing is brilliant, if a bit on the aggressive side.

Mozart's Concerto in A Major for Clarinet and Orchestra, K. 622; his Concerto in B Flat Major for Bassoon and Orchestra, K. 191; and his Rondo in E Flat Major for Horn and Orchestra, K. 371, all appear on a disc performed by the Munich Chamber Orchestra, Hans Stadlmair conducting, with Guy Deplus, clarinet; Jean-Pierre Laroque, bassoon; and Daniel Bourgue, horn (Peters International PLE 039; single). All the soloists are virtuosos, and the playing is brilliant.

FOR those interested in the recorder, there is an album called "The Art of the Recorder," in which David Munrow, the David Munrow Recorder Consort, and members of the Early Music Consort of London perform music from the thirteenth century onward, up to Hindemith and Britten (Angel SB-3861; four sides). The album also contains a brochure on recorder music in general, with photographs of the performing artists. There are occasional accompaniments by the harpsichord, violin, and cello. The music is quaint and not without beauty.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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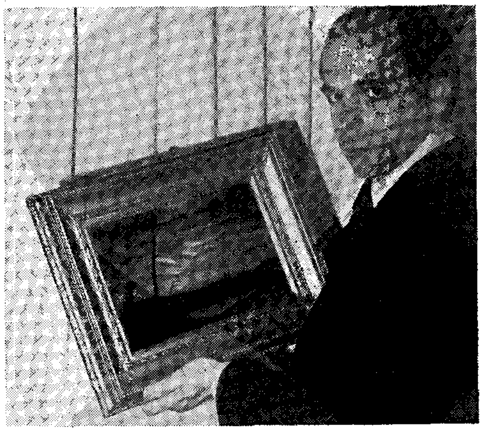

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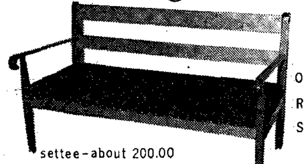

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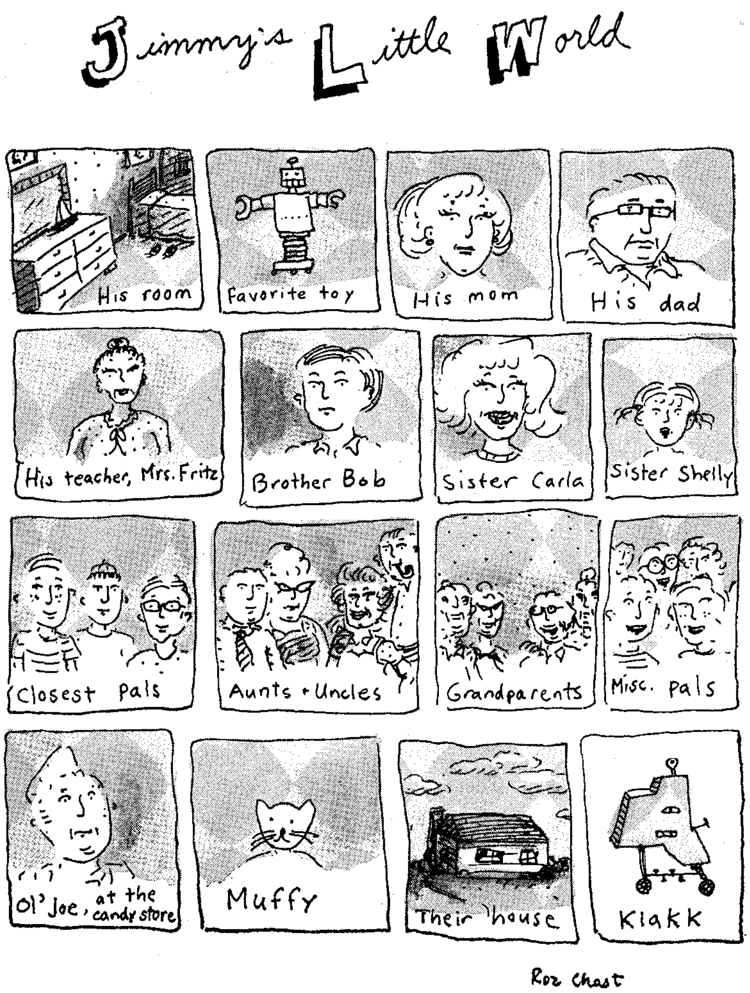
DANCING

Other Verdi Variations

LAST summer, the New York City Ballet gave us a cluster of works in progress, among which was a setting by Jerome Robbins of ballet music from Verdi operas, notably Spring from "Les Saisons," the dance divertissement in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." Now Robbins is presenting all four seasons, and instead of the second première that the company would ordinarily be putting on we get an alternate cast in Fall. Does it make that big a difference whether you see McBride-Baryshnikov or Farrell-Martins? Yes, it does: each cast gives us a whole new experience. Robbins, who likes to work in series ("Dances at a Gathering," "In the Night," "Other Dances"), has arranged different solos to different music for Baryshnikov and Martins. The choreography for McBride and Farrell is substantially the same, but their very dissimilar styles transform it. Seeing the two versions of "The Four Seasons" may be difficult just now, when tickets are scarce. You get no help from the company, which, as a matter of policy, never announces casting more than a week in advance. But cancellations are often available at curtain time, and, partly because of its double star cast, the ballet is a hit. It will have to be around a long time if it is going to be seen twice as often as most hits.

Will the other parts of the ballet stand up under repeated viewings? Robbins has taken a calculated risk, and his calculations are so nice that two times is just about all most people will need or want to see the ballet. One could, of course, watch the Baryshnikov or the Farrell section forever, but fanaticism must expect to pay a price. It isn't as great a price as Balanchine exacts in "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3" from those who only want to watch "Theme and Variations" forever; still, Winter, Spring, and especially Summer are not in the same eye- and nerve-popping class as Fall. That may be in the nature of things: Fall is arranged, after Verdi's scenario, as a bacchic revel. But even allowing for camp appeal, vulgarity, shameless exhibitionism, and all the other necessary attributes of bacchic revels, Fall has the edge over Spring, the next-best section of the ballet, in being more explicitly Verdian in expression. I mean that Robbins has here caught something quintessentially innocent in Verdi's music, has joined his own enthusiasm to it, and has given it full value in his choreography. Spring, by comparison, is a little guardedly neutral, unwilling to surrender respect for Verdi's genius to a recognition of its quality. Or it may be that Spring, which we first saw under the title "Verdi Variations," is Robbins' homage to the eternally undivided, objective, and harmonious art that is Verdi's—and that is not Robbins'. If so, the outcome of a sentimental, dissenting artist's celebrating a peacefully attuned one is mere blandness or pleasant efficiency. In characterizing Verdi and Robbins, I am using terms that Isaiah Berlin borrowed from Schiller for his essay "The Naïveté of Verdi." Robbins, I think, sees Verdi in Berlin-Schiller terms as "in music at least . . . the last 'naïve' artist of genius," but he's unable to encompass this aspect of Verdi steadily. It's as if in Spring he were able to encompass only a list of must-nots. The material for Kyra Nichols and Daniel Duell is so restrained, so limpidly organized, that it looks inhibited; its classicism is negative, like "corrected" character dancing. And since their débuts in these roles last summer Nichols and Duell have become even more measured and methodical. Duell is given choreography that is far from easy, yet he makes it look *too* easy—overanalyzed, drained of excitement. Nichols is so controlled that the audience applauds her for a beauty and a lady, too. Verdi's zephyrs are really breezy; they're not in this ballet. (A male corps of four bounding *haricots verts* isn't quite enough.)

In Verdi's ballet, originally produced during the third act of "Les Vêpres" at the Paris Opéra in 1855, the leading dancers of the four divertissements emerged from a basket at the behest of Janus, god of the new year. In the New York City production, which was designed in period style by Santo Loquasto, Janus hails four allegorical figures in drapes (Father Winter, Primavera, etc.), who then leave the stage to return one by one with their (dancing) entourages. It's obvious—at least to Loquasto, who has used every cliché in the book—that what will now take place is a ballet about ballet. But Robbins has made no consistent attempt to reproduce the style of a mid-century opera divertissement. He follows the elaborate scenario, but not with blind faith. (Or with strict logic. Having frozen his dancers to shivering tremolos, he does not unfreeze them when the music melts into droplets of pizzicati.) His instinct is to follow instead the dance impulse of the music, and in this he is right. Isaiah Berlin wrote of the Verdi operas that we need no outside information, no orientation, to understand them, and the same is true of the Verdi



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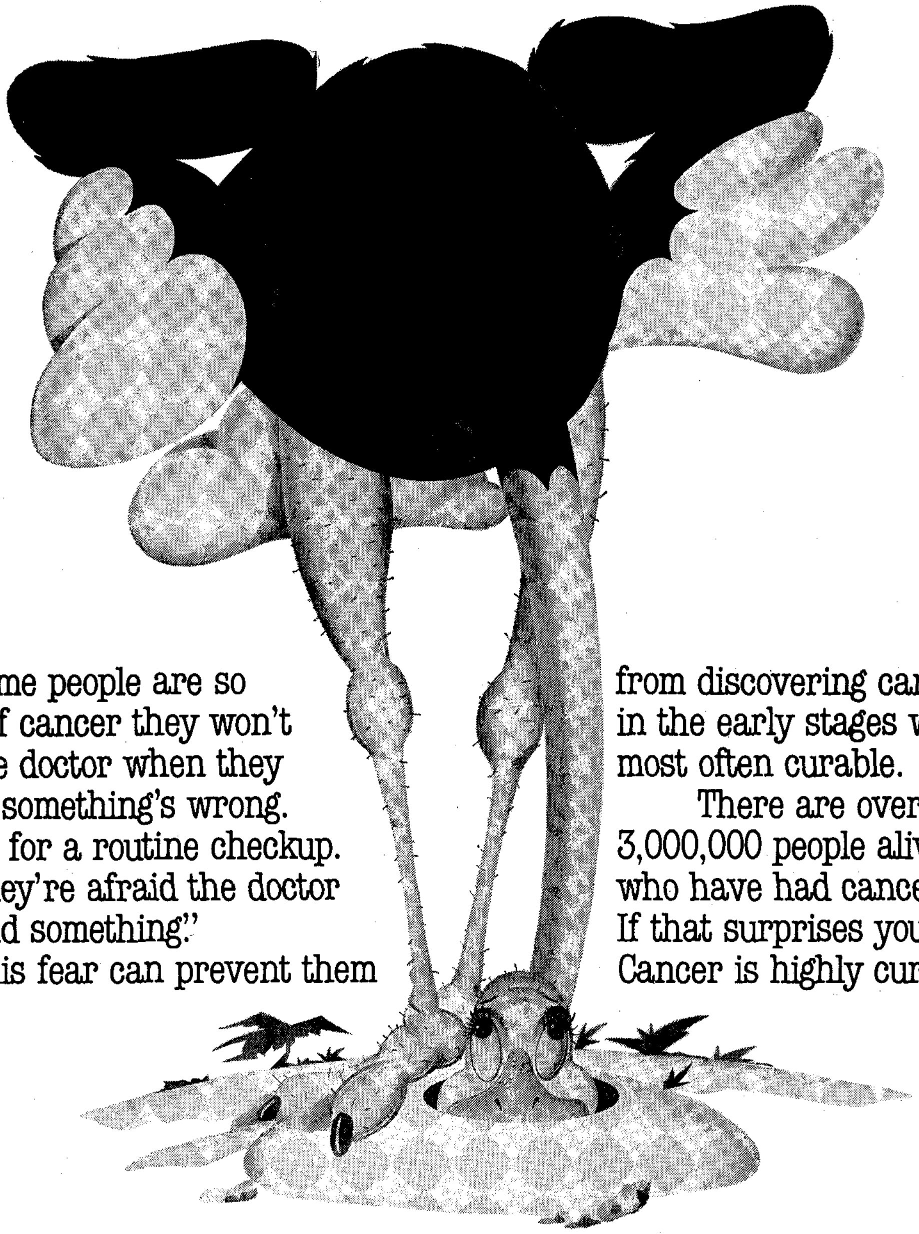

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ballets. However, there's one instance when Robbins' instinct plays him false. Summer is the shortest of the Seasons, little more than an interlude between Spring and Fall. Verdi composed a languorous oboe solo over a drone bass followed by a sprightly waltz that dies away at the first sign of Autumn panic. The passage, amusing and evocative in itself, is one of those with a direct influence on later ballet music—the bacchante's dance in the second act of "Sylvia" and the Arabian dance in "The Nutcracker" both recall it. Robbins' choreography, an understated cooch dance, lets the associations stand, but it neither draws them out nor adds anything. Bart Cook's role is vague; Stephanie Saland's is decorative; six girls make their bends adornings. This disconcertingly blank scène dansante suggests thinning resources, and not, as Robbins may have intended, a prelude to the afternoon of many fauns, nymphs, and satyrs.

In the final section, the allusions to ballets past are so ripe that to an audience with a decent awareness of dance history they'd be almost past mentioning. But culturally we're so deprived that all we can think of as we watch Robbins' bacchanal is the last time we saw one like it, which was in the repertory of the Bolshoi Ballet. Robbins' corps de ballet enters en masse in a split leap to a crouch, just as I recall Lavrovsky's doing in "Walpurgis Night." Loquasto's tunics and shifts—grape for the corps, scarlet for the principals—are something like the Bolshoi's. Jean-Pierre Frohlich's Pan suggests the Yagudins and Vasilievs of the Bolshoi as well as the Puck danced by Frohlich in Balanchine's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Robbins' ballet, like Lavrovsky's, belongs to a conventional genre that probably had its origins early in the last century. Certainly it was a genre by Verdi's day, and it lasted into Ravel's ("Daphnis and Chloë"). Still, for most of us, the Lavrovsky precedent exists. I believe that it exists for Robbins and that he has invoked it deliberately to clarify certain points of divergence and connection between Mikhail Baryshnikov's background and that of the American dancers he is seen among now. Point of divergence: When can the Bolshoi—or the Kirov, which knows "Walpurgis Night" well—have seen dancing (as opposed to running, leaping, and posing) like this? Point of divergence: Could any Russian bacchante ever look so lightweight, so collegiate? Baryshnikov seems almost unnaturally vivid in the midst of American dancers. They surround him in a crouching run, going nowhere in particular, while he is on a headlong debauch. And his singularity is heightened in his variation, in which he throws himself forward in plunging stag leaps, then backward into high jetés passés. Images of sensual abandon arise purely from fertility of technique. Robbins' choreography asks Baryshnikov for everything he knows about jumps and turns. You can almost see the entries under "grande pirouette" expanding as Baryshnikov does them: with knee bends, with sautés, in every variety of attitude, and sometimes without turning to a finish but simply stopping dead, impeccably à la seconde. Point of connection. Baryshnikov's technique is a one-man revolution waged on the same principles as the most advanced Western choreography. He embodies the drive to "do more" and do it bigger and faster than ever before.

Temperamentally and technically, the role of the ballerina suits Suzanne Farrell better than it does Patricia McBride. One might know that without seeing McBride do it. Seeing her, one might not know it. Robbins always composes felicitously for McBride; she has difficulty only with a few of the uncentered pirouettes that are a Farrell specialty, and she does chaînés piqués instead of the string of double soutenu turns that Farrell knocks off. And she doesn't in Baryshnikov have the superbly sensitive partner that Farrell has in Martins. But Martins is a slightly uneasy Bacchus, and he needs his own costume as much as his own variation. (Perhaps, like McBride, he should wear a wig.) The variation, like Baryshnikov's, is set to a selection from "Il Trovatore." Fittingly for a stylist of the Danish school, it's all turns and beats; he performs page after page of batterie. Then Martins goes Russian, with his magnificent double tour in assemblé running ahead of a snake line in the galop. Farrell's great voluptuary is a projection of her virtuoso technical capacities. Her precision, like Baryshnikov's, is epicurean. At her first performance, her variation was so astonishing in its speed, in its extreme and subtle wit, that most people in the audience didn't realize what had happened. Farrell, whose health for the past year has been unreliable, hasn't been consistently at her best this season. If only as the occasion for the reassuring return of a great dancer, Robbins' ballet has served its purpose.

Of course, it has accomplished more

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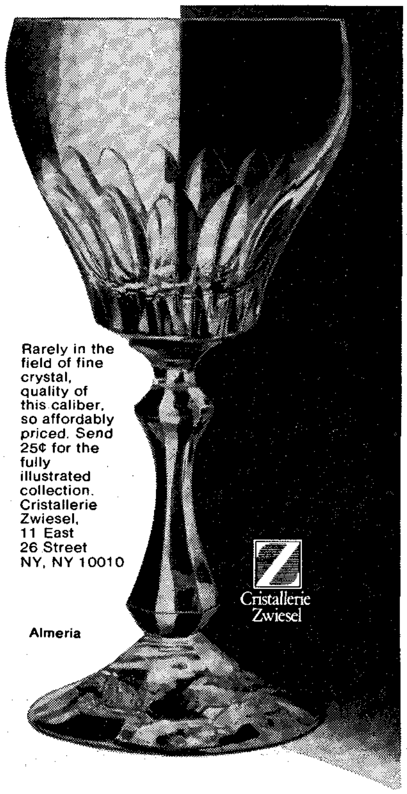

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than that. Once again, Robbins has come to the aid of the company when it could not count on another major première. He has provided it with a ballet-of-the-moment, focussing the excitement we feel right now about the New York City Ballet. His casting of tandem star teams may seem a bit American Ballet Theatre, but Robbins doesn't flaunt his stars without accommodating them as artists.

SINCE ballets have no existence apart from performance, it's inevitable that they change over the years, just as the performers do. Deterioration is also to some extent a part of the natural process of repertory, and in a repertory the size of Balanchine's it can sometimes spread past tolerable limits. "Who Cares?" and "Theme and Variations" have largely fallen apart; recent performances of the latter have been scarcely worth the long sit through "Suite No. 3." A change that is very hard to take is the one that has come over "Agon." This is the result not of decomposition but of recomposition; the whole ballet has been systematically overhauled, studded with quirks and affectations, and generally made to look like Modernism Made Easy. The loose, equivocal, hip style of the early years can never, perhaps, be restored—it left too wide a margin for error. But this new, overaccented, overpunctuated "Agon" is an impostor. Even Farrell and Martins, scooping through the pas de deux, broadcast their effects. Oddly, this development coincides with the continued veracity of "The Four Temperaments," which, despite a few arbitrary revisions near the end, still looks like "The Four Temperaments." Baryshnikov's growing accuracy of style as he works his way into the Melancholic variation is something we can measure; it's progress toward a legible goal. And "Serenade" still looks like "Serenade," especially when it is danced as it was a week ago. Miss Nichols gave the cleanest and most expressive Tema Russo I have seen in many years. With Colleen Neary, Joseph Duell, and Adam Lüders, it was a cast that made me happy even with the mite-size heroics of Kay Mazzo as the ballet's tragic heroine.

—ARLENE CROCE

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

The ancient Greek orator Demosthenes had a unique way of teaching grammar: Whenever a child made a mistake, he struck one of the parents, on the origin.

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JAZZ

A Burning Desire

WHEN Louis Armstrong began his spectacular rise in Chicago in the twenties, the generosity and invention and originality of his playing provided source material for a thousand admirers. One of the most gifted is the seventy-three-year-old trumpeter Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham, who before reaching his present glory led a largely subterranean career as a lead trumpeter and sometime soloist. He was born in Nashville, where he worked behind Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey and Clara Smith, and he moved to Chicago when he was twenty-one. He had a lean time until he joined Sam Wooding in 1928 and went to Europe. A few years later, he was with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and a year after that he began a seven-year stay with Cab Calloway. Brief jobs with Teddy Wilson's and Benny Carter's big bands followed, and he was hired by Eddie Heywood, whose small band included the trombonist Vic Dickenson. It worked at Café Society Downtown, and was famous for its tight ensembles and spirited solos and for Heywood's leggy Earl Hines piano. Then Cheatham suffered a collapse. "I never was a very strong person," he once told Stanley Dance, "and when I was young I was very thin. Travelling on the road a lot, and just living on sandwiches, was more than I could take." When he recovered, he started teaching. Some of his students were Latins, and that led to a fifteen-year stint of playing in Latin bands (Machito, Perez Prado, Marcelino Guerra, Ricardo Ray). He also doubled with Wilbur de Paris and Benny Goodman, but all the while his ambition was to get the call from Duke Ellington. He told Dance, "Juan Tizol was a good friend of mine, and once, when they were playing in Brooklyn, he told me they needed a trumpet player. He took me over there to see Duke . . . but he didn't have anything at all to say about the job. . . . I just sat there while Duke got dressed, and he passed a remark every now and then. . . . So that was one of my major disappointments, and I felt foolish just sitting there in that dressing room." Cheatham has at last begun leading his own group—he will be at Crawdaddy with a trio through February 9th—and he is playing with a fervor and a beauty that have largely gone out of jazz trumpet playing.

"I went to Chicago in 1926," he said the other night at Crawdaddy. "And I heard all the many marvellous musicians who were there—Louis Armstrong, who was the first to really solo on the trumpet, and Tommy Ladnier, who was next to Armstrong, to my way of thinking. I heard King Oliver, who was a gutbucket player, and Freddie Keppard, who had a military style and was so powerful he blew his mute right out of his trumpet and across the stage one night. He was so full of jazz nobody could hold him. And Jelly Roll Morton was around. I liked him, but I guess nobody else did. He was a braggadocio sort of fellow. He would tell you *he* was the pioneer of jazz, and you couldn't dispute him. He had a hard time in Chicago, and he almost starved when he went to New York, in 1928. Of course, that was fifty years ago. In that time, I've learned some confidence, and that's what my playing is based on—experience, and knowing thoroughly the melody and chords of the tunes I play.

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Tommy Ladnier taught me to always listen to the bass, and then everything would fall into place. It's also important to have the right men with you. They can lead you up the right path, or they can mislead you and break your heart if they don't know what they're doing. I learned from Louis Armstrong how to treat a chorus—not to overdo anything, not to waste notes, to keep things as trim as possible. When you improvise, you have a kind of picture in your mind. If you play a love song, perhaps you see a pretty girl, and if you play a buck-dance sort of number you put yourself in the character of a buck dancer. Generally, you put yourself in the character of what you are playing, like an actor. Duke Ellington's 'Ring Dem Bells' leaves you in a happy frame, and the blues—the real blues—is such a sad thing it fills you with sorrow."

Cheatham laughed. "Sorrow is what filled my father when I became a musician. His parents were descendants of the Indians who settled in what is now Cheatham County, near Nashville. He was a barber who owned a three-story building that also had a tailor shop and baths, and his trade was white. His brothers were doctors and his sisters teachers. My mother was part Cherokee, and she came from Atlanta, Georgia. She was a schoolteacher way back in the eighteen-hundreds, and she was very beautiful and highly educated. She became a laboratory assistant at a medical college in Nashville. I had just one brother, and he was a dentist. My father didn't want me to be a musician because mostly what you saw in Nashville were circus musicians, and it seems like they drank all the time. He finally gave in when he realized it wouldn't be any use to stand in my way. So I was the sort of black sheep of the family. But when you take up an instrument you become addicted to it. You get a burning desire to play and play. Maybe that's why I never drank whiskey. I already had my addiction."

Cheatham is spare and elegant and ageless, and he affects picture-window glasses. His face is narrow, his eyes are heavy-lidded, and his nose is geometric and patrician. He talks in a confabulatory way, and he punctuates his memories of musicians by frequently saying, "They come and they go. They come and they go." When he plays, he points his horn toward the heavens and holds his arms level, as if he were about to take flight. His attack is lyrical and jaunty and wasteless. (Armstrong has not been Cheatham's only influence. He

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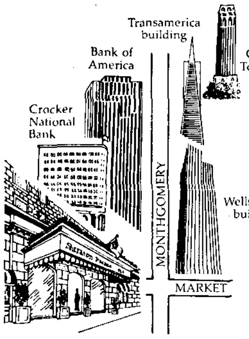

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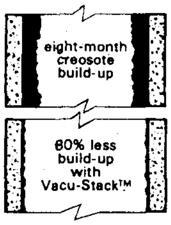
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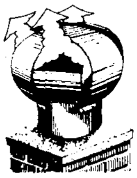

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has also admired Johnny Dunn and Louis Panico and Joe Smith and the late Shorty Baker.) He has a gentle, glistening tone and an even, discreet vibrato. His solos are a pleasing succession of lines, steps, curves, parabolas, angles, and elevations. They move with the logic and precision of composition, yet they have the spark and spontaneity of improvisation. Cheatham's rhythmic underpinnings have a staccato, bony clarity and emphasis: *all* his notes seem to stand out. Most brass players his age barely have the wind and lip to speak and eat, but he is continually adventurous. He loves big intervals, and he rarely lands on less than one foot. He successfully tries little ascensions that reach toward high C. His phrasing crosses bar lines with ease, and he constructs hill-and-dale melodic lines that run for ten or twelve measures. (Like most of the players of his generation, he is a master of embellished melodic statement.) There is little he cannot play. His ballads are round-limbed and placid, and his blues, though unfailingly courteous, are melancholy, and even mean. His up-tempo numbers leap and jump. He is a wizard with mutes—particularly the plunger mute, which he handles with force and subtlety and surprise that sometimes surpass Cootie Williams'. And this brilliant, sempiternal player never falters. He plays and plays, solo after solo, evening after evening, and each time he is fresh and affecting.

Crawdaddy is an imitation New Orleans restaurant whose patrons often have other things on their mind than music. But Cheatham long ago developed the portable serenity that all good jazz musicians travel with, and nothing seems to bother him. In the course of two languorous sets, he played a spacious "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?;" a fast, glancing "Just Friends" that suggested his old friend Bill Coleman; a slow "Jelly Roll Blues" with a muted solo that had an inner-mind intensity; a ruminating "Dear Old Southland," in which he sang in his plaintive, piping way; an ad-lib "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," a hymn that he converted into a delicate, floating lullaby; and two great displays of his plunger-mute work in a brooding "St. Louis Blues" and a swaying, smoking "Summertime." When he executed a diminuendo-crescendo growl with his plunger mute in "Summertime," the sound exploded.

Cheatham's accompanists are Chuck Folds, a dependable neo-Wilson, neo-Waller player, and Jackie Williams, a steady, crisp follower of Jo Jones, and a drummer whom Bobby Hackett preferred above all others. Unfortunately, the management at Crawdaddy has never been willing to fill out its horn-piano-drums groups with a bass. This not only gives the music a hollow, hungry sound but makes the musicians—bereft of a keel—work twice as hard.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

FLAT LIGHT

The sound the clock makes,
The look of the table
In the flat light without shadows
In the white room on West Twenty-first Street.
I am sure of nothing
But this.

Dead moths in lucite cases—
Strange how dead wings still stir the air . . .
The floor slants,
The radiance casts no shadow on the slope:
        the snow is falling
        and the light is flat,

Filtered from the scouring glare.
Beyond this gauze cocoon
A siren passes, and a rush
Of wings that do not brush this air.

The light falls from the white room;
I hear the sound the clock makes,
The long clear silence of the table.
And the brightness of the butterfly
Intensified by breathing.

—WILLIAM MCPHERSON

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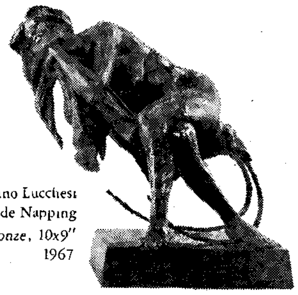

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1967

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BOOKS

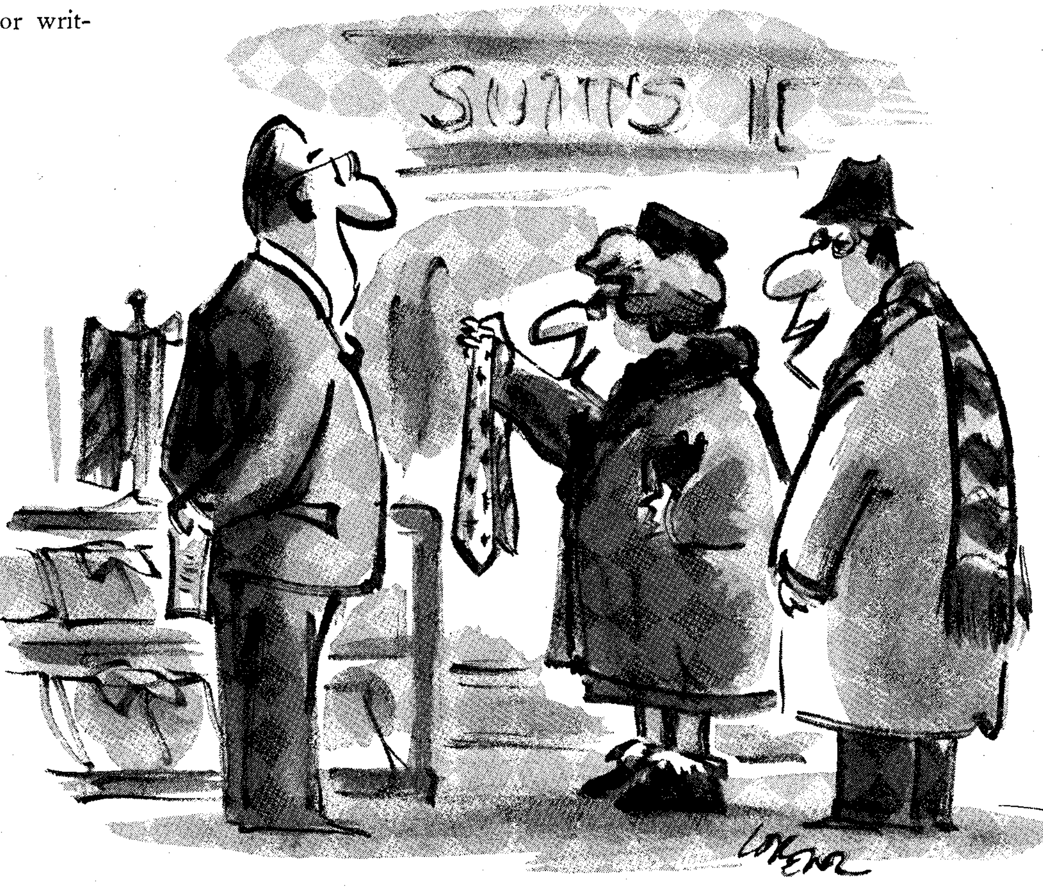
Interior Children

FOR a writer, the wrong reputation can be as deadly as none. Elizabeth Bowen was always noted, but not always for the right reasons. Although she died as recently as 1973, her reputation had begun petering out in the sixties, when to mention love seemed frivolous, and the word "civilization" began to give off a slight stench. Elizabeth Bowen was a civilized writer preoccupied with human relationships. Since her death, the social setting against which the novels are played out has vanished more quickly than anyone could have predicted, and the novels have not had time to slip into the permanent shelters of the more constrained worlds of, say, Trollope and Jane Austen. Although she was alive at the beginning of this decade, Elizabeth Bowen may be an unknown writer to the present generation. With the exception of "Pictures and Conversations," a collection of autobiographical writings and other fragments which was published in 1975, and a paperback edition of "The Death of the Heart" (1938), her books have been hard to find for years. In a recent biography, Victoria Glendinning stated the case for her subject in a few sentences: "She is a major writer; her name should appear in any responsible list of the ten most important fiction writers in English on this [the British] side of the Atlantic in this century . . . She is what happened after Bloomsbury . . . the link that connects Virginia Woolf with Iris Murdoch and Muriel Spark." Now, happily, Avon Books is reprinting nearly all the novels, in paperback—starting backward, with "Eva Trout" (1968).

When she hit on the phrase "the death of the heart," Elizabeth Bowen hit on the key to all her fiction. Achieving a worldliness that catches them up short or remaining interior children—dissemblers to the world—her characters are cut off from natural growth. Thwarted feeling runs its thread through the novels, and, because of this, landscape plays a special role: nature is not only descriptive but thematic, and sets in bold relief the submerged emotions and sexual detours typical of Bowen's characters, who are plunged into atmospheres recognizable but timeless, as if the owner of a travel agency in the thirties (Emmeline in "To the North," of 1932) or the head of an international conglomerate (Constantine in "Eva Trout") were to be found in the Forest of Arden. I can think of no other writer capable of creating Arcadias so oddly sulphurous, in which schoolmistresses, shopowners, moonstruck juveniles, and retired Army majors wander; yet the backgrounds never seem incongruous. Because Bowen's command of social comedy is authoritative, her dialogue demanding, and the psychological tension subtle, I don't think it has been noticed that the settings, which pass for versions of reality, are heightened—a unique blend of precise description and landscapes that could exist only in the imagination. Natural or urban, they transform themselves quickly into a series of dissolving and re-forming paintings. Here is Karen arriving by boat from England at Cork in "The House in Paris" (1935):

> On the left shore, a steeple pricked up out of a knoll of trees, above a snuggle of gothic villas; then there was the sad stare of what looked like an orphanage. A holy bell rang and a girl at a corner mounted her bicycle and rode out of sight. The river kept washing salt off the ship's prow. Then, to the right, the tree-dark hill of Tivoli began to go up, steep, with pallid stucco houses appearing to balance on the tops of trees. Palladian columns, gazebos, glass-houses, terraces showed on the background misted with spring green, at the tops of shafts or on toppling brackets of rock, all stuck to the hill, all slipping past the ship. . . .
>
> The river still narrowing, townish terraces of tall pink houses under a cliff drew in. In one fanlight stood a white plaster horse; clothes were spread out to dry on a briar bush. Someone watching the ship twitched back a curtain; a woman leaned out signalling with a mirror: several travellers must be expected home. A car with handkerchiefs fluttering drove alongside the ship. On the city side, a tree-planted promenade gave place to boxy warehouses; a smoky built-over hill appeared beyond Tivoli. But Cork consumes its own sound: the haze remained quite silent.

Because of the prevailing notion of being cut off from the natural, of being



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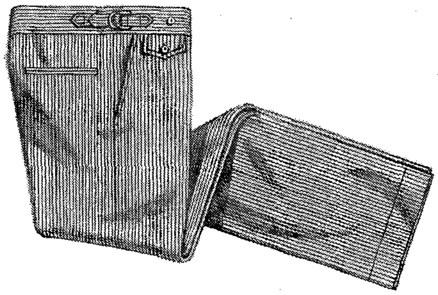

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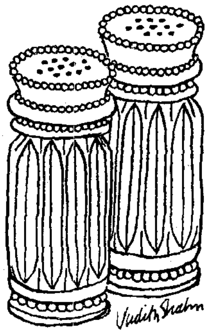
expelled from a garden, an oblique view of the Creation shapes Bowen's fiction. In her version of the Fall, the gifts of sexuality and knowledge provide the temptation to be human, not evil. Compared to being human, being evil is an easy achievement—it lacks shading. The story of the Creation is moral and possibly funny—never have two people been given such lavish gifts and made to pay for them so quickly and so drastically. To be moral and to be funny are qualities inimical to our age when taken together, but they are the very stuff and weather of Austen and Wilde. All the essential stories (with the exception of the miraculous conjuring of Eve out of a rib) are embedded in the original triangle of man, woman, and tempter. What Bowen saw was how the qualities that save us in one way destroy us in another, and she dealt always in doubles, not only in having major characters underlined by minor counterparts—Lois and Livvy in "The Last September" (1929), Portia and Lilian in "The Death of the Heart"—but in the very depiction of character itself. Portia, the center of the reader's compassion, is at the same time a terrible bore. Stella, in "The Heat of the Day" (1949), is intelligent and yet a pawn. Karen, in "The House in Paris," is sensitive in regard to her aunt's doom yet evasive and cowardly when it comes to Leopold, her illegitimate child. Leopold is rescued, but not by her, and, as always in a Bowen novel, a larger problem looms: Without her, can it be considered a rescue? The heart dies hard and is capable of a unique extinction: it tends to expire over and over.



After "The Death of the Heart," Elizabeth Bowen was tagged as a writer for whom adolescence provides special insights, but her true subject is manipulation—emotional, social, sexual—and particularly the compelling power of the past to direct, compromise, and destroy the living. The late-blooming passion of Irene and Mr. Quayne provides "The Death of the Heart" with the heart in question, but it also adds just the right historical flavor of dishevelled romance to the foreground. The letters that Jane finds in the attic in "A World of Love" (1955)—letters written to her mother by a soldier killed in the First World War—become a source of fantasy more meaningful than any reality she has yet known. And Mme. Fisher, an ancient witch, flat on her sickbed in an upstairs room in "The House in Paris," having destroyed one generation with her neurotic need to dominate, is still busily maneuvering for the control of a second. Throughout Bowen's fiction, convention and habit are not as lethal an enemy of feeling as is doubt. Ambiguity is most brutal to the young, who fight for a single-edged interpretation of the world, only to come up against larger and more baffling uncertainties. The battleground is usually a house, itself double-edged—its architecture and history suggesting the solidity of structure, but a structure whose walls are always shaken by the pressure of the lives lived within them, leading either to decompression or to explosion. In Bowen novels, the two sides of the coin clash, and nowhere more sharply than in the unfinished "The Move-In," the last fiction of hers that we have, in "Pictures and Conversations," where a carful of young people arrive at night demanding to be let into an establishment (a house) that refuses to admit them.

The battlers are mainly women. The enigmatic men—Markie ("To the North"), Eddie ("The Death of the Heart"), even Henry ("Eva Trout")—are charming, demanding, and undependable: quicksand into which the female characters stumble. Deeply uneasy, hopeless when not provided with roles, they often bring an irrelevant and unwanted integrity to bear on situations no longer responsive to it—Edward in "Friends and Relations" (1931), Major Brutt in "The Death of the Heart." And there are the malevolent males, each with a beneficent side—Julian in "To the North," and St. Quentin in "The Death of the Heart." Compassionate irony is reserved for young males, a touch of gleeful malice for divorcées and obstreperous adolescent girls. The social comedy, even in "Friends and Relations," is never pure—the psychological insights are too penetrating. "A World of Love" is something else again: pastoral romance edging a ghost story out of the way. Underground eroticism and erratic insecurity leading to violence count for more and more over the years. Three suicides, two murders, one plane crash, and one car crash are strewn among four novels.

Upper-crust middle-class life is the usual milieu, but the family is more crucial than has been acknowledged—and particularly the missing mother in "The House in Paris," "The Death of the Heart," "To the North," and

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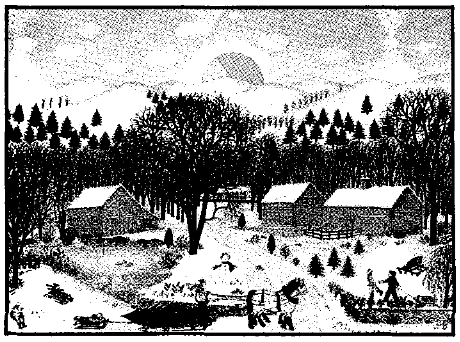

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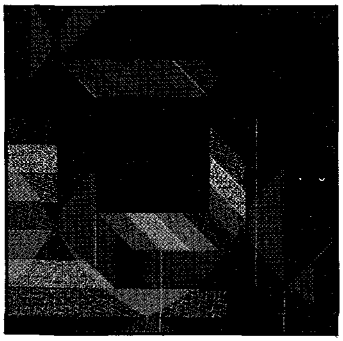

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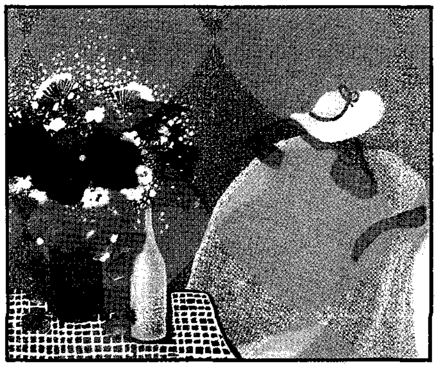

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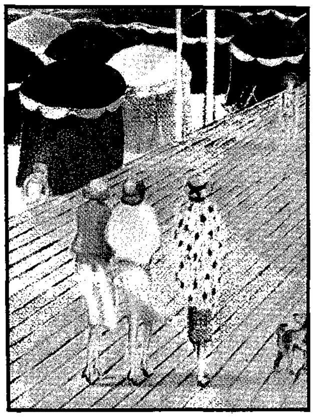

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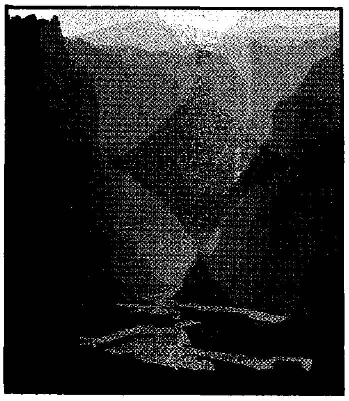

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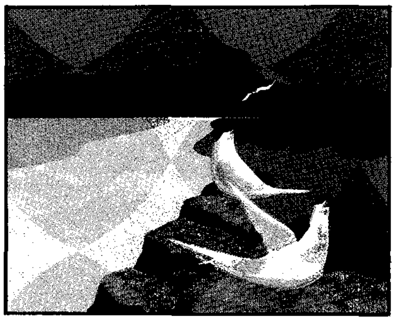

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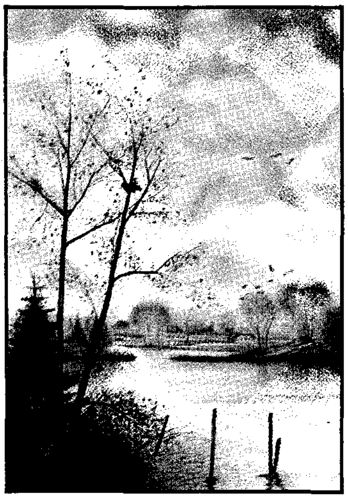

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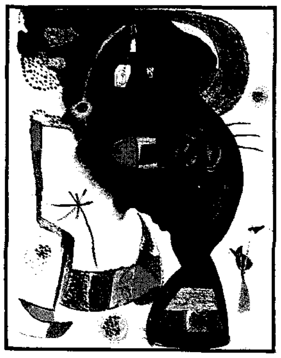

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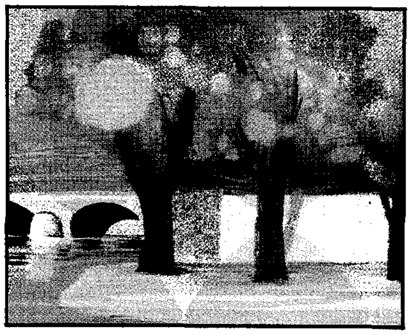

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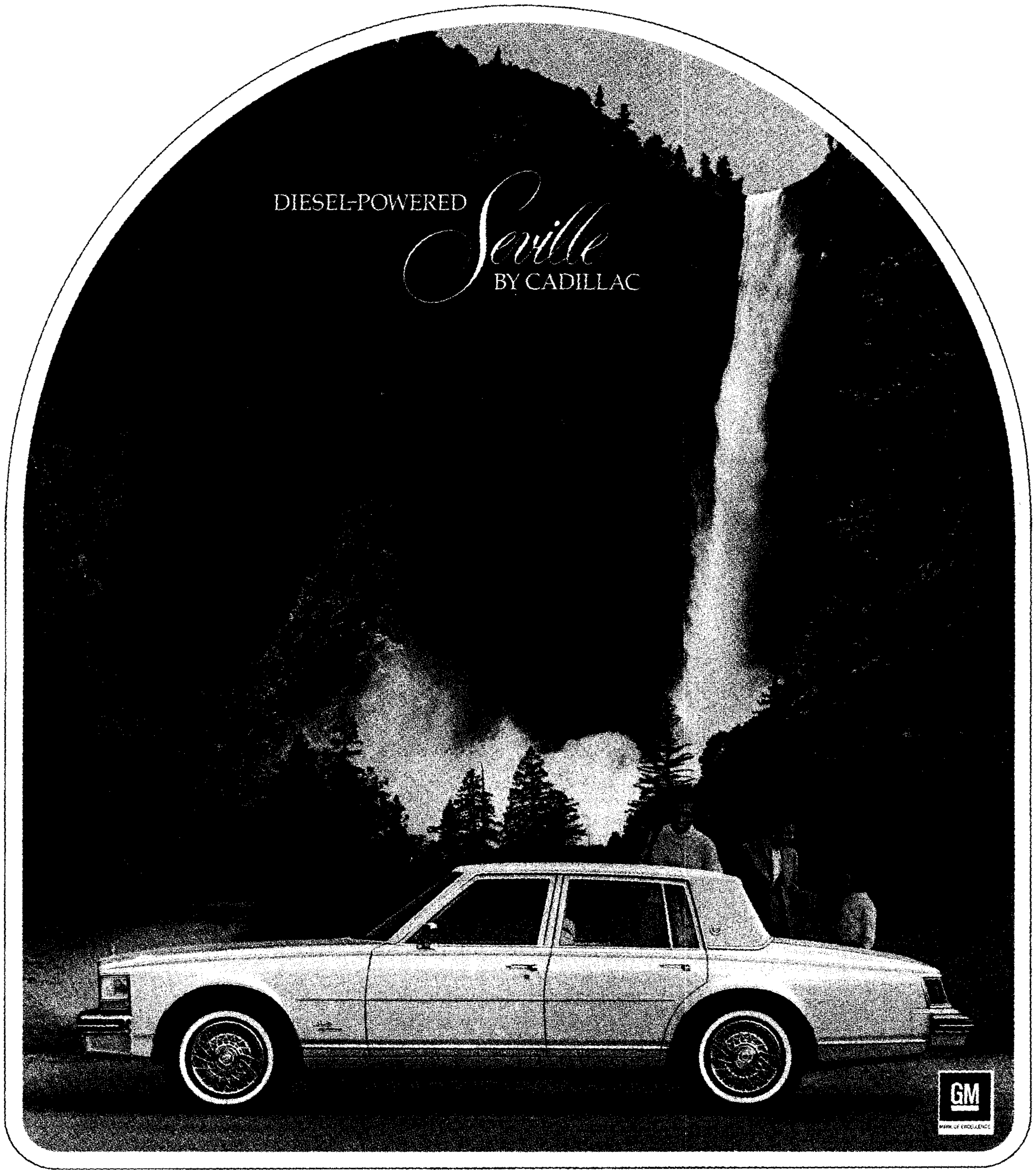

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"Eva Trout." That is where the Bowen preoccupation (but not obsession) with love begins. It is seen as the one important choice people not very free still think they are free to make, and they make it, usually, under a disastrous cloud: they have never known or have lost their mothers.

The disasters continue and proliferate. Over all, the novels are pessimistic, and present the reader with an insoluble dilemma: innocence (or the lasting memory of it) and civilization are equally unavoidable. We bring the first condition with us into the world, which provides us, mercilessly, with the second. Between the two, some rite of passage must take place. The Garden of Eden can become rustic, suburban, a jungle, or otherwise hellish—the desert is no more than a stone's throw away. As the story of the Creation makes quite clear, you cannot have it both ways. But there is in the story a dissembler, and it is he—inexplicable, perhaps even helplessly acting out injunctions he would prefer to avoid—on whom the Bowen instinct for drama focusses. In her version, he assumes his usual role of the manipulator, but he has an unusual aspect. He is doomed throughout eternity not for being evil but for being ambiguous: from one point of view unleashing demonic appetites and murderous intelligence and from another providing the sources of the greatest human achievements—love and knowledge. In the Bowen canon, the snakes—if you can label them at all—are not only equivocal but reluctant.

Yet to pretend that the snake and tree do not exist is to be a simpleton. Whichever way Portia turns in "The Death of the Heart" is the wrong turn. The world has no use for innocence, and with good reason: everyone has once been some version of Portia, and no one wants to be reminded again of that large, incurable wound. The innocent are not quite the unequal contestants one might imagine. They go through their paces in the novels giving tit for tat:

> Innocence so constantly finds itself in a false position that inwardly innocent people learn to be disingenuous. Finding no language in which to speak in their own terms, they resign themselves to being translated imperfectly. They exist alone; when they try to enter into relations they compromise falsifyingly—through anxiety, through desire to impart and to feel warmth. The system of our affections is too corrupt for them. They are bound to blunder, then to be told they cheat. In love, the sweetness and violence they have to offer involves a thousand betrayals for the less innocent. Incurable strangers to the world, they never cease to exact a heroic happiness. Their singleness, their ruthlessness, their one continuous wish makes them bound to be cruel, and to suffer cruelty. The innocent are so few that two of them seldom meet—when they do meet, their victims lie strewn all round.

The profundity of this and the cleverness are inextricably mixed. Its author was herself aware that "cleverness" could be damaging. A certain aphoristic tendency (especially in the early novels) to "smartness" is delightful in itself but suspicious in its virtuosity. This is from "To the North":

> Lady Waters was quick to detect situations that did not exist. Living comfortably in Rutland Gate with her second husband, Sir Robert, she enlarged her own life into ripples of apprehension on everybody's behalf. Upon meeting, her very remarkable eyes sought one's own for those first intimations of crisis she was all tuned up to receive; she entered one's house on a current that set the furniture bobbing; at Rutland Gate destiny shadowed her tea-table. Her smallest clock struck portentously, her telephone trilled from the heart, her dinner-gong boomed a warning. When she performed introductions, drama's whole precedent made the encounter momentous.

But Bowen was so much more than a merely clever writer that the charge deserves merely passing notice. More to the point, she seems to have been born with a genius command of English prose style, and the problem of her kind of gift was what to do with it. Words are the drunken part of her otherwise sober books, and there is a question whether any subject, theme, character, or scene ever became important enough—ever held a match to the style per se. Still, she was able to feel what she had originally felt before the world became transparent, and her ability to recover the past, both in her intellectual grasp of the locally historic—"Bowen's Court" (1942), "The Shelbourne Hotel" (1951), "A Time in Rome" (1960), all works of nonfiction—and in her magic transformation of landscape into its verbal equivalents, is reflected in the mature style. Here are the opening paragraphs of her unfinished autobiography in "Pictures and Conversations":

> The day this book was begun I went for a walk. The part of Kent I am living in has wide views, though also mysterious interstices. It can be considered to have two coastlines: a past, a present—the former looks from below like a ridge of hills, but in fact is the edge of an upland plateau: originally the sea reached to the foot of this. Afterwards, the withdrawal of the sea laid bare salty stretches, formerly its bed; two of the Cinque Ports, Hythe, New Romney, consequently found themselves high-and-dry, as did what was left of the Roman harbour under the heights of Lympne. . . . The existing coastline, a long shallow inward curve

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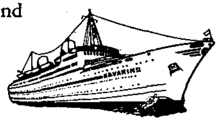

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westward from Folkestone to the far-out shingly projection of Dungeness, is fortified for the greater part of its way by a massive wall, lest the sea change its mind again. Inside the sea-wall, the protected lands keep an illusory look of marine emptiness—widening, west of Hythe, into the spaces of Romney Marsh, known for its sheep, its dykes, its sunsets and its solitary churches. On a clear day, the whole of this area meets the eye: there are no secrets.

Not so uphill, inland. The plateau, exposed to gales on its Channel front, has a clement hinterland, undulating and wooded. It is cleft by valleys, down which streams make their way to the sea; and there are also hollows, creases and dips, which, sunk between open-airy pastures and cornfields, are not to be guessed at till you stumble upon them: then, they are enticing, breathless and lush, with their wandering dogpaths and choked thickets.

A true wit, in the Restoration sense, Elizabeth Bowen had a flair for comedy that eluded Virginia Woolf. Bowen suffered the madness of her father, Woolf her own madness; each was in touch with secret springs of irrationality. But Elizabeth Bowen was born in Dublin, not London, and Irishness is not Englishness. She belongs to an Anglo-Irish tradition that includes Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Shaw. Comedy was not only in the genes but in the air. The odd mixture of the truly felt and the devastating was her forte. The view was bifocal. Sentiment and irony, operating in tandem, make one more set of contradictions added to others, beginning with the doubleness that the hyphen between "Anglo" and "Irish" implies: to be extraordinarily verbal and yet to stammer; to inherit a great house and yet to have a strong emotional sense of dispossession; to have a temperamental affinity with the bohemian while being basically conservative; to savor solitude and social life with equal relish. An accident of birth was compounded by circumstance: when Elizabeth Bowen was seven, her father had the first of several mental breakdowns and she and her mother were forced to leave Ireland for England. The scenery of Kent was forever after associated with her mother, while there could hardly be any mistaking the paternal associations attached to Dublin and Bowen's Court. Her mother died when Elizabeth was thirteen, and so, in a sense, she was doubly abandoned. The Gates of the Garden closed behind her twice.

The strategies of Bowen plots recreate analogies for the Garden's story, the action often centering on a triangle, because there one party, at least, is temporarily without knowledge. As the light dawns, the wrecking crews arrive.

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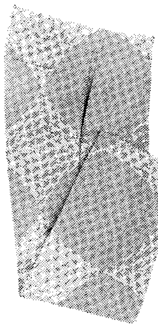

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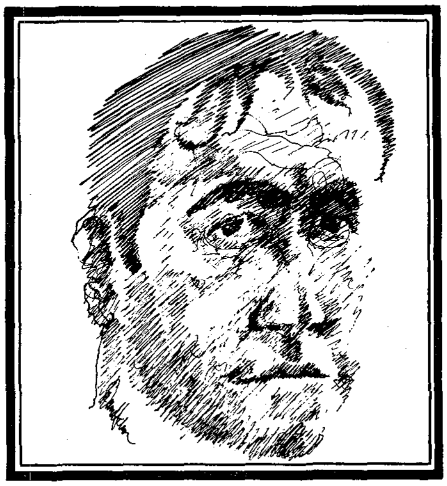
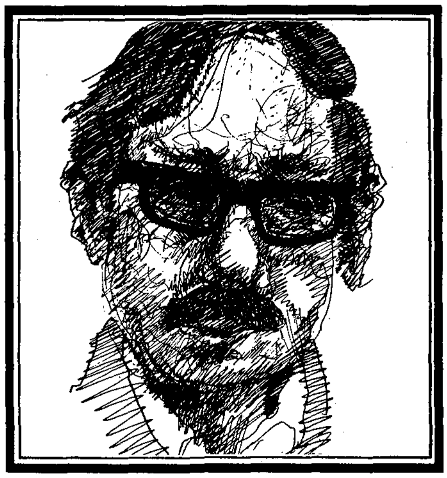
In the attempt to protect, to save face, to inflict damage—or all three at once—further harm is perpetrated, and the bystander (a character or society at large) is always happy to add salt to the wounds. Two of the members of the triangle are often rationally solicitous of one another, like Karen and Naomi in "The House in Paris," and two hopelessly caught in a magnetic field of attraction, the sensuality of which they never allow themselves particularly to enjoy, like Karen and Max in the same novel. Impulse is converted not into guilt but into something worse: a philosophical awareness of pleasure. In Bowen novels, the cells of the flesh know one thing, the mind another. Equally powerful, they undermine each other's ability to focus a clear-cut view of reality, just as a highly developed sense of the absurd interferes with passion and commitment. Emmeline's nearsighted unworldliness, Dicey's attempts to dig up the past in "The Little Girls" (1964), and even Eva Trout's blundering stabs at becoming real are all credible pieces of worlds, but the view is always partial, because some key factor is unavailable to the viewer.

The most complex example may be Harrison in "The Heat of the Day." One of those unsuccessful hangers-on in peacetime who find their true vocation in the confusion of a war, he works for a counter-intelligence outfit. Spying upon Stella, whose lover, Robert, turns out to be a genuine spy infiltrating British Intelligence at its highest levels, Harrison hopes to extort Stella's compliance, even her gratitude and love, through blackmail by keeping his knowledge of Robert's treason from the authorities. At the beginning, Stella doesn't know Robert is a spy; she becomes aware of it through Harrison's spying on her. Robert doesn't know about Harrison, and the last thing Stella can do is to let him know. Harrison is a menace but pathetic—he has learned that without power he is unlovable; he's bargaining for *his* life, it becomes clear, as well as Robert's. And certainly Stella is gambling for hers, caught between betrayal on the one side and threat on the other. Whether the bargain will be kept, whether it should be kept, whether it even exists forms the equivocal matter of the novel. Set against the background of wartime London, the novel's moral implications are more than emotional. Like "The Last September," "The Heat of the Day" reflects a world of national turmoil, in which human relationships become another form of intelligence, of

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS



The Short-Timers, a first novel which Walter Clemons of *Newsweek* has called "the best work of fiction about the Vietnam War I've read," deserves to stand alongside the great novels of other wars which distill the experience for those who lived through it and for future generations as well. Gustav Hasford, a Combat Correspondent with the First Marine Division in Vietnam, watched the men around him—many losing their lives, but all losing their humanity—and translated his experience into an unforgettable story. Philip Caputo, author of *A Rumor of War*, has said, "Gustav Hasford has managed to capture the Vietnam War's gritty realities without deliberately trying to shock, and its aura of unreality without degenerating into surrealism," but the bitter truths in *The Short-Timers*, about the war, ourselves, and our times, perhaps are best summed up by the narrator of the novel: "What you do, you become."



Drawings by David Schorr

Within a different context, the same observation holds in *The Confessions of Josef Baisz*, Dan Jacobson's newest novel. Although Jacobson claims that the characters and country of the novel "exist only in my imagination," we soon realize that the character of Josef Baisz belongs among those unforgettable literary creations whose moral lapses and failures have helped to illuminate the contemporary world. As Baisz, a minor functionary in a modern police state, travels upward through successive levels of power by treachery and ruthlessness, he feels love and compassion only for those he has betrayed, until he comes face to face with the ultimate victim of his treachery—himself. Auberon Waugh in *The Evening Standard* has called *The Confessions of Josef Baisz* "a startlingly original, beautifully written, funny and moving book," and the *Evening Telegraph* hails it as "a classic of 20th century pessimism that deserves to stand alongside the best of Koestler and Orwell."

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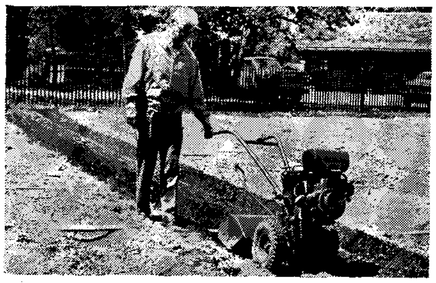

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espionage. If there is a death of the heart, there is a little secret service, too.

The strange obscuring of Bowen's achievement stems in part from a misunderstanding: her novels are testaments not to romantic love but to its power, and no two things could be more different. But it also comes in part from life. Because she was Anglo-Irish (the last of the breed, according to Mrs. Glendinning's book), Bowen's views of England and of Ireland were the exact opposite of those of most Americans and Englishmen. For her, Ireland, with its "repetitive eighteenth-century interiors [and] their rational proportions and faultless mouldings . . . without shadow, curiousness, or cranny," was civilized and sane, and England insubstantial and stormy: "Everything, including the geological formation, struck me as having been recently put together. . . . *Would* it last? The edifices lining the tilted streets . . . seemed engaged in just not sliding about . . . My thoughts dallied with landslides, subsidences and tidal waves." Bowen is essentially the product of a divided culture, a divided family, and a divided nation, and no one is better on the demon relationships of opposing—but mutual—interests that tie servants and masters, the innocent and the worldly, the loving and the unlovable together. Irish in England and English in Ireland, she grasped early the colonial mentality from both sides, and saw how, in the end, it was a mirror image of the most exploitative relationship of all: that of the adult and the child.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

PHILIP II, by Geoffrey Parker (Little, Brown; $9.95). Philip II of Spain (1527-98), who ruled for fifty years over one of the greatest empires the world had known, has had a bad press. He has come down to us as a malevolent tyrant who sought, by conquest and ruthless use of the Inquisition, to subject both the Old and the New Worlds to Catholic dominance; he has been pictured as an adulterer, as well as the murderer of his son and heir apparent, Don Carlos, and his queen, Elizabeth de Valois. The author of this study (an addition to the valuable Library of World Biography series) believes that this caricature of Philip was the work of Protestant historians, and that contemporary hostility to Spain throughout Europe assured perpetuation of the myth of Philip as prince of evil. He then sets out to tell us what Philip was really like, basing his portrayal on an enormous archive called the Altamira Papers, which has recently been made accessible to scholars. The thousands of documents, which include the king's intimate memoranda, personal letters, and the kind of paperwork necessary to the daily business of administering a huge and expensive establishment, show us a hardworking, harassed, self-doubting, yet bureaucratically competent human being, who is quite different from and much more believable than the monster of legend.

DEATH IN PARIS: 1795-1801, by Richard Cobb (Oxford; $12.95). Mr. Cobb, a professor of history at Oxford University, has somehow found his way into the records of violent death—suicide, accident, murder, a sudden seizure in a public place—kept by the Basse-Geôle de la Seine (the predecessor of the Paris morgue) during six years of the tumultuous Directory and the early Consulate, and has extrapolated from the formal evidence of identification (name, age, sex, residence, occupation, clothing, contents of pockets, identifying marks, etc.) a curious kind of social history. He details a total of four hundred and four such deaths, of which the majority (two hundred and seventy-four) are suicides, sixty-five are accidents, fifty-six are from natural causes, and, oddly, only nine are murders. The suicides are the most revealing. Two-thirds of them were unmarried; most of them (two hundred and forty-nine) threw themselves into the river; most of them chose to die on a Sunday, a Monday, or a Friday in May, between nine o'clock in the morning and noon. Most of them, too, wore numerous articles of clothing (even in summer), suggesting a lack of safe storage, and it is these pathetic garments (there were no wealthy suicides)—mismatched, mended, altered and re-altered, patched, handed down and down and down: "the brave show offered by a striped waistcoat, the possession of at least a single pointed shoe, or of *one* stocking in shot silk, of a pair of brass buttons"—that lend themselves to the reconstruction of an eventually intolerable life. A strange and fascinating disinterment.

THE ILLUSTRATED PEPYS: EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY, selected and edited by Robert Latham (University of California Press; $15.95). Mr. Latham, a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, holds the office

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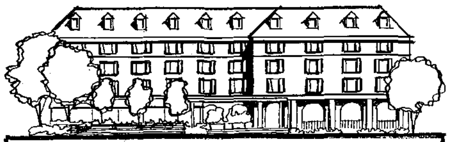

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of Pepys Librarian there and is co-editor of the new complete Pepys. The extracts presented here, though no more than a fraction of the whole (one-twelfth, he tells us), have been chosen, as might be expected, with a familiar awareness of the significant and the interesting. The result is thus a manageable and representative introduction to the greatest (the most readable, the most revealing) of all diarists. The title suggests that the illustrations were expected to share honors with the text, and these pictures—contemporary paintings, drawings, engravings—are both numerous and attractive, and at times they even directly illustrate a diary entry. But Pepys (viz., on a family dinner: ". . . as merry as I could frame myself to be in that company"), as always, wins.

A LONDON HOME IN THE 1890s, by M. V. Hughes (Oxford; $3.50). The title is more appropriate for a piece of domestic sociology than for these joyous memoirs of a vivacious young Englishwoman who went abroad whenever she had a chance. At twenty-four, as the sole instructor in the teacher-education department of Bedford College, she was a hit with both her pupils and her superiors, and was rewarded with an invitation to an "educational conference" at the Chicago World's Fair, in 1893. She accepted eagerly (leaving her admiring fiancé behind to continue with his law practice), and, equipped with a minimum of luggage, took roundabout routes to and from Chicago—by way of Washington, D.C., Canada, and New England. Only after several more years of teaching and travelling did she marry and raise three sons in London—an undertaking that she managed with undiminished enthusiasm. At one point, her husband declares his appreciation of well-behaved children, and Mrs. Hughes, who preferred naughty ones, challenges him to recall the time he played truant and went fishing. "I noticed as he spoke that his eyes were shining at the recollection of that day, and I added, 'There you are! An act of insubordination and a joy for ever.' " This is the third and final volume of Mrs. Hughes' memoirs, each covering a decade; they were first published in the nineteen-forties and have all been reissued recently in paperback.

STRAVINSKY IN PICTURES AND DOCUMENTS, by Vera Stravinsky and Robert Craft (Simon & Schuster; $35). The preface modestly calls

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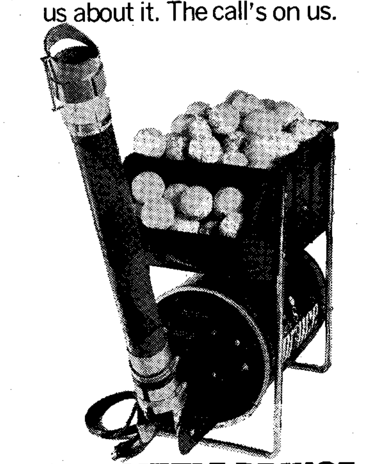

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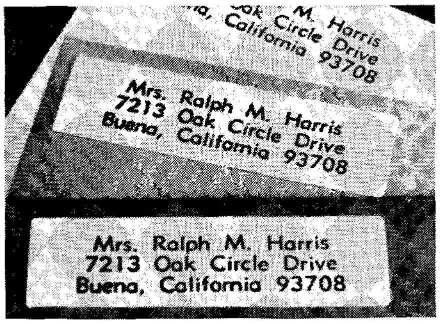

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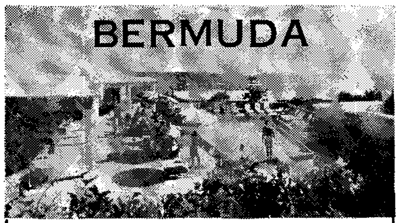

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this "an album of vignettes rather than a full-scale biography," but its multiplicity of sources and points of view—Stravinsky's family, friends, artistic collaborators, critics, enemies—provide a richness and a variety that most biographies do not. Stravinsky's own outlook emerges with great clarity—above all, his passion for precision. He was always certain of his own musical personality—he had a gigantic row with his mother because she admired Scriabin while he regarded Scriabin's work as the antithesis of his own. From the First World War on, Stravinsky's need to support his dependents drove him to appearing as a pianist and a conductor; performance paid more—or, at any rate, faster—than writing music. He used these occasions to gain publicity—if no one else arranged interviews, he did—and as a result we have almost a year-by-year chronicle of Stravinsky's musical life as he saw it. This book is frank about such matters as Stravinsky's complex romantic life and his broken professional relations. The whole adds up to a portrait of a musical genius who had a combination of ruthlessness and charm that was as distinctive as his compositions.

THE MAN WHO SKIED DOWN EVEREST, by Yuichiro Miura, with Eric Perlman (Harper & Row; $10). Yuichiro Miura is a professional skier who once managed to reach 107.16 miles per hour in a ski race. This book is about a Japanese expedition to Mt. Everest for the purpose of placing Mr. Miura at a point above twenty-six thousand feet so that he could ski down from that altitude. Miura did indeed ski down the mountain (as the recent movie documentary attested), and nearly lost his life when he went out of control. His book has a strange, primitive quality. One is constantly reminded of someone going into battle both with himself and with nature. At times, this wears a bit thin. The photographs of Miura skiing are stunning, and one can only admire his courage and wonder about his common sense.

A JUST MEASURE OF PAIN: THE PENITENTIARY IN THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTON, 1750-1850, by Michael Ignatieff (Pantheon; $12.95). "It is tempting to look upon the history of prison reform as a cycle of recurring ironies," remarks the author, a Cambridge University historian. Indeed it is, for during the period that he studies, each successive reform in British penal practice became, in its turn, an abuse to be reformed, resulting in the kind of prison system that we find unsatisfactory today. Mr. Ignatieff is a good writer who makes his dismal subject continuously interesting. In his conclusion, he reminds us that this was the formative age of "total institutions" (prisons, poorhouses, insane asylums, orphanages) not only in Great Britain but in the United States and in Europe—an era of expanding democracy and expanding incarceration.

THE WAR OF CONQUEST: HOW IT WAS WAGED HERE IN MEXICO—THE AZTECS' OWN STORY AS GIVEN TO FR. BERNARDINO DE SAHAGÚN, rendered into modern English by Arthur J. O. Anderson and Charles E. Dibble (University of Utah Press; $15). About twenty-five years after Cortés conquered Mexico, a Franciscan missionary interviewed Aztec survivors to compile this fascinating and affecting narrative. Fray Bernardino's sources remember that terrifying omens appeared for ten years before the arrival of the Spaniards, in 1518 and 1519. Although the passage of a quarter of a century must have made these Aztecs familiar with men who had horses and firearms and armor, their memories reproduce their panic at the first sight (and sound) of these phenomena. During the months that followed Cortés' invasion, the Aztecs began to realize that the Spaniards were not gods, and that, as men, they surprisingly preferred gold to the feathers and semiprecious stones the Indians valued more highly. The editors and translators have brilliantly put this antique tale into readable English while keeping a sense of its origins. They caution us, however, that this is the Aztec side, not an impartial account; to an impartial reader, both sides look like great fighters and appallingly brutal men. The contemporary illustrations are realistic and engaging.

THE CARICATURES OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, by John Wardroper (Godine; $30). Cruikshank owes his artistic renown to his work as Dickens' best illustrator, but he first became known as a maker of popular satirical prints—the kind that were hawked in the streets of London for a penny or two. Under the tutelage of his father, Isaac, also a printmaker, he made his first print at the age of thirteen. A hundred and twenty examples of his work are collected in this volume, covering a period in history that begins with the year of Trafalgar (1805) and ends just after the passing of the Reform Bill, a quarter century later. Napoleon, naturally, was a favorite target, but one closer to home, and more dangerous, was the fourth George, when he was Regent and when he became King; Cruikshank's portrayals of this obese royal rakehell, and of his equally corrupt and profligate brothers, are among the most savage and punishing in the annals of political satire. Mr. Wardroper's introduction provides a wittily written biographical sketch of the artist, and his extended comments on the individual drawings put them in their topical context.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT, by Lawrence Sanders (Putnam; $10.95). For all his fondness for silent-movie titles, Mr. Sanders is of the talkies generation—one of the several current reincarnations of Raymond Chandler et al., one of the masters of the gruff wisecrack ("I knew what those stains were. They weren't Aunt Millie's Spaghetti Sauce") and the drive-in philosophy ("I wanted to weep. For their misery and doomed hopes. For the splintered dreams of all of us"). He is also one of the best, and this gloomy escapade about a hard-drinking, chain-smoking, world-pitying investigator for a giant New York foundation whose job calls him to an upstate village to check out a former Nobel laureate in medicine who has applied for a research grant is brimful of juice and excitement, with some insight and much foolishness—a genuinely riveting diversion. A Literary Guild selection.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Bangor (Maine) Daily News*]

LONDON (AP)—Hostesses aboard the supersonic Concorde are about to divest themselves of their shocking uniforms.

•

Any film running over four years in length is certain to be described as "epic" sheerly by virtue of its length.—*Peter Klem in the Denver (Colo.) Straight Creek Journal.*

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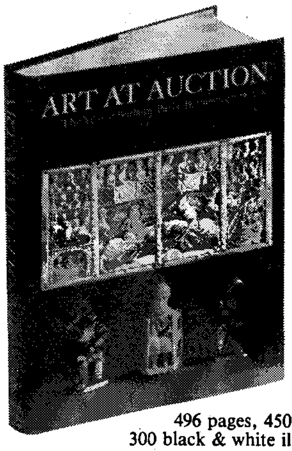

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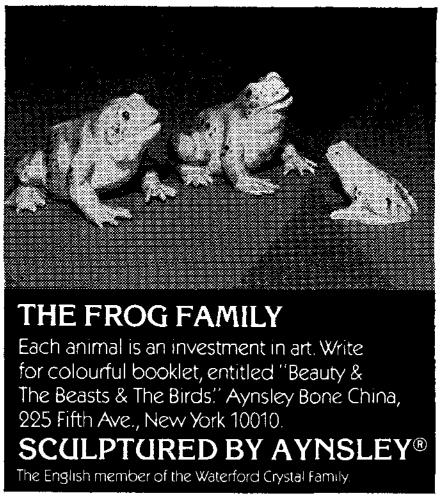

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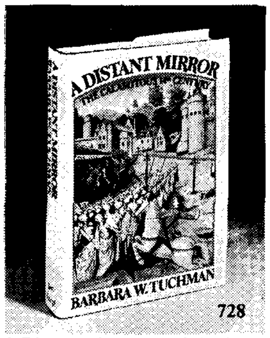

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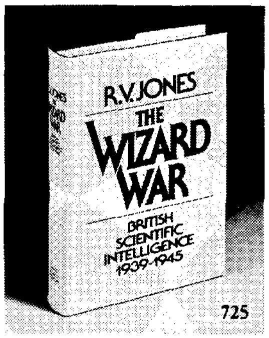

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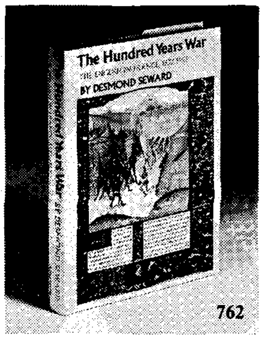

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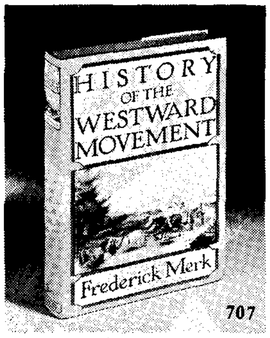

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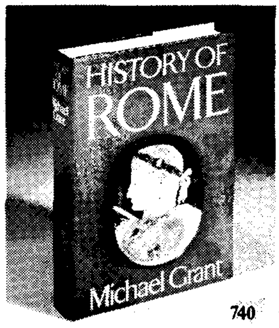

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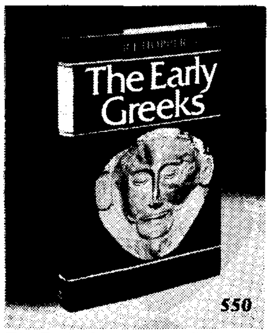

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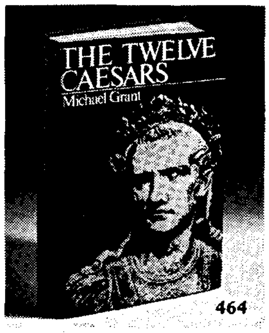

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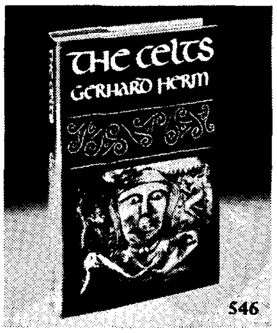

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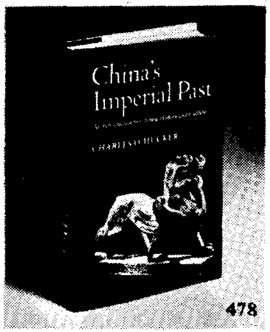

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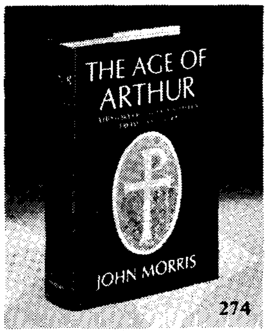

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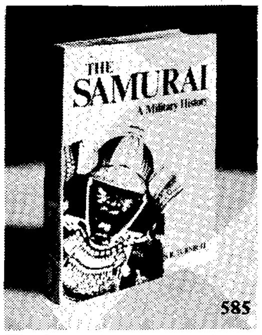

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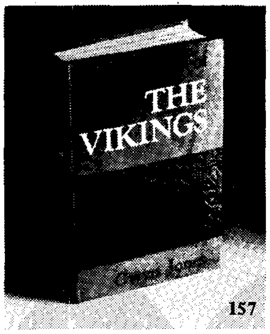

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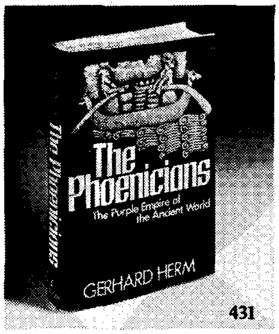

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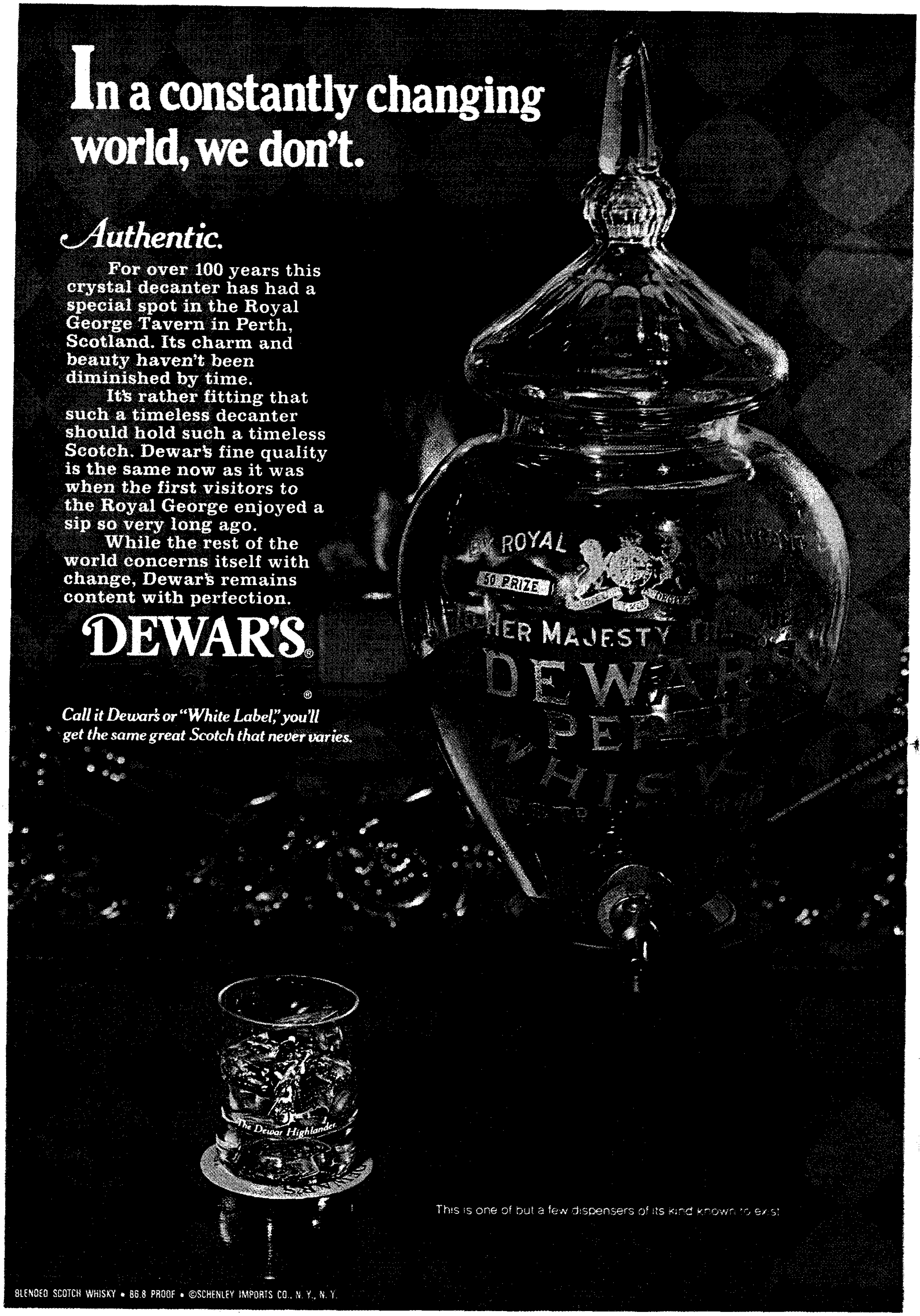

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